The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

We are glad to inform our readers that the Christmas number of The Bookman was out of print within two days of its publication. Our preliminary statement in last month's issue regarding some of the special difficulties attending the production of our Christmas number was the occasion of much and very laudatory comment from the press.

Shakespeareans and Baconians, Shawians and Tolstoyans alike have to deplore the loss of one of the kindest, humanest, and most eccentric of Shakespeare editors, Mr. W. J. Craig. A hermit for five days in the week, a mighty walker for one or two, he was almost always at work. Words and their biography were his hobby, collateral reading was his foible. His ideal was to group round every word and phrase in Shakespeare its Elizabethan relatives. His verbal memory was immense, and in congenial society he spoke with much humour about his favourite authors, such as Dunbar and Henryson, Burton and Browne, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shelley and Borrow. In honour of Don Jorge, he had learned a little "gypsy." Latterly he had burrowed deep in Purchas and Nash.

These labours were undertaken primarily in the interest of his Elizabethan Glossary, a work of prodigious erudition and elaboration, upon which he had been engaged year in, year out, since about 1890. It is devoutly to be hoped that a good deal of this material may prove available: doubt is engendered by the crabbed nature of his writing, and, if his handwriting was cabalistic, his typewriting was a perfect *grimoire.*

Another peculiarity which the late scholar shared with Crabb Robinson was that of taking ponderous works of reference or casual resort with him upon short expeditions. Thus a train journey from West Kensington to Earl's Court would see him equipped with a folio Ben Jonson and a volume or two of Marlowe. Three excellent texts of Shakespeare are mainly or wholly referable to him—the "Oxford Shakespeare," the "Little Quarto Shakespeare," and the "Arden Shakespeare." Few men of his day can have had a more generous instinct for friendship, or a more generous love of literature for its own sake, than W. J. Craig. He was sixty-three at the time of his death, having been born in Derry in 1843, and educated at Portora, and Trinity College, Dublin.

Another signal loss of last month has been that of Professor F. W. Maitland, unquestionably the foremost of living historians, and with no English rival in his own particular sphere, at the early age of fifty-six. The curt announcements of his death from Grand Canary, his resort every winter on account of pulmonary delicacy, show how little his extraordinary qualities as a scholar and writer were appreciated by

Maurice Drake.
Author of "The Salving of a Derelict," reviewed on page 190.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Werner Laurie.)

his fellow-countrymen. Only last month THE BOOKMAN contained a long review of his subtle and appreciative Life of Sir Leslie Stephen, to which several references are also made this month in a review of the Life of York Powell.

I cannot read Dickens! I cannot read Scott!! I cannot read Shakespeare!!! How many people make this confession with a front of brass, and do not seem to know how poor a figure they cut! This, or something like it, was a phrase of Mr. Lang's in his delightful "Essays in Little," of which some perhaps may be reminded by Tolstoi's strange confession of miscreance in regard to Shakespeare. One entertains too much reverence for Tolstoi to clamour for his bumps to be felt, but we are bewildered and bemused by the utterly sweeping character of his critical assertions.

Photo Elliott & Fry. **Walter Emanuel.**
Author of "The Dogs of War," etc.

Something may be accounted for by the fact that Tolstoi is a counter-renaissance man; he is a democrat and a socialist, a disbeliever in the gospel of Beauty. Finally, he is a Russian. Shakespeare, on the other hand, is an Occidental, an Englishman of the zenith of England's artistic detachment under those popular despots, the Tudors. At the same time, he is a thoroughgoing aristocrat. This accounts for a latent antagonism, traceable in many tribunes of the plebs, between the communism of the Russian prophet and the individualism of the English dramatist.

Observe the two following propositions. "Every man of our Society and Time (says Tolstoi) has been inculcated with the idea that Shakespeare is a genius as poet and dramatist, and that all his writings are the height of perfection." A genius is to be judged by the highest work of which he is capable, and, if the writer of "Full fathom five" and creator of Falstaff and Othello does not attain to this faculty, we must confess to have lived hitherto in a state of complete delusion and darkness as to the meaning of the word. But is it necessary for all to believe that all Shakespeare's writings are the height of perfection? We may perhaps be allowed to refer our readers to the "Bookman Illustrated History of English History" (vol. I., p. 108) for a very decided answer in the negative. If Tolstoi had confined himself to his second proposition — the demonstration, namely, of the absurdity of the uniformly ecstatic attitude which the critics have too long maintained *vis-à-vis* of Shakespeare—he would have done nothing but good. Saddled with the proposition that Shakespeare was an artistic dunce, and ought to have worn a fool's cap, we see no great future before it.

One of the most striking and original books of the New Year will inevitably be "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn," in two volumes, by Elizabeth Bispham (Constable). The illustrations are interesting. The letterpress is largely composed of the letters of this extraordinary man, whose life, extremely varied externally, is, from the intellectual point, an unbroken romance, and whose observations upon the arcana of Japanese thought and religion will probably increase our knowledge of those subjects by about one half.

The appointment of Mr. Bryce as Ambassador at Washington suggests the names of a few authors of

similar rank in letters who have been accredited as envoys or ambassadors from the English Court. There are not so many of them as one might perhaps have supposed. First, however, comes the very great name of Chaucer. We pass over Tiptoft (with whom it is possible that Mr. Bryce would scarcely care greatly to be associated) to Sir Thomas Wyatt and Sir Henry Wotton, famous for his mot about having been sent abroad to lie for the good of his country. Then comes one of our proto-essayists, Sir William Temple, the great wit Prior, and the still wittier and more urbane Lord Chesterfield. Later examples might be multiplied. It is enough to mention Morier, Lytton, and Dufferin. The Americans have always done their utmost to be complimentary in this respect by sending us lettered Ministers.

We have seen occasion more than once in these pages to commend the sound work upon the restoration of a good old model, dating back from the first half of the eighteenth century, which has been accomplished in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. The director of these antiquarian labours during the past twelvemonth has been Mr. A. H. Bullen, the well-known Elizabethan scholar, whose admirers will regret excessively to learn that, from causes beyond his control, he will cease to occupy the editorial chair after the recent issue of 15th December.

Mr. Bullen's headquarters are at Stratford-on-Avon, where, in a house immediately joining New Place, he personally supervises the press-work done on the premises, notably, the luxurious sheets of the "Shakespeare Head" Shakespeare, as printed by fellow-townsmen in Shakespeare's own town, the last volume of which, consisting of illustrative essays on the text, has quite recently been issued. His able lieutenant on the *Magazine* has been Mr. R. B. McKerrow, an Elizabethan scholar of the black-letter school, known for his edition of that difficult but very important prose-master, Thomas Nash.

The fortunate possessors of the Christmas BOOKMAN for 1905 will have seen the cover, representing Peter Pan and Wendy flying over a country-side, above the sleeping houses, steeples, and tree-tops, reproduced on a somewhat smaller scale for a new publication, called the "Peter Pan Keepsake." Mr. Barrie has often been asked to write a short narrative or libretto for his immortal child's play, and has as often refused. The task has devolved upon Mr. Daniel O'Connor, who has carried it out remarkably well. Mr. O'Connor, who is young enough not to have yet lost his first wind of enthusiasm, has been to see "Peter Pan" over forty times, working his way steadily nearer from the gallery to the stalls, and he has talked about little else for three seasons. He consequently knows the play considerably better than Mr. Barrie himself; his intimate friends know it quite remarkably well. He has succeeded in communicating not a little of his enthusiasm to the pages of his souvenir. His pretty prose rendering of the piece deserves more sympathetic illustrations than cold photographic portraits of grown-up actors and actresses.

The illustrations of Mr. Rackham have made such a feature of this season's pictorial festivity that it is a matter for congratulation to all that his talent is to find such congenial occupation as the copious illustration

Tristram Shandy.

Uncle Toby and Trim planning the Destruction of the Fortifications of Dunkirk.

(Reproduced from "Thomas Stothard, R.A.," by kind permission of Mr. A. H. Bullen. *Vide* p. 194.)

of Midsummer Night's Dream for Christmas, 1907, is sure to elicit.

We understand that Mr. David Nutt will issue shortly a new edition of Mr. A. St. John Adcock's volume of verse, "From a London Garden."

One of the most successful biographies of the year has been Miss Jane Stoddart's "Life of the Empress Eugénie." We understand it is to receive the honour of translation into French.

For various illustrations for our article on Rousseau we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

"THE BOOK OF 1906 WHICH HAS INTERESTED ME MOST."

In reply to this inquiry we have received the following very interesting contributions from eminent writers of the day

"Aramaic Papyri, discovered at Assuan, edited by Professor Sayce, and transliterated and translated by Mr. Cowley."

This volume was published through the munificence of Mr. Mond, M.A., F.R.S.E., and is of extreme interest. The Papyri are a remarkable find. They throw much light on the history and character of the Aramaic language as spoken and written in the 5th century B.C.E. They prove the genuineness of the Aramaic documents contained in the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, and are therefore of great value for the criticism of the Old Testament. HERMANN ADLER.

Only a very amiable man will supply a newspaper with that for which he will not be paid.

A very amiable man values friendship above truth, and snatches at the chance of "puffing" the work of a personal friend.

If only one of the books published in 1906 had been written by a personal friend of mine, I should single that out for you as the book "which interested me most."

But quite fifty personal friends of mine have had books published in 1906. And I would rather not make quite forty-nine personal enemies. MAX BEERBOHM.

"Lord Acton and His Circle," edited by Abbot Gasquet.

OSCAR BROWNING.

This question is easy to me to answer: "The Awakening of Helena Richie," by Margaret Deland.

The story is delightful, the characters are beautifully drawn, and a gentle humour runs through its pages. But it has another, a greater, and a much rarer charm. A spiritual atmosphere seems to pervade the whole book.

MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

The book that has interested me beyond all others in 1906 is F. W. Maitland's "Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen."

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

Benn's "History of English Rationalism in the Nineteenth Century." EDWARD CLODD.

If I may be allowed to mention *two* books (instead of one) which have interested me most during 1906, I would name first "Through a College Window," by A. C. Benson, and second "The Hohenlohe Memoirs." The first has appealed to me as the helpful and encouraging outcome of noble, healthful and manly thought, most eloquently expressed; the second as an instructive reminder of the way in which throned rulers and their courts may privately tamper with the destinies of unsuspecting peoples. Both books were eminently necessary to our immediate hour as exponents and premonitions of the steady working of certain *under*-movements in the national, social and political history of the day. MARIE CORELLI.

The novels which have interested me are: "Prisoners," by Mary Cholmondeley; "The Far Horizon," by Lucas Malet; "The Saint," by Antonio Fogazzaro. Among historical monographs I will pick out: "The Flight of Marie Antoinette," by G. Lenotre. Among biographies: "The Life of Sir Leslie Stephen," by Mr. Maitland. In dramatic work: The second volume of "The Dynasts," by Thomas Hardy. And in general literature: "The Land of Pardons," by Anatole Le Braz. W. L. COURTNEY.

The book of the year which has interested me the most is M. André Siegfried's "Canada." But, of English books, I would add that the first volume of Sir Evelyn Wood's "From Midshipman to Field-Marshal" is hardly to be rivalled as a story of adventure. CHARLES W. DILKE.

I am not very sure of the date of publication, but I think Russell Wallace's Autobiography was the book which interested me most during this year. ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

"Dearlove," by Mrs. Frances Campbell, a charming story, with delightful sketches of Guernsey scenery.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

In answer to your request, I beg to say that of the books I have read during the current year, Breasted's "Ancient Egyptian Records" has interested me more than any other. It is, I think, a human document of the highest importance.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

The new book of 1906 which has interested me most is A. W. Benn's "History of English Rationalism," kindling the best memories and clearest thoughts.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

The best book, by far, of this year which has come under my notice is "Joseph Vance," by William De Morgan. It has wit, observation, humour, pathos; it is the work plainly of a scholar, a poet and a gentleman. It is wayward, no doubt, and it is long; but I wished it longer, and its author could have drawn me with him whithersoever he chose to wander. MAURICE HEWLETT.

Upon the whole, the book published during 1906 that has most interested me is Mr. John Galsworthy's "Man of Property." I do not venture to say that it is absolutely the best book of the year, but it does fill up a gap in the range of English letters of the present day. It does, I mean, give promise of an author with a serious analytical gift turning his attention—and considerable artistic powers—to the careful portrayal of English writing as it normally is. In that sense Mr. Galsworthy's book has interested me very much indeed, for it seems to offer the promise that, within these limits, Mr. Galsworthy may, as the saying is, "do anything."

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

The book of 1906 which has interested me most is "The Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen," by Frederic W. Maitland. SIDNEY LEE.

Mr. Bain's "Essence of the Dusk," partly for its own wistfulness and beauty, but even more for the impetus it gave me to return to its six predecessors, each of which I have since read again, in their true order, beginning with "A Digit of the Moon." The last is, I think, perhaps the least of the series; but its companions are its only rivals. There is a tenderness, a richness of colour, a warmth of passion and an elemental understanding of men and women in these books which one does not as a rule look for in English literature or associate with Scotch professors of mathematics. The series seems to me to place Mr. Bain on an eminence isolated and unique; and I think that some of the prose in the introductions, where he writes frankly in his own person, ranks with the best of our time. But no words that I can write can fittingly express the fascination which these books have for me. E. V. LUCAS.

I read so many good books in the year that I will not be tied down; any one of them is better than all the rest. But of recent works nothing has pleased me more than Mr. R. S. Rait's "Life of Lord Gough," wherein a good General, a man of magnificent bravery and a perfect gentleman, has at last been vindicated from the groundless charges and the calumnies with which he had often been assailed.

Nothing is more curious than to contrast the purity and generosity of his character with the shuffling, double-dealing policy of the grandees with whom he had to work, and who more than once betrayed him. It is inconceivable how they could mistrust or underrate him, except that he was a middle-class Irishman with a brogue, and therefore to the average Englishman, whether peer or peasant, an inferior creature.

I have sought in vain for any more credible explanation.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

Out of the many interesting books which have appeared during the autumn of 1906, that which has most impressed itself on my mind is Henry Newbolt's "The Old Country."

The chaste and elegant writing, the right word being invariably found in the right place, must alone give pleasure to the reader. But in addition to this, the play of fancy is marvellously keen and sparkling, and the curious plot, which mingles past and present in one harmonious whole, lifts the book completely out of the commonplace.

The Old Country is England, as she was and as she is. The author is a patriot in the strongest sense of the word, and shows his loyalty to the land of his birth in each sentence as it falls from his pen. The book abounds in vivid pictures of the old life and the new.

L. T. MEADE.

The book of 1906 which has interested me most is certainly Mr. Walter De la Mare's new volume of "Poems." I do not forget Mr. Wells's brilliant study, "The Future in America"; but that is a Report, a rapid sketch of a hideous and transient disorder. Mr. De la Mare comes to us from the old world, the world of beauty which never perishes; and he speaks its language as inevitably as the Athenian grasshoppers sang in Attic Greek. If we do not always understand him at the first hearing, that is mainly the fault of our own ears; but since it is to mortals that Mr. Murray now presents him it is fortunate that the difficult pages are comparatively few. The rest are pure delight—beautiful Characters from Shakespeare, beautiful Memories of Childhood, beautiful Songs of Love: and two poems on "England" and "The Seas of England," which seem to me to add a new and exquisite chord to the music of patriotism. I envy my friend Mr. St. Loe Strachey, who by good fortune and good judgment was the first to publish these two poems: I envy more than I can say the man to whom it was allotted to write them.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

The new book from which I have this year won most interest is Herr Elie Metchnikoff's "Nature of Man," translated by Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell and published by Mr. Heinemann.

This notable work chimes with my own professed optimism, and serves to show those who are rendered downcast by the many disabilities of our physical and mental nature, how Science still points onward to the invigorating possibility of a rejuvenescent world.

Metchnikoff, on a basis of biology, erects his theory of the future, and shows with immense skill how the human "instinct of life" persists to the end of life, instead of giving place to a more rational and appropriate "instinct of death."

The reason, in his judgment, is this: that man never lives long enough to reach the "instinct of death"; that he is almost invariably cut off and snatched from life in his prime, at 70 or 80 years of age or earlier; that literally he dies too soon by half.

For Metchnikoff, after profound study of the blood in our veins and the other direct constituents of human vitality, arrives at the conclusion that man's days should considerably exceed the century; and he believes that science will help the unborn to attain to patriarchal years in full splendour of mental vigour and physical health.

The book in certain senses is a plea for those who follow us—for wiser provision and prevision on behalf of the generations to come. The unborn will have to forgive us much; but they shall at least find how, in the morning of the twentieth century, mankind began to take more sympathetic and scientific thought for them.

To the aged this suggestive and distinguished book must also appeal. I know of no other such subtle or sanguine study in senility and the mysteries of death.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

If I reply to your question as to the book which has most interested me in the past year, may I answer naturally, even if it should seem as if I was writing from too personal a point of view? The life of my brother-in-law, Leslie Stephen, has interested me more than any other book that I have read, and I have admired the way in which the writer has worked all along—the care for detail, the consideration for others, and above all, the true instinct for the atmosphere of the life he records so truly and loyally, that atmosphere which counts independently of facts and events, and which is so difficult to define, but which is to be felt in Mr. Maitland's admirable pages.

ANNE RITCHIE.

As to the question concerning "the new book of 1906 which has interested me most," I ought to begin by saying that I have read very few indeed of the books published in this year. One that has interested me very much is "The Letters of William Blake, together with a Life by Frederick Tatham," and Introduction by Archibald G. B. Russell. Of the letters, the great majority were well known to me, but a few good ones are new. The Life has its merits and its defects, but it is a great "catch" for all lovers of Blake, who had long been on the look-out for it. The Introduction and other editorial matter are very much to the purpose.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

"Side Lights on the Home Rule Movement," by Sir Robert Anderson.

G. W. E. RUSSELL.

The vivid delights in a book one experienced fifteen years ago—that is not a matter of yearly occurrence now! A book then was like one of the inns we arrive at on a fine evening and vow forthwith that we will come again, often—next Easter, or will make a long holiday there, the air is so fine, the surroundings so delightful. As one's opinion becomes more judicial and observed, so the joy in forming and expressing it is apt to diminish. But to one book of the year, at any rate, I owe a debt; it kept me alive during a cold wait of two hours, 2—4 a.m., in a glacial waiting-room on Wolverhampton platform in September. This was Mr. Lucas's "Listener's Lure," a charming book of that delightful though difficult species (O ravishing "Redgauntlet"), a novel in letters, full of fine discrimination and elegant satire, with a touch, or at any rate a suspicion, of early autumn sadness. As a corrective to this, I braced myself with "Holyland," in Mrs. Hamilton's vigorous translation from Frenssen. Unlike your critic, I thought this book its author's masterpiece, a straight, very courageous, and profoundly stirring book. The recent lives of Stephen and York Powell will, unless I am mistaken, take a high place among biographies of men of letters. Those curious about the thirteenth century should not miss G. C. Colton's remarkable and recondite book.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

The book which has interested me most is "Outcasts of the East," by Florence Baily (Nash).

Here we have as groundwork absolute acquaintance with subject, artistic treatment of it, and the imagination which carries reality into ideality. Yet the book is little known. Whose fault is this? The public's, or the publishers', or the reviewer's? Perhaps each shares the blame, but the question "Why" remains unanswered.

F. A. STEEL.

The new book of 1906 which has interested me most is not technically a new book, but is really; for Mr. Yeats has so completely rewritten the main part of his second volume of Collected Poems, that he has given us, not a reprint, but a new work.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Pardon a telegraphic style. No single dominant book this year, but a shower of admirable ones—"Joseph Vance" struck me as a book that would have made a great reputation in Victorian times—"The Old Country" (Newbolt) I found charming—I re-read Hudson's "Crystal Age" with zest—"Sir Nigel" (Doyle), a ripping good story with a delightful clear brightness of detail—Some of Conrad's best in "The Mirror of the Sea"—"The Home of Islam," a happy recovery for Pickthall—the early part of "The Workaday Woman" is the best I've read of Miss Hunt—I was interested by the unconscious verity of Bennett's "Whom God Hath Joined"—and there were lots more.

P.S.—Was "The Golden Bowl" (James) in 1906? If so, I put it first of all.

H. G. WELLS.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

MR. WILLIAM J. LOCKE, the subject of the present brief memoir, first saw the light of day on the 20th of March, 1863, in Georgetown, British Guiana. He came to England as a child of three, and six years later again went abroad to join his father, a banker, in Trinidad. He remained there for nine years, laying the foundations of his education, and in 1881 matriculated at Cambridge, and entered on his University career at St. John's College. He took his B.A. degree in 1884, and crossed into France, where, as elsewhere, he absorbed himself in hard reading of almost every conceivable kind of literature, and in a keen-eyed, detailed study of the life about him.

He was born to write, and has written industriously ever since his fingers could hold a pen. A faculty of stern self-criticism which has stood him in good stead all through his artistic life, and would permit him to publish nothing of which he could not coolly approve, held him from rushing with undue precipitation into print. His one *péché de jeunesse* was committed with considerable discretion, being published under a pseudonym. He allowed me to peruse it under strict pledges of secrecy some time ago. As I remember it, it was a very creditable effort in melodrama of the school of Miss Braddon or Gaboriau, with a central situation of uncommon power and ingenuity. But his talent has since developed on different and higher lines, and it is not likely that his first literary bantling will ever reappear decorated with its parent's name.

Circumstances, cruel only to be kind, forced Mr. Locke into the daily fight for daily bread. He came back to England and accepted a mathematical tutorship in a great school in the North. It was an experience of which he is loath to speak or to think. Like all men of kindly nature and humorous temperament, that strange animal, "the human boy," is by no means devoid of charm to him. But he hated the futility of the round of labour to which he found himself condemned. He has himself expressed his sentiments by the hand of the hero of his penultimate novel, Marcus Ordeyne :—

"I earned my living at school-slavery, teaching to children the most useless, the most disastrous, the most soul-cramping branch of knowledge wherewith pedagogues in their insensate folly have crippled the minds and blasted the lives of thousands of their fellow-creatures—elementary mathematics. . . . It trains the mind—it teaches boys to think, they say. It doesn't. In reality, is a cut-and-dried subject easy to fit into a school curriculum. Its sacrosanctity saves educationalists an enormous amount of trouble, and its chief use is to enable mindless young men from the universities to make a dishonest living by teaching it to others, who in their turn may teach it to a future generation."

With a dour perseverance certain of its ultimate reward, Mr. Locke supplemented the futile and unpleasing labour to which he was condemned during this period by strenuous study and hard literary labour. He added German and Italian to his list of languages. He wrote criticism and archæology for metropolitan and provincial journals, and preened his wings for wider flights in the ether of fiction by penning short stories and descriptive sketches.

At last, in the year 1894, he felt that he had sufficiently developed his resources to challenge a definite critical verdict. The result of much combustion of midnight oil resulted in his first avowed novel, "At the Gate of Samaria." It was published by Mr. Heinemann, and was received with favour by the public, and with what may be described as a mild enthusiasm by the Press. The tone of the leading journals was markedly warm and encouraging. The universal verdict was that a new writer of distinguished gifts, a writer of keen intelligence and vivid sympathy expressed in a strong, chastened, and artistic style, had dawned upon the world of English literature.

A reperusal of the book has served to indurate that opinion. To say that it stands on the same level in regard to thought, emotion, and reading and rendering of human character as the books which have followed it during the succeeding dozen years would be but a left-handed compliment to Mr. Locke. Twelve years of wider commerce with the world of men and women, of thought and study, and of sedulous practice in the artistry of his craft, divide "At the Gate of Samaria" from "The Belovéd Vagabond." But in the earlier book are visible the qualities which have shone with still-increasing lustre in the later volumes which have issued from the same pen. It has the same quiet humour, humour of what Carlyle would have called the "celestial" type, which seldom provokes the loud guffaw or the broad grin, but which permeates its pages with a warm human odour of tolerance and kindliness, suggesting rather the quiet smile of Charles Lamb than the ringing laugh of Rabelais or Dickens. It has the same urbanity and unforced scholarship of style, the same air of intellectual good-breeding, which are among the principal charms of Mr. Locke's books to-day. And last, though by no means least among its many characteristic qualities, it demonstrates that intimate knowledge of the feminine character in which Mr. Locke stands alone among the younger generation of English novelists.

It is a regrettable fact that England, which has certainly produced as many admirable or remarkable types of feminine nature as any other country in the world, has produced but few writers who have possessed anything like a complete and masterly knowledge of the feminine heart. Shakespeare knew women as he knew men, superbly. Fielding, in Amelia and Sophia, left us two flawless studies of English womanhood. Richardson knew the *bourgeoise* of his time excellently well. Scott's "character" studies of women, as an actor would say, are masterly; his heroines are, with-

out exception, waxwork, badly cast and badly coloured. The same may be said of Dickens' women. Thackeray's portraits of shrews and adventuresses, his Beatrix, his Becky Sharp, his Mrs. Prior, his Mrs. Mackenzie, are as fine as anything in literature. But his ordinary women, and especially his types of good and domesticated women, are poor and thin. Helen Pendennis is a bit of a bore, and Laura Pendennis is downright silly. In the last half of "The Newcomes" Ethel emerges with a genuine pathetic grace and dignity, and there are touches in the portrait of Amelia Sedley which could have been indicated only by the hand of a master. But, speaking broadly, had Thackeray had no better credentials to the consideration of posterity than what one must needs conclude were the portraits of his favourite feminine types, he would find but few readers now or henceforth.

The later Victorian era produced three English writers who, in their respective ways, knew and drew female character in a masterly fashion. I have seen the late Charles Reade's heroines spoken of as "too animal." I should prefer to apply to them another epithet of which their delineator made frequent use—"mulierose." They are drawn, to use another phrase of Reade's, "in red ink and with the biceps muscle." But the two English writers of our time who have excelled beyond competition in feminine portraiture are George Meredith and Thomas Hardy.

Photo Dover Street Studios, Mayfair. **W. J. Locke.**

This article being intended, not as a eulogy-at-any-price—a species of literary exercise for which I have a marked distaste—but as a critical appreciation, I am not going to say that Mr. Locke's women are either superior or equal to the best kindred studies of the masters I have named. But they are certainly the best with which I am acquainted in the work of the younger generation of English novelists. From the Clytie Davenant of "At the Gate of Samaria" to the Blanquette of "The Beloved Vagabond" they have the breath and movement of life. "Experience," said Oscar Wilde, "is a matter of intuition"—an apparent "bull" which is the expression of a great truth. And, if it is true in any particular application, it is true in the matter of the knowledge of the sex feminine. By years of common life with one woman a man may come to know her, but knowledge of woman *en masse* is a gift of the gods. It is the result of a certain sympathetic prehensility of mind, a delicacy of mental touch and a quickness of insight which may be indefinitely improved, but can never be acquired. There are men at whose touch the wildest horse grows calm, men who make friends instantaneously with the morosest dog; there are men, it is said, who can handle with impunity the cobra and the rattlesnake. In such men there is probably some touch of the equine, the canine, or the ophidian, some nameless quality which sets them *en rapport* with the animals they dominate so easily. So, in the men who possess the enviable power of reading the female nature, there is a touch of some feminine quality, some delicate fibre of sense which vibrates in unison with the working of the feminine heart and brain. That is the quality which Mr. Locke possesses in greater revenue than any other English novelist of his generation.

To revert for a moment to biographical fact. The publication of "At the Gate of Samaria" marked the turning-point of Mr. Locke's career in more respects than one. The success of the book assured him that he could, at the worst, make certain of a living by the exercise of his pen, and emboldened him to plunge into the stream of literary life in London. At about the same period he applied for the Secretaryship of the Institute of British Architects. He was selected for the post from among a numerous company of competitors, mainly on the strength of his linguistic attainments, and has held it ever since. It is a position of much responsibility, and at moments entails considerable labour, but whatever tax may have been levied on Mr. Locke's energies by professional duties, he permits nothing to interfere with the daily production of his tale of "copy." Like most men who take a pride in the cultivation of verbal style, he is a somewhat slow producer, but "it is dogged as does it," and every year since the publication of "At the Gate of Samaria" has witnessed the appearance of a successor.

The success of the dramatic version of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" at the Garrick Theatre has, naturally, turned Mr. Locke's attention to the stage, and the coming year will witness the production at another West-End house of at least one drama from his pen. But it is not at all likely that the theatre, golden as are the lures of money and reputation it has to offer, will wean him altogether from his earlier love. The success of "The Morals of Marcus" has been marked by one or two circumstances which differentiate it from

most theatrical triumphs. Its first-night performance was boycotted with practical unanimity by the London Press, a circumstance of the blackest augury in the minds of many—perhaps most—theatrical experts. Its success is, consequently, attributable entirely to its merits, and to the admirable quality of its interpretation. It is, generally speaking, invidious and unfair to pick out for especial praise any single figure in a cast of equal and polished perfection, but the circumstances of the case justify a word of particular eulogy of Miss Alexandra Carlisle, the charming young lady who plays the part of the heroine, Carlotta. Mr. Locke's last novel, "The Belovéd Vagabond," is, by general critical consent, the best he has yet given us. Its superiority over its predecessors may be accepted as a guarantee that better yet remains behind, and that its author has not yet touched the high-water mark of his achievement.

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THE READER.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

By E. I. Carlyle.

THE philosophic thought of the eighteenth century was marked by a tendency to excessive abstraction. All systems of thought are liable to this danger as they become more elaborate. Generalisations can only be made by ignoring some aspects of the concrete and actual, by neglect of individuality and insistence upon type. There is therefore always a temptation to carry this process to an extreme and to eliminate some of the essential characteristics of the subject of study. The political theorists of the century were peculiarly open to this charge. They insisted upon basing their systems upon the essential sameness of human nature and on treating racial and national idiosyncrasies as harmful excrescences to be removed if possible, but in any case to be treated as blemishes. Even Montesquieu, when he studied political institutions in detail, did so in order that, by the elimination of accidental and local elements, he might arrive at the general laws in accordance with which society was everywhere framed. Strangely enough, there is no period in history in which theorists have exercised so strong an influence on government. Benevolent despots were found who waged war on local customs, and even on national institutions, in the name of a common humanity. Ready-made constitutions on the most approved patterns were provided for highly developed societies, with an entire disregard for historical continuity. In such a world Rousseau appeared, and by his genius breathed into it a new life. By evoking the forgotten spirit of nationality he became the apostle first of France, and later of the whole of Western Europe. England alone, which had no need of such an apostle, regarded him with suspicion and dislike, and wove round his memory a tradition which even at the present day exercises a powerful influence.

By descent Jean Jacques Rousseau belonged to France. In the sixteenth century his great-great-grandfather exercised the trade of a bookseller in Paris, and in 1549 his great-grandfather removed to Geneva. From that time the little republic on the border of France and Savoy was the home of his family, and there his father, Isaac Rousseau, carried on business as a watchmaker. Jean Jacques was born in the city on June 28th, 1712. From his earliest years he possessed the common characteristic of all great creative artists, intense capacity for emotional feeling. His childhood and early life are familiar to all the world through his "Confessions." In this autobiography he portrayed with extraordinary care and minuteness those unworthy details of character which most men make it their care to conceal. "I wish," he said, "to show to my fellows a man in all the truth of nature, and that man, myself." Nor did he purpose to confine his frankness to men alone. "Whenever the last trumpet shall sound, I will come, this book in my hand, to stand before the great judge, and will say to him openly, 'Here are my deeds, my thoughts, my very self. I have told the good and the evil with the same frankness. I have hid nothing bad, added nothing good; and if I have happened to employ any literary embellishment, it has only been to fill a gap occasioned by a failure of memory.'"

Rousseau claimed that in the "Confessions" he had written the first adequate and accurate autobiography. Allowing for errors in detail, unavoidable by one writing long after the events he relates, the claim to accuracy may be allowed. But in a more important respect the "Confessions" give an incorrect impression of his earlier life. In his anxiety to avoid the appearance of reticence, Rousseau carried frankness into caricature. In any biography the method must be selective, and Rousseau, in selecting his reminiscences, has given too much prominence to those feelings and impulses which all men possess, but concerning which most men are silent. The "Confessions" dwell almost entirely on the strong emotional episodes of his life, probably because these were most prominent in his memory; and in regard to these his anxiety to disclose the worst gives an unfortunate colouring to the picture. Of the early development of the intellectual side of his character there is no satisfactory account in the "Confessions." This is not surprising, for most early intellectual development is unconscious. And yet it is unfortunate, for we are chiefly interested in intellectual growth when we are studying the youth of the man whose ideas influenced Europe for nearly a century.

Jean Jacques Rousseau.
From the bust by Houdon.

At the age of six Rousseau began to read the romances of d'Urfé, Scudéri, and La Calprenède, and to live in a world of imagination, from which he never after entirely emerged, and which gave him a distaste for every-day existence. "He has only *felt* during the whole course of his life," wrote Hume many years later; "and in this respect his sensibility rises to a pitch

most theatrical triumphs. Its first-night performance was boycotted with practical unanimity by the London Press, a circumstance of the blackest augury in the minds of many—perhaps most—theatrical experts. Its success is, consequently, attributable entirely to its merits, and to the admirable quality of its interpretation. It is, generally speaking, invidious and unfair to pick out for especial praise any single figure in a cast of equal and polished perfection, but the circumstances of the case justify a word of particular eulogy of Miss Alexandra Carlisle, the charming young lady who plays the part of the heroine, Carlotta. Mr. Locke's last novel, "The Beloved Vagabond," is, by general critical consent, the best he has yet given us. Its superiority over its predecessors may be accepted as a guarantee that better yet remains behind, and that its author has not yet touched the high-water mark of his achievement.

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THE READER.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

By E. I. Carlyle.

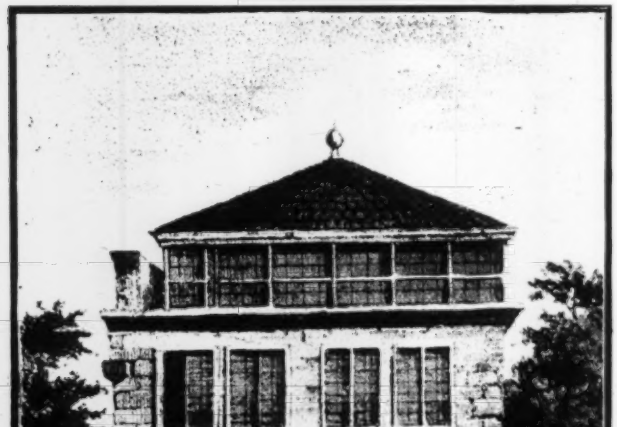
THE philosophic thought of the eighteenth century was marked by a tendency to excessive abstraction. All systems of thought are liable to this danger as they become more elaborate. Generalisations can only be made by ignoring some aspects of the concrete and actual, by neglect of individuality and insistence upon type. There is therefore always a temptation to carry this process to an extreme and to eliminate some of the essential characteristics of the subject of study. The political theorists of the century were peculiarly open to this charge. They insisted upon basing their systems upon the essential sameness of human nature and on treating racial and national idiosyncrasies as harmful excrescences to be removed if possible, but in any case to be treated as blemishes. Even Montesquieu, when he studied political institutions in detail, did so in order that, by the elimination of accidental and local elements, he might arrive at the general laws in accordance with which society was everywhere framed. Strangely enough, there is no period in history in which theorists have exercised so strong an influence on government. Benevolent despots were found who waged war on local customs, and even on national institutions, in the name of a common humanity. Ready-made constitutions on the most approved patterns were provided for highly developed societies, with an entire disregard for historical continuity. In such a world Rousseau appeared, and by his genius breathed into it a new life. By evoking the forgotten spirit of nationality he became the apostle first of France, and later of the whole of Western Europe. England alone, which had no need of such an apostle, regarded him with suspicion and dislike, and wove round his memory a tradition which even at the present day exercises a powerful influence.

By descent Jean Jacques Rousseau belonged to France. In the sixteenth century his great-great-grandfather exercised the trade of a bookseller in Paris, and in 1549 his great-grandfather removed to Geneva. From that time the little republic on the border of France and Savoy was the home of his family, and there his father, Isaac Rousseau, carried on business as a watchmaker. Jean Jacques was born in the city on June 28th, 1712. From his earliest years he possessed the common characteristic of all great creative artists, intense capacity for emotional feeling. His childhood and early life are familiar to all the world through his "Confessions." In this autobiography he portrayed with extraordinary care and minuteness those unworthy details of character which most men make it their care to conceal. "I wish," he said, "to show to my fellows a man in all the truth of nature, and that man, myself." Nor did he purpose to confine his frankness to men alone. "Whenever the last trumpet shall sound, I will come, this book in my hand, to stand before the great judge, and will say to him openly, 'Here are my deeds, my thoughts, my very self. I have told the good and the evil with the same frankness. I have hid nothing bad, added nothing good; and if I have happened to employ any literary embellishment, it has only been to fill a gap occasioned by a failure of memory.'"

Rousseau claimed that in the "Confessions" he had written the first adequate and accurate autobiography. Allowing for errors in detail, unavoidable by one writing long after the events he relates, the claim to accuracy may be allowed. But in a more important respect the "Confessions" give an incorrect impression of his earlier life. In his anxiety to avoid the appearance of reticence, Rousseau carried frankness into caricature. In any biography the method must be selective, and Rousseau, in selecting his reminiscences, has given too much prominence to those feelings and impulses which all men possess, but concerning which most men are silent. The "Confessions" dwell almost entirely on the strong emotional episodes of his life, probably because these were most prominent in his memory; and in regard to these his anxiety to disclose the worst gives an unfortunate colouring to the picture. Of the early development of the intellectual side of his character there is no satisfactory account in the "Confessions." This is not surprising, for most early intellectual development is unconscious. And yet it is unfortunate, for we are chiefly interested in intellectual growth when we are studying the youth of the man whose ideas influenced Europe for nearly a century.

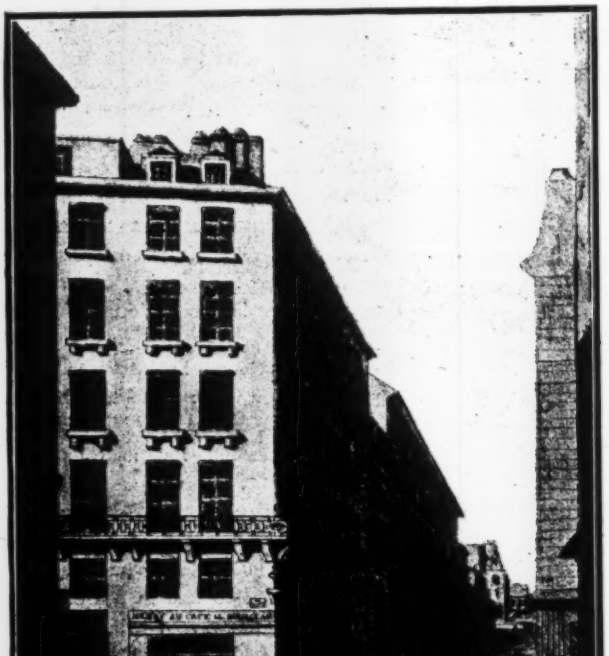
Jean Jacques Rousseau.
From the bust by Houdon.

At the age of six Rousseau began to read the romances of d'Urfé, Scudéri, and La Calprenède, and to live in a world of imagination, from which he never after entirely emerged, and which gave him a distaste for every-day existence. "He has only *felt* during the whole course of his life," wrote Hume many years later; "and in this respect his sensibility rises to a pitch



The House in which Rousseau was born at Geneva, 1712.

beyond what I have seen any example of." The study of history succeeded that of fiction, and Plutarch became his favourite author. His vivid fancy identified him with the heroes of Greece and Rome, and one day at table, when he recounted the adventure of Scaevola, those present were startled to see him lay his hand on a chafing dish in illustration of the action of his hero.



The House in the Rue Platrière, Paris, in which Rousseau lived.

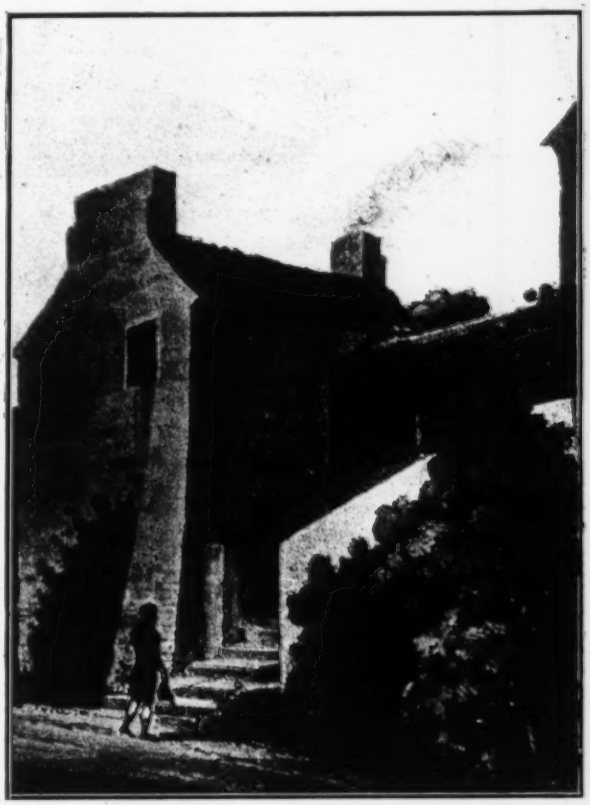
Rousseau's early manhood was spent in wanderings in Northern Italy and France, particularly in Savoy and the adjoining French districts. He filled many rôles, including those of valet, travelling showman, and secretary to an archimandrite, but he found a kindly protector in Madame de Warens, a lady who possessed every virtue except that proper to her sex. In his travels he was much impressed by the misery of the peasantry in France contrasted with the prosperity elsewhere, and perhaps even more by the necessity they were under for appearing more wretched than they actually were. Near Lyon on one occasion he supped with a peasant who hid his wine on account of the *aides*, and his food on account of the *taille*, and who told him that he would be utterly undone if he were not believed to be at the point of starvation.

In these earlier years of manhood, whether roaming amid the Alps or living under the protection of Madame de Warens, Rousseau saw and sympathised with many of the misfortunes of mankind. But at that period his primary interest was in nature rather than humanity. His most vivid remembrances are associated with country scenes. The songs of the birds, bidding adieu to spring; the pastures of Savoy, adorned with flowers, like a garden, were the memories which in later years filled his soul with indescribable passion and longing. In these fairy scenes men and women appeared merely as picturesque adornments, heightening the interest by widening the range of feeling. It required the discipline of hunger and poverty to deepen his sympathies and to transform him into the student of the inner nature of man. This period began for Rousseau in 1741, when he left Madame de Warens to seek his fortune at Paris as a musician. In this he was so unsuccessful that for the next six years he was in danger of dying of hunger. During this dismal period he formed his connection with Thérèse Levasseur, whom he pledged himself never to leave nor to marry. She was an unintelligent peasant, unable to express her meaning correctly in speech or in writing, whom the splendid fancy of her lover clothed with imaginary charms. In later life she developed into a termagant, but the union was only severed by Rousseau's death. Recent apologists have thrown doubt on Rousseau's reiterated statement that their children were sent to the foundling hospital in accordance with the general custom of the neighbourhood. The evidence, however, seems almost conclusive.

About this time Rousseau began to be known to literary men at Paris. Above all, he made the acquaintance of Diderot, who became his friend and adviser, and entrusted to him the articles on music for the "Encyclopédie." In 1749 Diderot was imprisoned at Vincennes on account of his "Lettre sur les Aveugles," in the course of which he had ridiculed the notion of a designing Providence, of the kind so dear to eighteenth century theologians. While full of indignation at his friend's treatment, Rousseau's attention was arrested

by a notice in the *Mercure de France*, inserted by the Academy of Dijon, offering a prize for the best essay on the question: "Si le Rétablissement des Sciences et des Arts a contribué à épurer les Moeurs." Filled with wrath against the existing order, he was fascinated by the subject and vehemently supported a negative answer. He obtained the prize, and in 1753 followed this effort by his "Discours sur l'Origine de l'Inégalité parmi les hommes," which, however, failed to obtain equal success with the judges. These two essays have, especially in England, too often been taken to represent the mature and permanent convictions of their author. No belief could be more misleading. A great gulf separates them from "Emile" and the "Contrat Social." They merit attention, however, on account of their originality of thought and brilliance of style. They are the productions of a poet and a worshipper of nature, forced by his situation to turn his attention to the existing social order, and finding in it only matter for contrast and condemnation. Under the influence of the political theorists, and particularly of Thomas Hobbes, Rousseau's fertile imagination had seized on the conception of a state of nature, and had transformed a barren legal speculation into a vivid picture of the early state of the human race. At this period of his life he conceived the golden age of humanity as the time when man had lived without government, without duties, and without cares in the heart of the great primeval forests, exposed to no more dangerous attacks than those of wild animals, and to no greater physical evils than the infirmities of advancing years. Essentially in revolt against the existing order, he found in it nothing commendable. The elaboration of the sciences and arts tended only to weaken the physical vigour of the race, and to destroy its moral sense. The political institution of government was itself the expedient of a gang of thieves for the protection of their booty. The invention of the idea of private ownership had marked the passage of the golden age: "The first man who, after enclosing a plot of ground, thought of saying, 'This is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the true founder of civil society." In all this the influence of Hobbes is profoundly visible. The state is artificial, and government the result of human contrivance. The point of view, however, is utterly different. With Hobbes the state of nature is a state of misery and war, from which the happy expedient of political government offered a means of escape. With Rousseau the invention of government is the result of a sinister intellectual development, which caused a part of mankind to lose their taste for the simple and pure joys of the savage, and taught them a means of gratifying, at the expense of their fellows, their depraved appetite for luxury, ease, and authority.

This conception of society has little to commend it except to those who love paradox for its own sake. Unfortunately it has frequently been taken for the mature utterance of Rousseau. In England, Sir Henry Maine, among others, has denounced the folly of Rousseau's attempt to find a remedy for social and political evil in a return to the state of nature, without any suspicion that it is only in these earlier discourses that



"Le Petit Mont Louis" at Montmorency.
Where Rousseau composed "Emile."

Rousseau places the terms "natural" and "political" in antithesis. Over twelve years separated the date of Rousseau's attack on the sciences and arts from the

The House at Ermenonville in which Rousseau died in 1778.

appearance of the "Contrat Social." These years were a period of growing fame. His "Nouvelle Héloïse," which appeared in the winter of 1760-1, gave him enormous vogue as a romance writer, comparable only to that of Richardson in England. He was in fact inspired by "Clarissa Harlowe," more than by the romances perused in his childhood. But the "Nouvelle Héloïse" is filled with a keen delight in natural beauty, of which Richardson's novels have no trace, and which gained for it the homage of the great nature worshippers, Goethe and Byron.

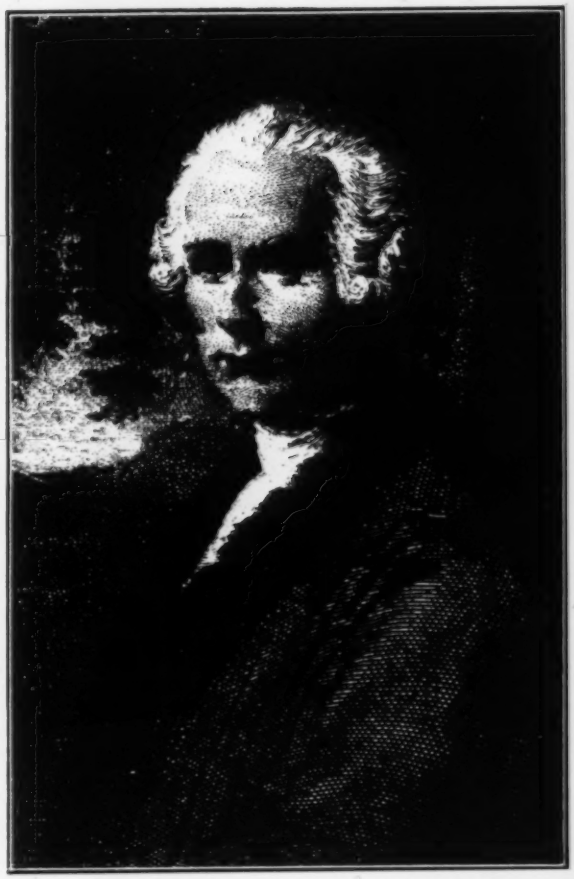
In 1762 appeared the most famous of Rousseau's treatises, the "Contrat Social" and "Emile." The "Contrat Social" was long in obtaining proper appreciation, especially in England. It became the gospel of the French revolutionaries, and so long as Englishmen considered the Revolution a crime, Rousseau was held to be a criminal. Successive generations were content to endorse Burke's opinion that the teachings of the "Contrat Social" tended to the destruction of society. In this country T. H. Green, in the last generation, deserves the credit of being the first to show the essential sanity of the treatise and the greatness of the contribution to political theory. In the "Contrat Social" Rousseau transcended and transformed the ideas of the eighteenth century. He no longer considered the state as a human contrivance, but maintained with Aristotle that it was the natural and inevitable outcome of the development of human society. Its origin, indeed, might be found in a voluntary contract, but the reason for its continued existence was that it might enforce and assure the natural rights and obligations of its citizens.

In this treatise Rousseau showed traces of the influence of Locke, just as in the earlier essays he was affected by Hobbes. But in keenness of insight and justness of perception he went far beyond the English writer. He distinguished himself particularly from Locke in his treatment of the problem of sovereignty. According to the Englishman, sovereignty by the original compact was vested temporarily in the newly created people, but was immediately transferred to those appointed to exercise the functions of government. Rousseau denied this transfer, and identified sovereignty with the expression of the general will, thus making it inseparable from the incorporate people. The authority of government did not rest on a past consent expressed in a pre-historic agreement, though such might be its origin. It was based on the present acquiescence and approval of the citizens. This conception alone was an immense advance on previous theories. Its practical effects were no less important. In connection with the principle of the *political* equality of citizens, it was eagerly taken up by the French revolutionaries. It was used with immense effect in the attack on the privileged orders—the nobility and clergy—and finally on the monarchy itself; while it gave that conservative appearance to the destructive tendencies of the Revolution which seems necessary to reconcile ordinary minds to great and startling changes. The political evils of modern societies had been caused by the executive government, originally the minister of the sovereign people, usurping the powers and duties of the sovereign. While Locke's theories sustained and justified the existing order in England, Rousseau's condemned it in France and prepared the way for its downfall.

No less important was his opposition to the political theories of the physiocrats, whose influence with contemporaries was superior to his own. The leading exponent of their views was Quesnay, the King's physician, a contemporary of Rousseau's, but some eighteen years older. Like Quesnay, Rousseau held that the mission of government was not to *make* laws, but to *declare* them, by ascertaining and interpreting the natural laws which govern society, and which cannot be traversed with impunity. This idea found a curiously imperfect and mutilated expression in the teachings of the English economists of the early nineteenth century. The mission of government being not to make laws, but to declare them, the problem for the theorist was to determine the form of government fittest for this purpose. Here Rousseau and Quesnay parted company. The latter designated the enlightened despot as the best form of sovereign, and his views found illustrious disciples among the potentates of Europe. In contradistinction, Rousseau found his fittest sovereign in the incorporate people, whom he maintained to be incapable of error within the proper sphere of legislation. These two theories long survived the convulsions of the Revolution, and in the nineteenth century found expression respectively in the dynastic policy of the Holy Alliance and in the national aspirations of Continental Liberalism.

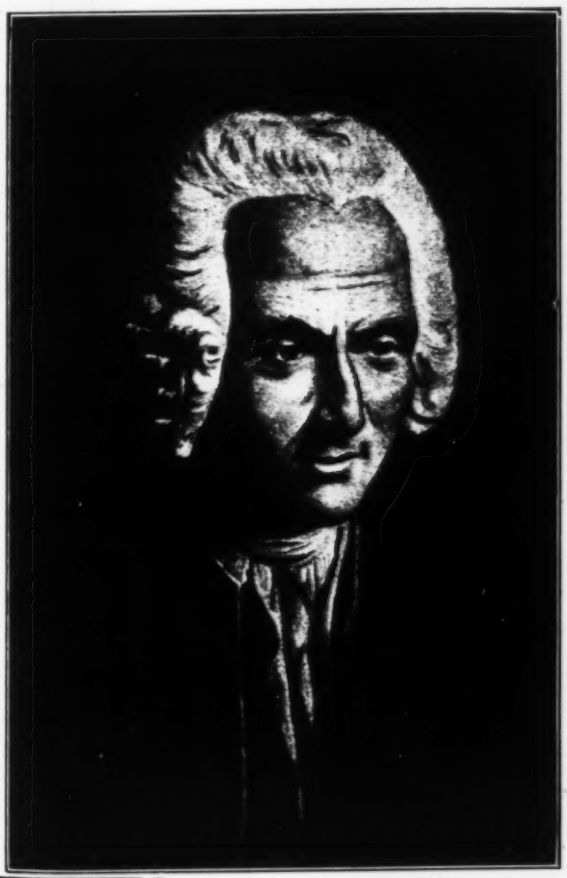
At first the "Contrat Social" was tolerated by the authorities. The abstract style of the work concealed its practical importance, and France was generally tolerant towards political theorists before Rousseau had made governments nervous. But a few weeks later appeared "Emile," in which Rousseau supplemented the "Contrat Social" by dealing with the problems of education and the private and family life of the citizen. In this treatise he proposed to substitute in the state a system of natural religion for the Catholic faith. This was to trespass on forbidden ground. The *Parlement* of Paris promptly ordered his book to be burnt, and he himself only escaped arrest by the connivance of the authorities. He sought refuge in Switzerland. There, however, he found no rest. The Council of Geneva burnt not only "Emile," but also the "Contrat Social," the Senate of Berne drove him from Yverdun, and he was compelled to take refuge at Motiers, in the principality of Neufchatel, which then belonged to the King of Prussia. After three years' sojourn, the intolerance of the parish clergy and the distaste of Thérèse for a country life forced him to seek another refuge. Those three years had made his name famous. Passing through Paris on his way to London, he received there a welcome which obliged Choiseul to insist on his speedy departure. In London the young King hastened to be gracious to the political exile, and he found himself the most notable figure in town. The unhappy sojourn at Wootton which followed was chiefly notable for his violent quarrel with David Hume, the man who had befriended him and brought him over. This quarrel was only one of the symptoms of serious mental disorder. In appearance more for-

After a painting by Latour. **J. J. Rousseau.**



J. J. Rousseau.

(Reproduced from "The Confessions," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)



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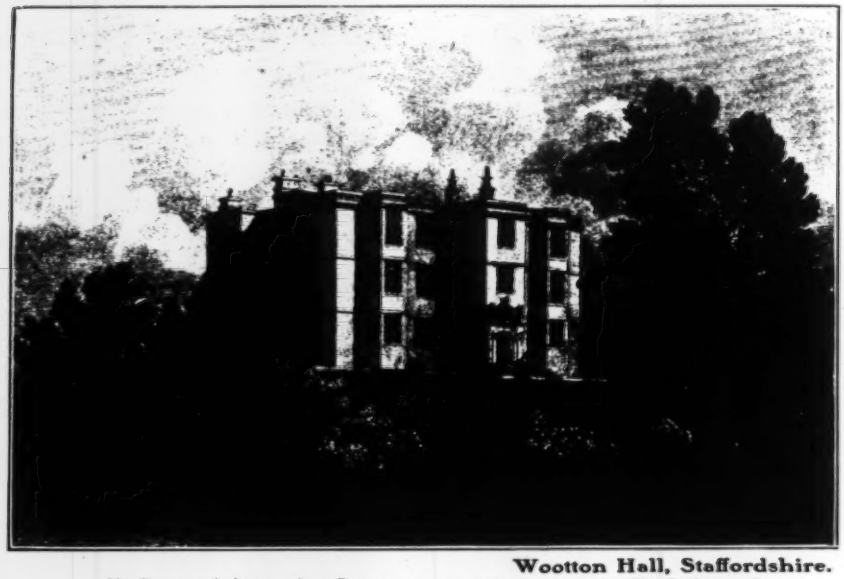
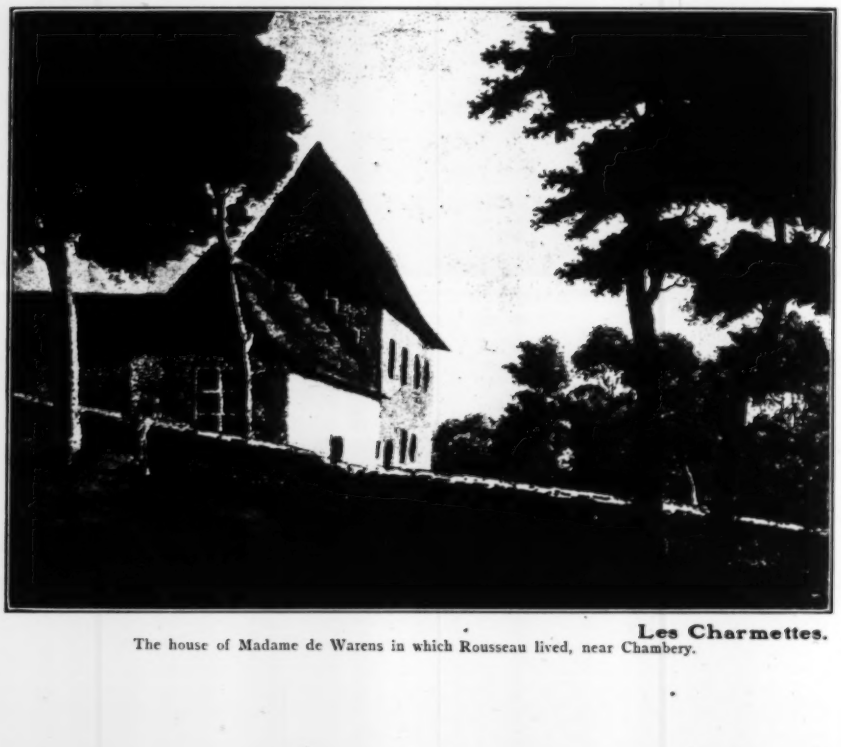


Wootton Hall, Staffordshire.
Mr. Davenport's house, where Rousseau composed the first part of "The Confessions."

tunate than most great men, Rousseau had attained fame in his lifetime, but only when his shattered nerves forbade him to enjoy it. He began to show symptoms of insanity, believed that he was the object of a vast conspiracy, and in May, 1767, fled back to France, a prey to imaginary terrors. The rest of his life was passed in misfortune and poverty, occasioned not so much by the neglect of others as by his own perversity and causeless aversions. Those who wished to assist him were frequently rebuked for officiousness, or even treated as disguised enemies. During his stay in England George III. had settled a pension on him, but for some fanciful reason he refused to receive it, and vehemently reproached a well-meaning friend who applied for the arrears on his behalf. He died on July 2nd, 1778, not without suspicion of suicide, but the certificate of five doctors attested that the cause of death was apoplexy.

Rousseau's intellectual history is of extraordinary interest. While still dominated by eighteenth century modes of thought, spiritually he was in revolt. Clothing his fresh ideas in customary forms, he used the premises of contemporary thinkers to establish opposite conclusions. This explains in part his extraordinary influence. He spoke the current dialect, which everyone understood: he used current ideas with which everyone was familiar; and thus, in spite of the novelty of his views, his conclusions were easy of comprehension by the most unoriginal, while they attracted the curious by their paradoxical appearance. Rousseau was not, however, a barren sophist juggling with logic. He employed old terms of political thought, the social contract, the state of nature, and the other formulæ rendered bloodless by excessive abstraction, but in using them he breathed into them new life and meaning. His philosophy was not a destructive criticism of the old order, like that of Voltaire, nor yet a rearrangement of scientific principles, like that of the Encyclopedists, but was inspired with the thoughts and ideas of a class which had hitherto been silent. The people to him was not a phenomenon, as it had been to Quesnay, to be curiously observed and assigned a definite place in a system. He was not born and bred in France, where rulers and people did not even understand one another, but at Geneva, where the art of government had not yet become a mystery of state. In that small republic he had opportunities of studying politics, for which he might have searched in vain among larger and more powerful states. In consequence, he imbibed the spirit and ideas which made him the apostle of the new birth of national feeling, first in France, and afterwards, with the spread of the reaction against Napoleon, throughout Western Europe. This extraordinary intellectual influence formed a fitting counterpart to the intense emotionalism of his private life.



Les Charmettes.
The house of Madame de Warens in which Rousseau lived, near Chambery.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1907.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

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—*Measure for Measure*, II., 1, 173.

Other quotations submitted were :—

PETER PAN IN KENSINGTON. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM.
"Here we wander in illusions."
—*Comedy of Errors*, IV., 3, 43.
(MISS G. WINTER, The Park, Hull.)

SIR JOHN CONSTANTINE. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.
"When my Q. comes, call me."
—*M. N. Dream*, IV., 1, 206.
(MISS JAMESON, 48, Poplar Avenue, Birmingham.)

THE FINE ART OF JU-JUTSU. By Mrs. R. WATTS.
"I feel't upon my bones."
—*Timon of Athens*, III., 6, 130.
(E. W. NEESHAM, Garfield Street, Gainsborough.)

THE BOTTOM OF THE BREAD-PAN. By E. H. STOOKE.
"I receive the general food at first, which you do live upon."—*Coriolanus*, I., 1, 137.
(G. D. DURAND, Guernsey.)

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS offered for the best list of eight volumes suggested for the perusal of the undermentioned has been gained by Miss G. D. DURAND, Moulin Huet, Guernsey.

Volume suggested for—

Lord Hugh Cecil is "The Priest," by Harold Begbie.
Dr. Clifford is "The Bible."
Mr. Hall Caine is "The Treasure of the Humble," by Maeterlinck.
Mr. Bernard Shaw is "How to Write a Good Play," by Frank Archer.
The Kaiser is "Red Rubber," by E. D. Morel.
President Roosevelt is "Five Thousand Words Frequently Misspelt," by W. S. Sonnenschein.
Mr. Justice Grantham is "Punch's Library of Humour."
Mr. Will Crooks is "Fors Clavigera," by Ruskin.

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA offered for the best list of twelve quotations from English authors descriptive of the writers themselves has been gained by L. A. WILKS, 15, Avenue Victoria, Scarborough.

1. "I love Quaker ways and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles . . . but I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) 'to live with them.' I am all over sophis-

Madame de Warens.

ticated—with humours, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, etc."—Charles Lamb's *Essays of Elia*.

2. "No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found Fortune at one time, the more I expected from her at another."—Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*.

3. "Her dark face, with its delicate, aquiline nose, firm, proud mouth, and intense black eye, is so keen and sarcastic in its expression, that you instinctively substitute a pack of cards for the chessmen, and imagine her telling your fortune."—George Eliot's *Adam Bede*.

4. "Of overflowing kindliness, racy humour, and unflinching courage, both physical and moral."—Kingsley's *Hypatia*.

5. "He was a good friend to hunting."—Whyte-Melville's *Uncle John*.

6. "Here was a man in an interesting nick of life. Out of the noise of cannon and trumpets, he was in the act of passing into this still country, bordering on the grave."—Stevenson's *Travels With a Donkey*.

7. "He has a mild, grave face, a thoughtful sternness, a sorrowful pity; but there is a terrible flash of anger in him, too."—Carlyle's *Past and Present*.

8. "A gentleman of real nobleness does not carry the common light for us to read him by."—Meredith's *Egoist*.

9. "No one was dependent upon him; no one restrained his liberty, he lived where he chose, and how he chose. And for all that, something seemed to him amiss in the bounty of the gods."—Gissing's *Human Odds and Ends*.

10. "Her mourning attire gave her a recluse, rather con-

ventual, but withal a very distinguished look; . . . she curtsied with sedate grace, looking as she always did when one first accosted her, more a woman to respect than to love."—Charlotte Brontë's *Professor*.

11. "La Fleur's 'prevenancy' (for there was a passport in his very looks) soon set every servant in the kitchen at ease with him; and . . . whatever be his talents, has no sort of prudery in showing them."—Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.

12. "Many is the wild thing I have done when I was younger; however, what is done, is done. To learn, one must live, master; and I have lived long enough to learn the grand point of wisdom."—Borrow's *Lavengro*.

IV.—A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN has been gained by Mr. G. FLETCHER, 174, Bede Burn Road, Jarrow-on-Tyne, and Miss AUDREY JENNINGS, 11, Hastings Road, Ealing, W.

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

"They are the food of youth, the delight of old age; they adorn prosperity, and are our comfort and refuge in misfortune; they entertain at home and encumber not abroad; in the watches of the night, on our travels, in our holidays they are ready to our hand."—CICERO.

JOHN BUNYAN.

THE apparent disparity between the man's surroundings and his work has created in the case of Shakespeare what to many has appeared an insoluble mystery. It is an ancient jest that if anyone stands in the middle of the street gazing at a particular point, he will speedily be surrounded by a group of fascinated and interested sharers of his quest. Something of the same kind frequently happens in the critical world. Shakespeare's insight having been proclaimed superhuman, it followed naturally that he should be demonstrated to have been not a man, but a syndicate. Whereupon his admirers, with greater zeal than discretion, have proved by many elaborate monographs that Shakespeare duly served an apprenticeship to every known trade and profession. The Shakespeare "miracle" is the creation of an imperfect acquaintance with literary history combined with a want of the sense of proportion. The case is unique only in degree, not in kind. The history of literature abounds in such miracles. Indeed, there is no generalisation which can be more emphatically affirmed than that the masterpieces of literature have most commonly been the result of apparent accident rather than design. The writer whose circumstances and equipment seem to promise most habitually fails us. There are exceptions, like Gibbon and Tennyson, but Lord Acton is typical of the majority. The influence of Socrates on human thought seems to me a miracle not less than that of Shakespeare. I find equal matter for marvel in Richardson's portraiture of Clarissa Harlowe; in the achievement of Chatterton and Keats; most certainly I find it in the fact that the two most widely read works in English prose were written by John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe.

A humorous writer recently suggested that authors would do well to preserve a strict privacy, lest their portraits should provoke a doubt as to the authenticity of their works. The caution is wise and far-reaching. There were people, we know, in Bunyan's day who doubted if a man could write an allegory who presumably could not have defined the term. Bunyan makes short work of them in his introduction to "The Heavenly Footman."

> "Some say the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is not mine,
> Insinuating as if I would shine
> In name and fame by the worth of another,
> Like some made rich by robbing of their brother.
> Or that so fond I am of being sire,
> I'll father bastards; or, if need require,
> I'll tell a lie in print to get applause.
> I scorn it: John such dirt-heap never was. . . .
> For none in all the world, without a lie,
> Can say that this is mine, excepting I."

Thus did John brain a lie in its infancy by one blow on his anvil.

Bunyan, the "tinker," belonged to a family that had been settled for centuries in Bedfordshire. In the middle of the sixteenth century a direct ancestor of his is described in the Privy Council records as a "victualler," holding nine acres of land. The family fortunes appear to have steadily waned, and Bunyan's father described himself as a "brasier." His famous son, who was brought up to the same calling—(the term "tinker," picturesquely suggestive of an itinerant blackguard, sorely in need of conversion to godliness and cleanliness, might more correctly be rendered as "jobbing blacksmith")—was born at Elstow in 1628. His schooling was neither extensive nor profound, but that he was neither a "tinker," in the accepted sense, nor a gipsy, as Scott suggested, is plain from the fact that he was a pupil of the Bedford Grammar School. We do not know that he had any Latin or Greek, so that he started more heavily handicapped than Shakespeare; but that he had a good grounding in the "elements" may be inferred from the manner in which he afterwards "picked up" his style from "The Book of Martyrs" and such-like sources. Such a style as Bunyan's is not arrived at without models and without the training necessary for discrimination. Bunyan, we may be sure, had other sources of inspiration besides mother-wit. At the age of sixteen he was "commandeered" by Cromwell, but he makes no reference to his brief military experiences. It is not quite fanciful, however, to detect traces of his year of service with the New Model Army both in "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Holy War." Two years after this Bunyan "lighted on a wife whose father was counted godly. We came together as poor as might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon between us. But she had for her portion two books, 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I sometimes read with her."

It is the curious fortune of the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" to be always introduced to his never ending generations of child admirers in the guise of an "awful example." This delightful book, we are told by our early preceptors, was written by a profane tinker. Such is the effect of an early-planted idea that I suppose many readers of this article are as unable as myself to get rid of the notion that the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was a tramp who called at the kitchen door, offering to mend pots and kettles, and using horrible language on refusal. I prefer to think now, and I believe more correctly, of Bunyan as a young tradesman of genius, whose autobiography, "Grace Abounding," must be read in the light of a document in which every ordinary foible and weakness is magnified into a deadly sin. Bunyan, as his works show, had an extraordinary gift of a visualising imagination. That he paints himself blacker than he was goes almost without saying. Even in his autobiography he is a pioneer of the English novel.

From 1660 to 1672 Bunyan was a prisoner in Bedford gaol, a victim of the new Act of Conformity. He had attained fame as a local preacher in a church at Bedford which is more correctly termed Congregational than Baptist. His imprisonment does not seem to have been made oppressive. His reading then was chiefly in "The Bible" and in "The Book of Martyrs," and the literary result included the autobiographical "Grace Abounding." "The Pilgrim's Progress" has often been ascribed to those years, but it was in reality the product of his second term of imprisonment in 1675, when his licence as a preacher was again revoked. It was then "he wrote the first part of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' down to the parting of Christian and Hopeful with the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains, which Bunyan concludes with the words, 'So I awoke from my dream.' Bunyan was forty-seven at the time. He was writing, as usual, strictly to improve the occasion, and fell into the allegory unawares."

In 1682 Bunyan published his second great allegory, "The Holy War." His later years brought him prosperity and honour. The "tinker" had not to wait for posthumous renown. As we have seen, he knew how to vindicate his originality, and his fame as a preacher and author grew apace. He was called upon annually to preach in London at Pinner's Hall, and it was on one of these visits that he died at the house of his friend, John Strudwick, on August 31st,

Stealing the Apples.

"I climbed upon the bread chest to see these precious apples."—Book I.

(Reproduced from "The Confessions of Rousseau," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

At Les Charmettes.

"Mamma amused herself with herborising among the bushes."—Book VI.

(Reproduced from "The Confessions of Rousseau," by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

After Naudet. **Thérèse le Vasseur.**

After Naudet. **Jean Jacques Rousseau.**

1688. He was buried three days later in Bunhill Fields—the shrine of English Nonconformists—where we still may see his monument, beside those of Isaac Watts and Daniel Defoe. To the youth of England and of the whole English-speaking world there can be no more sacred spot than this forgotten graveyard. Few pilgrims seek it out, but if I had to introduce a juvenile friend to the sights of London, the first place I should take him to would be the neglected City cemetery, where stand inadequate memorials to John Bunyan and Daniel Defoe. Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's could wait. They must be seen, and are seen. But what child would not gratefully uncover at the graves of Bunyan and Defoe!

In the effort to account for the wonderful achievement of John Bunyan, critics have attributed to him gifts which he certainly never possessed. Though an immortal, there was never less a "man of letters." It is scarcely a paradox to say that his success was the accidental result of his innocence of literary pretension. Like the child and the savage, he thought of everything in the concrete. The energy of his imagination was enormous, but he could not deal with the abstract. Hence his twofold grip on our recollection. Bunyan is not only a great teacher and preacher; he is a great novelist. He makes abstractions live and move and have being. Every character is made to live by a touch of unintentional but artistic realism. Some one has compared Bunyan with Chaucer, and the comparison is felicitous. For Bunyan and Chaucer alike knew mankind, and their pilgrims —however different their goal—are equally instinct with life.

The history of "The Pilgrim's Progress" has no parallel in our literature. More than a hundred thousand copies were sold in its author's lifetime. It has been translated and printed in more than eighty languages, and it has been splendidly illustrated by the artists of China and Japan. There is no author in the world's history who can beat this record except Bunyan's neighbour in the grave, the author of "Robinson Crusoe." RANGER.

Some text and reference books suggested:—

John Bunyan. By Mark Rutherford. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Pilgrim's Progress. 2s. (Clarendon Press.)

The Holy War. 1s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)

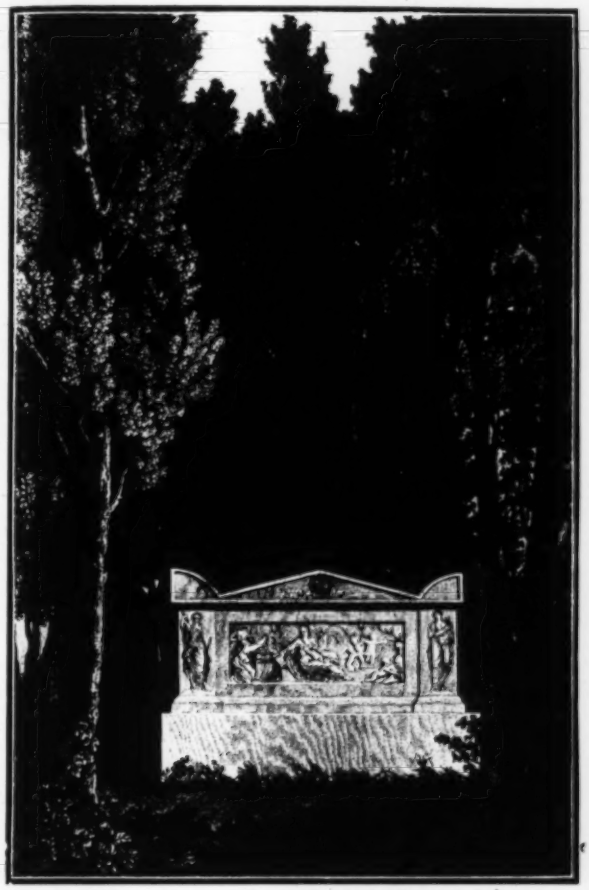
FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

BY D. NICHOL SMITH.

BY the death of Ferdinand Brunetière, French criticism has lost its strongest personality. For some months he suffered from a weakness of the lungs which left no doubt as to the issue, but he sustained himself by the iron will that he had shown against simpler foes. And he had many of them. Few men who exercise what may be the peaceful calling of letters drew more strength from his quarrels. A born fighter, he did his best work when he had an adversary in view —whether a declared adversary who grappled with him in public, or the unsuspecting exponent of opinions he could not accept. He had, it must be admitted, the faculty of raising animosities. And circumstances enabled him in a remarkable measure to enforce his views. He poured his scorn on modern realism: he was also the chief influence in preventing the entrance of Zola to the French Academy. He was at best respected and honoured, and we believe that he was contented to be so. He has had many contemporaries who may appeal to us in a way that he cannot, for the more subtle elements in literature often seem to escape his rigid grasp. But there is not one of them who has his personal distinction, and none who will be so prominent a figure in the history of French criticism.

In Monsieur Brunetière the critic was not evolved from the unsuccessful author. In a sense he was an unsuccessful schoolmaster or an unchaired professor. He failed to enter the Ecole Normale Supérieure in 1869, and the events of 1870 kept him from a second attempt. By escaping the assured position and regulated promotion which is the prize of the successful *normalien*, he was allowed to develop by himself. The system of the schools has subdued much French criticism. We are confronted with its unhappy influence on the talented producers of university theses; we find its trail in the work even of Monsieur Faguet or Monsieur Lanson. Monsieur Brunetière might be opinionative, or he might be mistaken, but he was never academically ineffective. The school in which he trained himself was the press. His articles in the *Revue bleue* had won him a name by 1875, and they prepared his entry to the *Revue des deux Mondes*. Once he had contributed to it, he wrote for it alone; and latterly he was its editor. It was in the pages of this magazine that he won his pronounced confidence in himself and developed his unique style. His academic work began after he had taken on his own colouring. He entered the Ecole Normale Supérieure in 1885 as a teacher. The book by which he is best known is a collection of ten "Leçons" spoken to a group of twenty students. He appealed to a wider audience in 1891 in a series of lectures delivered at the Odéon on the principal epochs of the French drama, and in the following winters he spoke to fashionable crowds at the Sorbonne on the "Evolution of Lyric Poetry in France," and on Bossuet. He was at the height of his reputation as an authority on literature when he was elected to the French Academy in 1893. In addition, he had proved his gifts as a public speaker, and he had enounced his critical method.

Monsieur Brunetière applied the theory of evolution to the study of literature. While he acknowledged the greatness of the work of Sainte-Beuve and Taine, and admitted his criticism to be in a sense evolved from theirs, he contended that the chief influence felt in literary history is that of books on books. In his critical manifesto, "L'Evolution des Genres dans L'Histoire de la Littérature," he declares it his object "to see if the criticism which is analogous to the natural history of Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire and Cuvier may be replaced or supplemented by a criticism founded on the natural history of Darwin and Hæckel." If the principle of evolution had produced valuable results in all branches of historical study, why was literature not to have its aid? How far his method was original it would be difficult to say. The doctrine of the influence of books on books was not unknown in this country before 1890. But it was Monsieur Brunetière's fortune to proclaim the application of the evolutionary theory in literary criticism. Of the ability with which he used his method there can never be any doubt. No critic has emphasised with greater skill the continuity of



Rousseau's Tomb, l'Île des Peupliers, Ermenonville.

After a painting by Albrier. Rousseau at the age of 22.

After a painting by Albrier. Rousseau.

After the statue by Pradier at Geneva. Rousseau.

literature, the organic connection of the taste and character of one age with those of another. The dangers and limits of his method, however, are no less evident than its merits. It treated the literary form which an author employed as more important than the author himself. It asked us to consider Racine not as Racine, but as the writer of a certain type of drama evolved from the work of Corneille and incapable of being equalled. If it did not detract from the originality of a great artist, as he asserted in answer to his critics, it could not deal with the problems of that originality. The personal elements which alone gave every writer his distinction were outside its scope. Monsieur Brunetière's talent did not lie in dealing with a work of art in itself. There was more in him of the historian of literature than the pure critic.

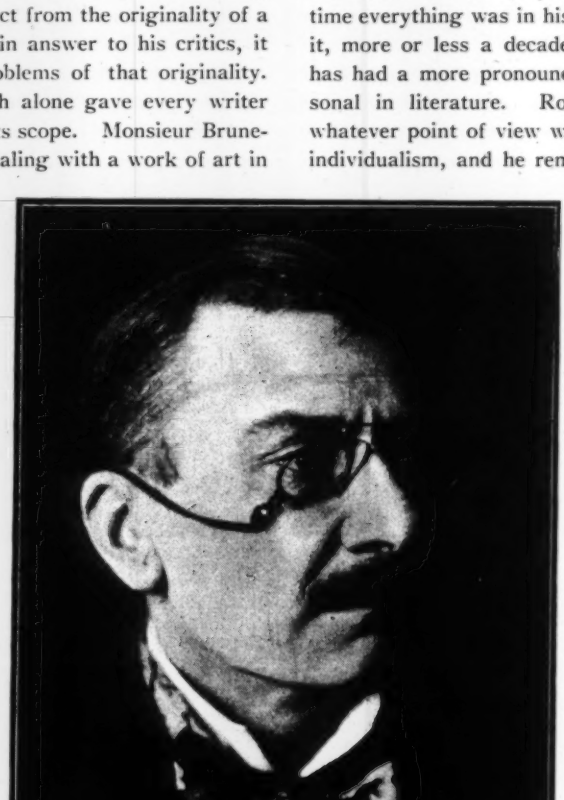


Photo Gerschel, Paris. **The late M. Brunetière.**
Editor of the *Revue des deux Mondes.*

We do not know how far Monsieur Brunetière latterly believed in the sufficiency of his method. There are signs that he had passed from the enthusiasm of the days when he enounced it and was ever ready to apply it. We do not refer to his patronage of the newer school of "comparative criticism," for in the inaugural address which he delivered at the "Congrès internationale d'Histoire comparée" in Paris in 1900 he was only the old evolutionist in disguise. The strongest indication of a waning belief in his method lies in his attitude to science in general. Of late he spoke little of evolution except to proclaim its failure to fulfil his promises. At the very time when his position as a literary critic was assured, he had the ambition to become a force in public life, and whether his subject was "La Science et la Religion," or "La Moralité de la Doctrine Evolutive," or "La Renaissance de l'Idéalisme," or "L'Idée de Patrie," he always spoke as a militant member of the Church. He delighted in asserting and reasserting that science was bankrupt, that there was no progress but moral progress, that positivism and materialism had proved the fatuity of their professions. In the anti-clerical mind this change dates from an audience with the Pope in 1894. If he did not succeed as he had hoped in his public career, it is yet melancholy to know that these utterances have been allowed to affect his reputation as a man of letters. In at least one Ecole Normale all his writings, even his most innocent essays on literature, are now on the *index expurgatorius*.

He was the stalwart champion of the classic style. The age of Louis XIV. gave him the critical canons wherewith he would judge all writing. Before this time everything was in his eyes but a preparation; after it, more or less a decadence. No critic since Nisard has had a more pronounced dislike of the purely personal in literature. Romanticism, he told us, from whatever point of view we regard it, is found to mean individualism, and he reminded us that our tastes and preferences usually interest only ourselves. He was not in sympathy with the literature of the nineteenth century: his lectures on its lyric poetry are a brilliant study in pathology. Of English literature we have reason to believe that he had not a wide knowledge. He wrote on George Eliot in his "Roman Naturaliste," but his incidental allusions to our greater writers suggest that he is less interested in them than in his own theories. How could he hope to appreciate a literature which he understood to be essentially "individualistic"?

Monsieur Brunetière was a bureaucrat of letters. He reverenced authority, and he had a profound belief in the importance of his calling. He held it the duty of the critic to think for the crowd. To the exercise of this office he brought uncommon learning and untiring zeal. He was, in the words of the most competent judge, "without contradiction the man in France who has the most complete knowledge of French literature"; and underlying every opinion that he expressed we find the labour of hard and clear thought. He has died at the age of fifty-seven, leaving much of his work unfinished. But he could not have completed it, for there was something heroic in the magnitude of his plans. Had he lived, we doubt if the position that he is likely to occupy in the history of French criticism would have been different. The publications of the last ten years have only supplemented his earlier work.

New Books.

MORALS IN EVOLUTION.*

Mr. Hobhouse's work may be said to have, in the main, the same general purpose as Dr. Westermarck's treatise on the "Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas." Both seek to collect and interpret the important data which anthropology provides for ethical science. But there is considerable difference in method and in plan between the two treatises, so that they complement one another more than they overlap. Perhaps the difference may be expressed by saying that the anthropological interest predominates with Dr. Westermarck, the ethical with Mr. Hobhouse. The latter does not aim at the same completeness in his collection of facts nor the same detail in their classification as the former. He is chiefly interested in tracing the process by which ethical conceptions emerge, refined and generalised, from the crude forms in which they first appear. He does not limit his inquiry to the standard of morals—the actual rules recognised at different times as to what ought to be done and what must be avoided. He devotes the second part of his book to tracing the development of views regarding the basis of morals; that is to say, the reasons which men assign for their moral or customary rules.

Like Dr. Westermarck, Mr. Hobhouse rejects as superficial the statements sometimes made that tribes are to be found who recognise no distinction of right and wrong. "It is probably true," he says, "as a generalisation, that there is no existing tribe without some belief in unseen powers, but it is, I think, a more certain generalisation that there is no existing tribe without rules of conduct backed by the general approval of the community." Early morality consists in the custom of the tribe. For all, or most, primitive men the tribal consciousness and the moral consciousness seem to be identical. As Mr. Hobhouse puts it, "morality is in its origin group-morality." And this doctrine goes far towards explaining the contradictions—as they seem to us—in primitive morality. Thus—to quote one illustration given in another connection—

> "We find some tribe like the Dyaks of Borneo with whom the traveller tells us it is a delight to dwell, so courteous are they, so hospitable, so full of brotherly kindness. We begin to think there is truth in the idyllic picture of savage life so popular in the days of our great-grandfathers, until we stumble upon the fact that these same Dyaks are inveterate head-hunters, and make a practice of murdering not men only, but women and children, in satisfaction of the duty of blood vengeance, and to obtain the magic virtues inherent in an enemy's skull. At once the demon picture takes the place of the angel, and the savage world is seen as a Gehenna rather than a Paradise. We forget the inconsistencies of our own civilised codes, and can hardly believe that men capable of acts so fiendish can have any trace of genuine humanity about them."

The contradiction becomes intelligible when we remember the underlying assumption—that moral rights and duties belong to men not simply as men, but as members of the tribe. Other, and in particular magical, factors in primitive belief explain the privileged position enjoyed by the "stranger within the gates," and the virtues acquired by obtaining an enemy's skull. But it was the constant warfare in which many of the most powerful tribes passed their lives which emphasised the opposition between tribe and tribe, and tended to prevent the recognition of moral rights as belonging to aliens or enemies. This latter consideration even suggests the probable need for a limitation of the dictum that "morality is in its origin group-morality." The active denial of moral rights to members of neighbouring tribes seems to imply a state of hostility as already existing; and even among such tribes, their "moral isolation" seems at times to be limited by "special agreements." Unwarlike tribes, again, are less common than the warlike, and have commonly less actual intercourse with other tribes. But some primitive peoples (such as the Rock Veddahs of Ceylon) are described by Mr. Hobhouse in another chapter of his work, as not only hospitable and kind to strangers, but as respecting their property. They do not seem to have limited the application of moral obligation to men of their own group. If we are to look upon the definite tribal organisation as subsequent in time to the smaller and less compact group of families, the evidence would seem to point to the conclusion that it is with the tribe, rather than with the family-group, that morality becomes definitely a "group-morality." And in becoming a group-morality it is not necessarily taking a retrograde step. For in restricting the sphere of rights and duties, it at the same time defines and strengthens them, and thus renders them fit for future expansion in a deepened form.

The second part of the work deals with men's ideas about the basis of the distinction between right and wrong; and the line of development which it traces is for the most part parallel to that followed in the first part. Customary ethics at its lowest stage is summarised in the following sentences: "Human life is protected by the blood feud, but the custom of the blood feud is not based upon the principle that human life is itself sacred, but on the principle that I must avenge a wrong done to a member of my kindred. Property is protected by the law of restitution or, within limits, of blood vengeance; yet when we look into the matter more closely, we find that it is not because the thief ought to be punished, but rather because a man who has suffered theft may reasonably demand restitution or avenge himself. Similarly, the marriage tie is maintained in the sense that any husband may reasonably be expected to kill a man who violates it. The idea of justice is not separated from that of retaliation. . . . . Nor again, is character as yet, strictly speaking, the subject of a moral judgment." Primitive ideas of the basis of custom correspond with this view of what custom requires and forbids. "For in the lowest grades of ethical thought the sanction of conduct is found in taboos and other magical terrors, or in the fear of vindictive and resentful spirits. But the powers of magic have no moral purpose, and the spirits of animism are neither essentially moral nor immoral. In general they are guided, like men, by the law of retaliation. But the mere dread of vengeance from a spirit has no more morality in it than the corresponding dread of a man." From this stage the author traces the upward evolution of ideas concerning the basis of morals. With the development of religious ideas a more ethical character comes to belong to the supernatural. Certain gods are regarded as the punishers of evil, not merely as the avengers of injury. But at this stage, "just as the social code is a confusion of 'love and hate,' so the divine world is a blur of the just and the unjust, the righteous and the tyrannically wicked." Higher ground is reached when moral rules relate distinctly to an ideal of life; and again when philosophy aims at the interpretation of this ideal and the construction of a reasoned ethical theory.

Space does not permit of more than this brief indication of the topics and method of Mr. Hobhouse's book. It ranges from a careful inquiry into the moral customs of many early races to the ethical creed of the present day; from the crude animism which underlies primitive morality to the explanations of the moral order attempted by recent philosophers. In this vast field there are many things set down by the author which may be open to criticism. But it is impossible to speak too highly of the learning and the candour, the good judgment and the high tone which distinguish his work.

W. R. SORLEY.

* "Morals in Evolution." A Study in Comparative Ethics. By L. T. Hobhouse, late Fellow and assistant tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; formerly Fellow of Merton College. Two Parts. Pp. xvii. + 375; vii. + 294. (Chapman and Hall, Ltd.)

THE WORKS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.*

There are many ways of marking the milestones on the road of life; and certainly not the worst is by a register of the books which have added to its joy. The present writer was born too late to hail in succession the masterpieces of Dickens or Thackeray, or even of George Eliot—"Daniel Deronda," which fell in his way hot from the press, ministered no delight—but he came into the world in the very nick of time to enjoy, one by one, and to the full, the delicate fruits of Stevenson's genius. "Treasure Island," "Prince Otto," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "Catriona" glorified the days in which they appeared with the reddest letters in the calendar. Of these, however, it is inadmissible

* "The Works of Robert Louis Stevenson." Pentland Edition. Vols. I.-IV. 20 Vols. 10 gns. (Cassell and Co.)

to speak at this time; for the occasion of the present notice is the publication of the first four volumes only of the new Pentland edition of Stevenson's collected works; the first volume opening with the "Inland Voyage," and the last coming to a close with the "New Arabian Nights." That is to say, the present issue comprises the journeyman work of the writer, already master of his tools, but still uncertain how best to employ them. And yet the last volume of these preliminary exercises, which contains the short stories of 1877-79, shows unmistakably in what direction the writer will exhibit his strength. I do not understand why the title of "The New Arabian Nights" was extended to "The Pavilion on the Links," "A Lodging for the Night," "The Sire de Malétroit's Door," and "Providence and the Guitar." It surely can belong only to the "Suicide Club" and the "Rajah's Diamond." The other tales have no link with these, nor are they in the same *genre*. And the blunder is unfortunate, as the greater stories are thus named of the less. The modernisation of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid was an adventurous idea, brilliantly carried out; it pushes one step further, into capital farce, Tennyson's identification of King Arthur with a certain English gentleman of stateliest port; but the stories themselves, a mixture of melodrama and burlesque, have not the remotest air of reality, and hardly bear a second reading. Moreover the "Suicide Club" contains one picture, that of Mr. Malthus, of such a nightmare horribleness that it would not have passed the censor in any community of Utopia. There must have been a strain of brutality somewhere in Stevenson's fine nature, which cropped out once and again, even in the later books. "The Body Snatcher," published (save the mark) as a Christmas story, was the only tale in which this strain predominated; but the character of old Pew in "Treasure Island," and Mr. Hyde, the *alter ego* of Dr. Jekyll, are imaginations that ought not to have been imagined. Plato, we may be sure, would have invited their creator to leave his commonwealth at the earliest possible moment. However, this strain in the nature, if I may put it so, was for the most part kept well in check by more gentle and humane qualities. There are strong, even stark, characters enough in other tales—Northmour, for example, in the "Pavilion on the Links"; and the fraudulent banker Huddlestone in the same story is, as much as Mr. Malthus, a study in the psychology of fear; but these characters are well within the limits of literary decency. The "Pavilion on the Links," indeed, has all the qualities which combine to make the true Stevenson. There is the landscape, so well drawn, and so completely in key with the beauty or horror of the situation; there is the single vivid incident, etched in with acid, sharp and unforgettable—in this case, the noise of the wet finger on the window-pane without and the voice that shouted "Traditore" through the shutters; there is the wholesomeness of the "sentiment" in the Aristotelian sense of the word; and there is the perfection of the phrasing. The romantic tale of the strange courtship that went on in the two hours before dawn inside the "Sire de Malétroit's Door" is singularly beautiful, and unlike anything else in fiction. And then there are those charming French "artists" in "Providence and the Guitar"—studied, it would seem, from a broken-down actor and his wife, full of sentiment, described in the "Inland Voyage"—who preach that Christian lesson which Stevenson was never tired of inculcating, that the life of a man does not consist in the abundance of things which he possesses. Finally there is "A Lodging for the Night," with its two scenes in the inn parlour and the Lord of Brisetout's *hôtel*. I do not believe that Villon was, as Stevenson has represented him, a compound of wolf and pig, with some unexplained capacity for making *ballades*, but with no capacity for seeing anything in his chivalrous host for the night but "a very dull old gentleman." The philosophy of revolt against society, which Stevenson has elsewhere expounded, should have saved him from such a lapse of critical imagination. But strike out the name of the poet, and one can enjoy to the full the vividness of the contrast between the two scenes and the wintry Paris landscape that unites them.

The mention of Villon brings me to speak of the only part of Stevenson's early writing which seems to fail of its mark, and that is the critical work, collected into "Familiar Studies of Men and Books." Stevenson, in his humble preface, recognises his tendency to depreciate; a curious fault in an exponent of the philosophy of looking always on the better side. But Stevenson was not built for a critic. His imagination was always at work on the material that came before him for study. What seemed a striking saying summoned up in his mind a vivid picture of the man who would say such a thing, and this became for him the man's true portrait; but if the saying was really but an *obiter dictum*, not really characteristic, or if by some chance it had been misinterpreted, then the whole character was misread. I do not believe, as I have said, in the character drawn of François Villon. Most Scotsmen fail to see the likeness in the portrait of Burns; but with that controversy an Englishman had better not intermeddle. But any reader of "Pepys' Diary" can see that Stevenson's "little sensualist in a periwig" is far enough from the truth about that interesting person. It may be worth while to indicate a few points in which the painter has misrepresented his sitter, because when a great artist paints a portrait we are apt to take the lifelikeness for granted, and also because Stevenson believed he had done Pepys something more than justice. Take, for a very clear example of misrepresentation, the passage about the relations of Pepys with William Pen, the Quaker—

> "Meanwhile there was growing up next door to him that beautiful nature William Pen. It is odd that Pepys condemned him for a fop; odd, though natural enough when you see Pen's portrait, that Pepys was jealous of him with his wife. But the cream of the story is when Pen publishes his 'Sandy Foundation Shaken,' and Pepys has it read aloud by his wife. 'I find it,' he says, 'so well writ as, I think, it is too good for him ever to have writ it; and it is a serious sort of book, and *not fit for everybody to read*.' [The italics are Stevenson's.] Nothing is more galling to the merely respectable than to be brought in contact with religious ardour. Pepys had his own foundation, sandy enough, but dear to him from practical considerations, and he would read the book with true uneasiness of spirit: for conceive the blow if, by some plaguy accident, this Pen were to convert him!"

And so on for some dozen lines more. But if the reader, one in ten thousand, were to turn to Pepys to see what he really did say about Pen's book, he would find that what he thought dangerous in it was not its enthusiasm but its heresy. This is the passage: "Pelling hath got me W. Pen's book *against the Trinity*. I got my wife to read it to me," etc. The title of the book was "The Sandy Foundations Shaken: or those doctrines of one God subsisting in three distinct and separate persons, etc., refuted from the authority of Scripture testimonies and right reason." So that all Stevenson's very cynical commentary on the words "not fit for everybody to read" rests on a simple misunderstanding. Or take another point. Pepys buys a "roguish French book," and notes in his Diary that he bought it in plain binding, meaning to burn it when read, "that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, *to disgrace them*, if it should be found." Stevenson paraphrases this: "He is full of precautions to conceal *the disgrace of the purchase*." But Pepys is writing as a collector with a respect to the dignity of his library; he is not even considering the question about the morality or immorality of reading "roguish" books. So, again, Stevenson's idea that Pepys was a sort of leaf insect who took his moral colour from his neighbours, and was only virtuous when under the influence of Sir William Coventry, is not supported by the Diary. Coventry was no better than his contemporaries in regard to the seventh commandment, and in regard to the eighth, we find him more than once making a sort of *apologia* to Pepys. Or, once more, what ground is there for Stevenson's wild idea that Pepys intended his Diary to be one day made public? "The greatness of his life," he says, "was open, yet he longed to communicate its smallness also; and, while contemporaries bowed before him, he must buttonhole posterity with the news that his periwig was once alive with nits." I confess lively writing of this sort, when it belittles the characters of the dead without a spark of evidence, makes me angry. Stevenson quotes the solemn sentence with which the Diary closes; but if he had raised his eyes to the sentence next before it, he would have found that it disposed of his theory: "And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand; and therefore, whatever comes of it, I must forbear: and therefore resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people in long-hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them

and all the world to know; or if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add here and there a note in shorthand with my own hand." Young gentlemen with a genius for style should be warned off criticism.

The valuable part of Stevenson's writing outside his stories is that in which he writes about himself. About himself and his travels and his meditations on men and things we could never have too much, because he looked at the world with fresh eyes. I have a fancy for testing a man's powers of natural description by his handling of a snow-storm; and I remember the joy it gave me years ago to come upon this passage of our author:—

"The snow fell with rigorous, relentless persistence; sometimes the wind made a sally and scattered it in flying vortices; sometimes there was a lull, and flake after flake descended out of the black night air, silent, circuitous, interminable. . . . The air was raw and pointed, but not far below freezing; and the flakes were large, damp, and adhesive. The whole city was sheeted up. An army might have marched from end to end and not a footfall given the alarm. If there were any belated birds in heaven they saw the island like a large white patch, and the bridges like slim white spars, on the black ground of the river."

But in the travel books, natural description is kept in due subordination to the proper study of mankind; and there, as in the moral essays, we find Stevenson acclaiming with joy man's "imperfect virtues," and calling upon everybody to take up the great task of being happy themselves and making others happy. Quotation would be an endless luxury; but one passage may be allowed which we may well believe seemed to its author the conclusion of the whole matter; certainly for himself:—

"All who have meant good work with their whole hearts have done good work, although they may die before they have the time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall; and in mid career, laying out vast projects and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope and their mouths full of boastful language, they should be at once tripped up and silenced, is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely at whatever age it overtakes the man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as an illusion from the heart. In the hottest of life, a tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

H. C. BEECHING.

From an oil painting by H. M. Paget.

Frederick York Powell, aet. 36.

(Reproduced from "The Life of Frederick York Powell," by kind permission of the Clarendon Press.)

YORK POWELL.*

The ludicrous vanity, the plaguy persistence, the daring and the drunkenness which went to the making of the liveliest biographer our country has ever known, are too rare in England to-day to make biography a popular art. Nevertheless, one and the same autumn has seen two rather singularly contrasted Lives, which yet resemble one another in this—that they are both useful and delightful. Two more undonnish dons than Sir Leslie Stephen and York Powell could hardly be found; but, alike in this, they are unlike in almost everything else. Cynic, self-depreciator, and partial invalid though he was, Stephen turned out an enormous amount of work, often much against the grain, but seldom below his best. Powell, on the other hand, sanguine, enthusiastic, full of vitality, played with the glittering sands all his life and hardly attempted to construct anything. Stephen, again, seemed to live through several centuries in the course of his life. In the gaunt and severe, caustic and rather repellent, or at least austerely unsympathetic, manner of his later years, it was hard indeed to detect the expansive young don, who would shout from his window to any undergraduate who happened to be passing to come up and have tea, and who performed such freaks of college patriotism as are recorded in Dr. Maitland's rich and entertaining pages. Powell, on the other hand, hardly seems to have changed at all. He was, during the sixteen years that I knew him, or, more accurately, trembled upon the border of his acquaintance, always exactly the same. A boy at heart, not caring "a twopenny damn" for consistency, but loving to play truant, and never happier than when making himself adored by boys and girls. Stephen, again, represents Cambridge, its mathematics and metaphysics; Powell, Oxford, its culture and—not anarchy, but a good substitute, the Modern History School. Neither, however, can well be claimed as a typical man, though the biographer in each case is. The milieu of Cambridge is expressed in a masterly way by Maitland, while that of Oxford is kept in reserve by Elton, whose artistic instinct has been, in this book, unerring. It well deserves the compliment—the highest we could well have paid it—of comparison to the prose finish of Dr. Maitland. True, it lacks that exquisite innuendo and the delightful glancing humour which are so characteristic both of Stephen and his interpreter; but it makes up for any defect in this regard by the steadfast glow of serious purpose and enthusiasm which animates every sentence. Both Lives were written evidently with a great deal of emotion, and are alike in their studious avoidance of commonplace expression or threadbare adjectives. The balance of advantage to the reader is considerable, though Mr. Elton goes a little too far occasionally. To describe the ushers at Rugby as "Temple's shepherds," to speak of Blake's "writhen figures," or Powell's "achromatic mind," is to carry ingenuity a little too far. But these are exceptions; the hard laboured metaphors and similes generally come right and add brilliance to the presentation. Here is an example:

"Powell's talk remained always swift and opulent, and his transitions equally quick, so that it was hard, except for definite business, to get him to thresh anything out at one sitting. His ideas ran with shuttle-speed, by paths of their own, from one end of the world to the other. . . . Powell's style is clear and alive always; his voice can be heard in it. Its fault is to be pestered, in historical writing, with detail; some of the pages are like a crowded map. But that is a picture of his mind. He runs to catalogues and processions, and likes the clamour of proper names. One of his natural forms is the survey, where he stops in the story and arrays the pageant."

And compare with this an elaborately wrought metaphorical passage on page 448 of the Life.

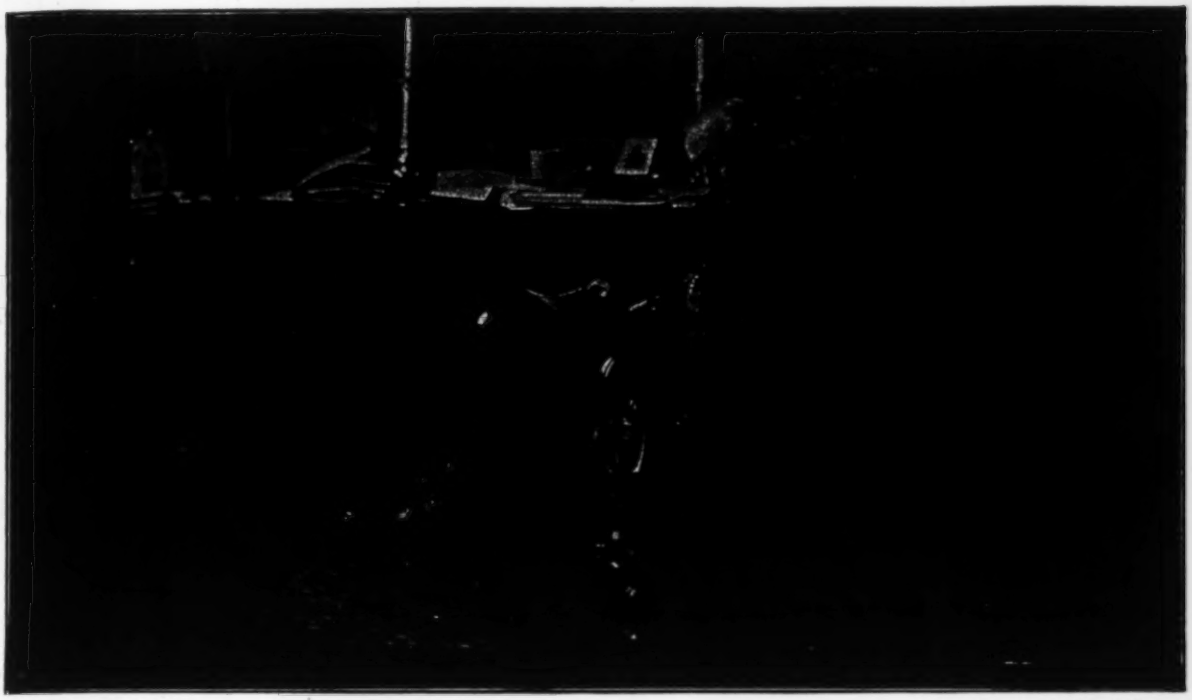
The attempts of a rigid vessel to contain a volatile essence are sometimes more strenuous than successful, but they are

* "Frederick York Powell." A Life and a Selection from his Letters and Occasional Writings. By Oliver Elton. In two volumes. I. Memoir and Letters. II. Writings. 21s. net. (Clarendon Press.)

always praiseworthy. The phrase that in all Powell's remarks on politics there was "a kind of vehement indefiniteness" is refined truth; almost ultra-refined is the observation that "he only half liked Gladstone." How well he dissembled this demi-affection many witnesses can attest!

Mr. Elton cannot avoid investing his subject with a certain portion of his own gravity, and the effect is such as to remind us at times of Hazlitt's portrait of Lamb as a Venetian senator. It is a splendid effort of appreciation, but of a man so myriad minded as Powell it can give only a very partial presentment. Mr. Elton, however, has not only expressed and phrased what he himself knew most admirably, but he has also been catholic in admitting the testimonies of independent witnesses. Few recent biographies have been richer in this kind of material. The best, or almost the best, of these private views is by an anonymous undergraduate (pp. 211-213). Another very characteristic glimpse of the Professor is afforded by a pupil at Somerville Hall, Miss Cécile Hugon, who shows how, in the course of an hour's coaching, Powell skipped from Racine to the Hotel de Bourgogne, then to the grand manner and the grand tour, so to Indian idols, early printing, illuminated manuscripts, and French and English illuminations, until in the midst of a final digression in heraldry he suddenly remembered he was at that moment due at a meeting at the other end of Oxford. Restless in the flesh, Powell was the "Mordanto" of the mind, and outran the courier even in the matter of tongues. I forget whether it was eighteen or twenty-four he once told me he knew. Mr. Elton speaks somewhere of Powell's intellect being that of a revolving light, but there was surely a good deal of the *feu follet* about it. Such teaching as his is a privilege as a supplementary luxury, as a kind of *hors d'œuvre*; but it would hardly do as the standing dish. Compare with it Jowett's work of dissection and analysis, which made his "composition course" the great tutorial feat and wonder that tradition has handed down. Powell's omnivorous reading and unquenchable curiosity were delightful qualities, but hardly compatible with set teaching. They took for granted what most undergraduates pay their fees to learn, progressing lightly over the long intermediate stage which separates the sixth form from the post-graduate conference or seminar. Powell thus stood far aloof from the regular teaching of which he was nominally a factor. His ideals, so far as they are intelligible, were not so much to adopt as to transform existent machinery. Necessarily they were impracticable in a place of imperceptible change and slow incrustations such as Oxford. Powell, if our estimate is justified, attempted to grasp rather too much. Unsatisfied to be an ambassador between the clash of the outer world and the detachment of a college, or a *chargè d'affaires* between London and Oxford, he demanded his birthright in both worlds, and so was at times in danger of falling into that unlovely suburbanism which it has been left in these later days for the American professor to accomplish. The ideal professor, who combines *fond* with a literary distinction and originality which is the special characteristic of such a man as Gaston Paris, has wisely eschewed this ineligible compromise. The danger of posing, or being thought to pose, as an omnivorous reader among specialists, a man of the world or of sport among cloistered savants, a Tory among rebels, a Nihilist among those of the high and dry persuasion, a walking encyclopædia in artistic, histrionic, elegant or high political circles, is one to the inconvenience of which the scholar who has the dignity of learning closely at heart is so keenly alive that he would willingly put himself to almost any other inconvenience rather than run the risk of incurring it. There was, of course, not a single ounce of the mountebank about Powell, but there was that in the confused *olla podrida* of his reading, the inconsecutiveness of his mind, the primitive savagery of some of his tastes, and the almost exotic heedlessness of some of his apophthegms which may have caused one a momentary misgiving as to whether he might not become the zany of his own strangely vivid, renaissance curiosity. Mr. Elton, perhaps, hardly gives enough emphasis or allowance to the singularity of the impact of such a personality as that of York Powell upon the average Victorian mind. He gives the impression of pooh-poohing the typical stories of Powell's eccentricity. Yet such little indications may not be altogether worthless; that strange biographical genius, John Aubrey, would certainly not have thought them so. As an undergraduate I well remember being attracted both by the personality of the man (so kindly and so prone to staccato confidential advice of the most undonnish kind) and also by what seemed to me the staggering quaintness of his literary dicta. At a meeting of the Union Library Committee, for example, of which I was a member, I remember him stating with the gravest air of generalisation that the "Newgate Calendar" and "James's Naval History" were the only two positively essential books. Tolstoi he denounced. Later, it seems, he became an enthusiast for Willy, and he frequently commended and cited by way of lighter reading the *Pink 'Un* and *Answers*, copies of which journals might often have been seen, often were seen, by astonished pedants, protruding from his pockets. Subsequently, when I saw him at Ambleteuse, he insisted upon Lafcadio Hearn and Santayana. My friend Dr. Morel from Boulogne had some conversation with him about the pillow verses of Japan, with which he seemed fully conversant. The bewildering multiplicity of his tastes must have played his memory some freaks, and a friend who consulted him about Holbein and his contemporaries has assured me that he once discriminated at some length between Jehannet and J. Clouet. His detail inevitably was not seldom at fault. I have noted this myself in communications respecting Dick Turpin and the pugilist Belcher (on which subjects we corresponded). What was really amazing was the relative accuracy of it all in conjunction with its abundance and its vitality. I remember his advice to me to go for information to men in shirt-sleeves, for there was no man in shirt-sleeves about an inn in all England who did not know all about Dick Turpin. I believe he was at his best about the Wikings, the one subject on which I heard him lecture. This "scientific" historian, as he called himself, was a perfect connoisseur of the "pittoresque," though for the kind of "lecture that pays for the schools" I can well believe him to have been the worst in Oxford, if not in Europe. I remember being asked to dine with him at the House, and being almost frozen to death in the course of a long duologue on the subject of crystallography between Powell and Lewis Carroll, of which I understood about as much as Wordsworth did of Coleridge's metaphysics. Of course he advised me to read Provençal, and later he recommended me to prepare myself for an elaborate edition of Dryden for the Clarendon Press. A few days later this had clean gone out of his head (though he reverted to it a year later), and he insisted on my devoting all my time to a Defoe primer. I remember meeting him on the platform of Oxford station one Sunday afternoon, and his exchanging a few propos with the inmates of an actors' train, drawn up between the up and down main-line metals, reminding me in between that it was not Napoleon, but Adam Smith, who first called the English a nation of shopkeepers. Polychromatic rather than achromatic would have been the epithet which I should have applied, in my ignorance, to Powell's conversations, more especially at examiners' meetings. He was usually very late at these, and the only discussion I recollect ever to have heard raised by him upon such an occasion was one as to the relative merits of Bessie Belwood and Lottie Collins. I remember, however, of his telling me a method by which the real quality of an answer book could infallibly be tested by a close attention to the first page. Mr. Elton tells how the letter appointing Powell regius professor was put aside unopened. He does not tell the equally authentic tale of his caprice in opening letters which landed him in full dress at a swell house just 365 days late for dinner. In his last year of life I remember him arriving in a room where I was, picking up a book of portraits, "National Worthies," turning over page after page and dashing off a vignette portrait in words full of fire and enthusiasm for each of the men who had achieved and built up that which we enjoy. It helped as much as anything to reveal the secret strength that was in the man, his power as an *animatore*, a spirit, who kindled a spark and caused the souls of men to burn within them.

Splendidly and eloquently as he has written this book, Mr. Elton has, it seems to me, done rather less than justice to the legendary, the Bohemian, the irresponsible and Sheridanesque side of his hero. One agrees with him in deprecating the verdict which might be conveyed in the sentence, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." The pathos of unrealised talent is more often than not a very shallow and sentimental affair. Powell did more good in the world than two-thirds of the people who pour themselves into books. Like Johnson, he eschewed the Punic War and gave himself



From a photograph taken towards the close of his life. **Prince Hohenlohe.**

(Reproduced from "The Memoirs of Prince Hohenlohe," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

up to Life and Conversation, teaching by a Socratic method of his own—all his own. As far as he attempted to realise himself in printed pages we can, of course, criticise Powell in the usual way, and we could not possibly have a safer guide in this matter than our present biographer. I am rather inclined to doubt the wisdom of the claim for him to be one of the learned men of his time and country. His knowledge was too centrifugal, and lacked the concentration, the originality, the central glow, and final illumination which are indispensable to constitute learning in the highest sense. But as a decoy to lead other men into the paths of learning, and inspire them with an enthusiasm for it, few men can have been his equal. Powell, of course, knew "a hell of a lot," as he once said of Acton. But most of his learning, when you come to examine it, is not only unapplied, but, from its diffuseness, is almost unapplicable. In this it affords a striking contrast to Creighton's, the least flakes of whose knowledge are always so admirable as material. One man, it may be, had too much, the other too little ambition to become a perfect historian. It was the very lack of some of these studious, acquisitive and ambitious faculties, combined with his kindness, his carelessness of time, his accessibility, and his boyish, alert-eyed, pagan and renaissance curiosity and eagerness as a learner every day of his life, which rendered Powell so prehensile in his sympathies, so youthful in his enthusiasms, so perfectly delightful in his mental *déshabille*—in a word, so unique and inspiring a personality, the legend of whose warmth and influence, in its own particular sphere, can hardly ever be exaggerated.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

A GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S LEGACY.*

The sensation caused on the Continent by the publication of the memoirs of the late Imperial Chancellor of Germany has found a ready echo in British diplomatic circles, and derives its force from the position and character of its author. Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfürst was no mere underling like our own "Punch" Greville, but was related to half the royal houses of Western Europe; and, from the day he was appointed Imperial Minister at Athens in 1848, never desisted from an active, and ultimately a leading, part in the development of German unity, finally succeeding Count Caprivi as Chancellor of the Empire in 1894. When he retired from office and public life at the end of 1900, he invited Herr Friedrich Curtius to assist him in compiling an autobiography. A few months later the Prince died at Ragaz, leaving to his son Prince Alexander all his papers, a journal continuous from the year 1866, and instructions to proceed with the work. "All that can be done," explains Herr Curtius in his introduction, "is to publish the papers which he has left behind, in accordance with his desire, so far as publication seems advisable." Opinion of what was "advisable" will vary with the point of view. Students of statecraft will revel in the amazing frankness which gives such strange insight into the machinery of government in modern Europe; but statesmen still living, and these not only Germans, will fume at such scandalous indiscretion, wincing at the thought that matters "unadvisable" may yet be laid open for inspection at any moment.

Although the English general reader will find the most piquant passages in the second volume, beginning with the war with France and the unification of the German Empire, there is much to interest him here and there throughout the memoirs; for Prince Chlodwig had a penetrating intellect, fed by a quick eye for men and manners, and never grudged the trouble of recording his impressions with fluent pen. In June, 1859, he accompanied his aunt, Princess Feodora von Hohenlohe-Langeburg, on a visit to her half-sister, Queen Victoria, at Buckingham Palace.

". . . There was no room for me in the Palace. The Royal carriage took me to the Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn Street, rather a dingy place. . . . I turned my steps towards Hyde Park, where, as it happened, the fashionable parade was at its height. No people is so much the slave of its manners and customs as the English, and this sheep-like imitation of each other is best seen in Hyde Park. Everyone who has the means to do so drives, rides, or walks there, and moves mechanically up and down in the comparatively small space for a couple of hours. Here is seen what is called *fashion* in carriages, horses, and dress. What is worn and displayed here is the fashion, and spreads rapidly all over England. This summer, for instance, violet is the correct colour for men and women in neckties, gloves, etc., etc. It has an extraordinary vogue, and all the shops are full of violet and lilac silk. . . . On this day [25th June] there was a *levée*, *i.e.*, a great Court presentation. I went to the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace to see the equipages as they passed: amongst them, those of the Lord Mayor of London and his suite were distinguished by their peculiar magnificence. . . . I saw many drunken people in the streets. . . . The Prince of Wales is a very well-bred young man, rather in awe of his father. It is a pity he is not taller for his age" (i. 84, 85).

If English society struck Prince Chlodwig as dull, not less was he galled by the heavier social fetters of German life. Writing from Munich in 1849 to his sister, Princess Amalie, he bewails the barrier between the nobility and the world of intellect.

"Generally speaking, and here in particular, the great world in its heart of hearts is very small. Good, if you like, kindly, less evil than is commonly made out by country parsons—but there is little enough behind. It is a rare thing to meet with the noble

* "Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst." Edited by Friedrich Curtius for Prince Alexander of Hohenlohe-Schillingsfuerst. Translated from the German by George W. Chrystal, B.A. 2 vols. 24s. (William Heinemann.)

minds which this city must contain as well as any other. In such surroundings I am becoming all unconsciously a democrat; exactly as in the Chamber, where I am driven to the Left by the party of narrow-minded aristocrats" (i. 57).

Ten years later he makes similar moan to his sister Princess Elise:—

"I am not made to spend my life in merely fulfilling the duties of my social position . . . the aristocratic life is either a good one to lead—one which is worthy of respect and will find acknowledgment, or it ends in frittering away one's energies in trivialities like the distribution of gold snuff-boxes and Christmas presents. Any number of people are better at that sort of thing than I" (i. 91).

So much for the lighter part of these papers, which abound in fruitful reflection and suggestion. The momentous part of them consists in political matter. Much of this deals with internal details of the German constitution, but the interest deepens as we approach the memorable year 1870. A conversation with Prince Bismarck as early as April, 1868, reveals that statesman as contemplating the probability of war with France, though "it was as impossible to say anything definite about it as about the kind of weather to be expected in July." (i. 283.)

At that time Prince Chlodwig, at the head of the Bavarian Ministry, was earnestly promoting the project of German unification and urging that Bavaria should abandon her traditional jealousy of Prussia. His fall was brought about by the Ultramontanes in 1870, and he was busy in Berlin with the affairs of the Zollverein, when the Hohenzollern incident fired the train, and he hastened back to Munich. Concerning the course of the war itself, little is said, but much about the effect of the series of victories upon the federation of the German Empire, for which end Prince Chlodwig ardently cooperated with Bismarck. In March, 1871, he was elected first Vice-President of the Reichstag, a position equivalent to that of Speaker in the British Parliament. While his journal contains much material for diligent historians, the ordinary reader will derive most amusement from life-sketches like the following:—

"*March* 25, 1871 [misprinted 1875]. . . . In the evening I went to Bismarck's house; there were some ladies and several gentlemen there. I was placed upon the sofa in front of a table covered with teacups and bottles of beer, and also with herrings and oysters. The new Highness [Bismarck] speedily arrived, and sat down by me. He began by consuming innumerable oysters, herrings, and ham, and drank beer with soda-water [ii. 43]. *May* 17. . . . At eleven o'clock Bismarck arrived. We smoked and drank beer and *Maitrank*. By and by Bismarck reached the stage of anecdotes. He treats every one with a certain arrogance. This gives him a great ascendency over the timid exponents of the old European diplomacy" (ii. 52).

Next day, Prince Chlodwig notes, "headache after the *Maitrank* yesterday"; despite of which he attended in the evening "a meeting of members in the Leipziger Garten to drink beer," and a supper party afterwards! (ii. 52, 53.)

In 1874 Prince Chlodwig undertook the hazardous duties of German Ambassador to France, with Prince Bismarck's warning ringing in his ears that if the Republic continued for five years arming at the rate she was doing, Germany would declare war in three. In Paris he was admitted to the confidence of mighty de Blowitz; and the impression we receive of their intercourse is that, while de Blowitz flattered himself that he was swaying events by his sage counsel, the wily German Chancellor and his Ambassador used him as a mouthpiece to convey to the public such part of their policy as they thought it expedient should be known. What a small part that was is apparent in these pages.

It is the latter part of the second volume which fairly bristles with indiscretions, and want of space compels me to pass over a great deal of interesting narrative and comment to notice a few of those which have so profoundly agitated political circles in Berlin.

In 1885 Prince Chlodwig exchanged the Embassy of Paris for the still more critical post of Statthalter or Governor of Alsace-Lorraine. The anti-German party having made a clean sweep in these provinces at the elections to the Reichstag in 1887, it was proposed to deprive them of their right of representation. To this course Chlodwig, always a moderate Liberal, was strongly opposed, as he was to other measures of repression; nevertheless, he removed van Hoffmann, his secretary of State, and wrote to ask Bismarck for "some official from the Prussian bureaucracy, with Prussian traditions, whom I may propose to his Majesty." (ii. 366.) Next year we read in his journal:—

"Since last spring, in consequence of the excitement produced by the result of the elections, we have introduced a number of more or less vexatious measures, which have aroused much ill-feeling. Prince Bismarck thereupon desired me to introduce the system of compulsory passports against France. . . . There is no doubt that this measure would not only excite general surprise and excitement, but would also greatly embitter the local population. It seems that Berlin desires to introduce these irritating measures with the object of reducing the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine to despair and driving them to revolt, when it will be possible to say that the civil Government is useless and that martial law must be proclaimed. . . . I am therefore resolved to refuse Bismarck's proposal, even at the risk of falling out with Bismarck and Bismarck, junior" (ii. 384).

In the end, the Statthalter had to choose between resignation and obedience to the will of the Man of Iron. On public grounds he chose the latter, though heartily sick of his post. The Emperor Frederick was already nearing his painful end. The following reads like a passage in mediæval statecraft:—

"*May* 25, 1888. In the afternoon I was with the Crown Prince, who considers the measure for compulsory passports necessary, and shares the view of the military that Frenchmen must be treated roughly. I did not agree, but remarked that the French nation feared war. We then came to speak about Russian affairs. . . . He told me of the interview between Bismarck and the Emperor [Alexander III.], and of the forged papers which had been made and read to him in order to keep him from coming to Berlin or Stettin. All was ready, the yacht with steam up in the harbour, when the Emperor had found the documents on his writing-table. That had annoyed him, and therefore the interview at Stettin had not taken place" (ii. 387).

The Crown Prince (Wilhelm II.) is represented at this time as under the influence of Waldersee and Herbert Bismarck, both of whom "are working for war" with France. Herbert Bismarck is represented throughout as the evil genius of the Empire. After the death of Emperor Frederick, whose malady had deprived him of speech for months, his widow, Empress Victoria, told Prince Chlodwig that—

"Herbert Bismarck had had the effrontery to say to the Prince of Wales that an Emperor who could not talk was not fit to reign. The Prince had said that, had he not valued the good relations between England and Germany, he would have thrown him out of the room. . . . I then went to the Prince of Wales, who spoke very guardedly, but was exceedingly angered at the boorishness of the Bismarck family, father and son. He cannot comprehend compulsory passports and the system of irritating France" (ii. 390, 391).

Prince Chlodwig's earlier impressions of the Emperor Wilhelm II. improved with better acquaintance, and they got on very well together during the last twelve years of the Prince's life. The whole story of the Emperor's quarrel with the Bismarcks is entered upon with minute detail, but enough has been quoted above to show the extremely delicate nature of matters referred to. Prince Chlodwig was a man of peace, though not at any price. One cannot but believe that, had he lived to revise his own memoirs, much that has been published in them would never have seen the light, especially those passages which must grate so dangerously upon the suceptibilities of French statesmen and the people of Alsace-Lorraine.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

THE FIRST PAINTER PEER.*

Over seven hundred pages of print, more than one hundred and fifty illustrations, some in colour, many mounted on grey paper, enclosed in two magnificent volumes! The reader may well wonder if this is the right way to produce the life of an eminent man. A book should invite. This work, with its crowding pictures, sometimes half a dozen of them grouped together, confusing the text, does not invite. It is too long, too lavish. If half the pictures and half the letterpress had been rejected, if admiration had been tempered with criticism, this record of the magnificent Leighton, who dominated the art world for so many years, might have been one of the attractive works of the season. What is needed in book production, as in all else, is rejection of the unessential. These volumes are analogous to the hanging of the summer exhibitions of the Royal Academy. A better guide would have been the severity and wall space of the Society of Sculptors, Painters and Engravers.

Nevertheless, such voluminous volumes have their particular use, as reference books, not as friends that fail not. They are history; the index becomes thumbed. I willingly wade through many pages for the sake of that account of a

* "The Life, Letters and Work of Frederic, Baron Leighton of Stretton." By Mrs. Russell Barrington. 2 vols. 42s. net. (George Allen.)

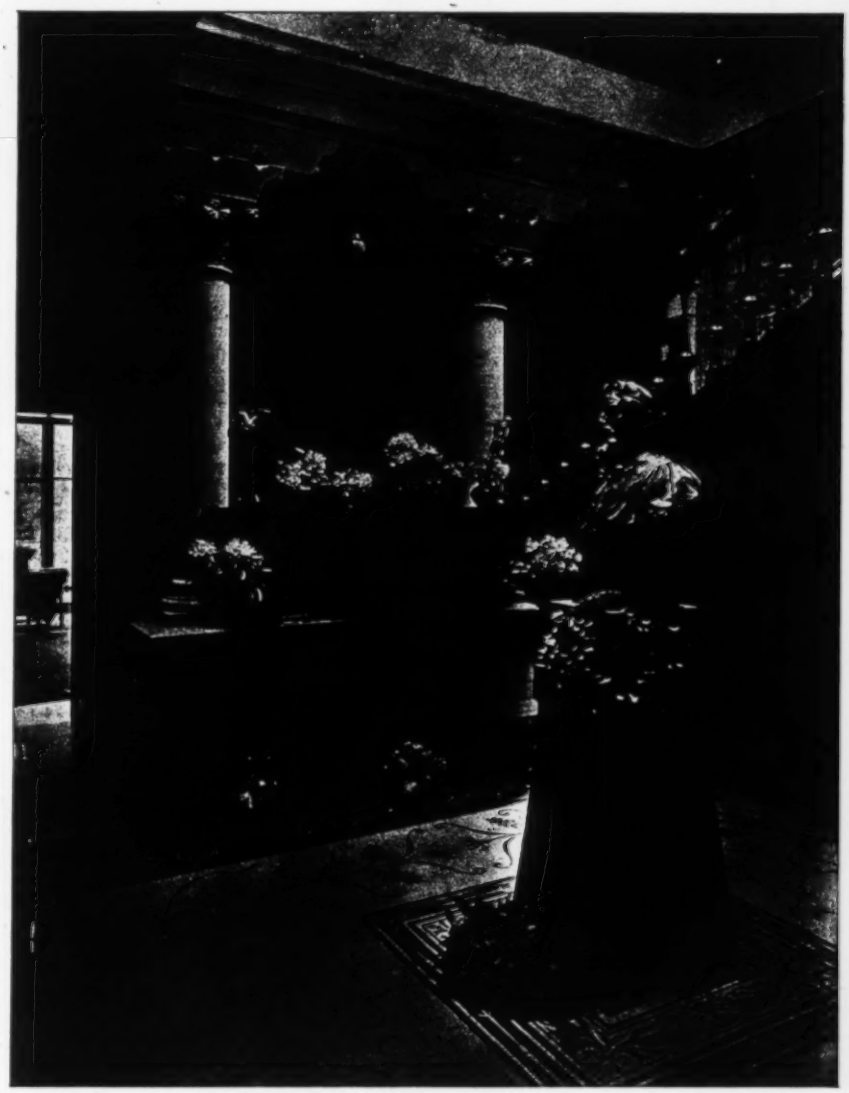
meeting in the Kensington studio in 1888, when Browning had been showing photographs of the Palazzo Rezzonico. The talk turned to Byron and Shelley. Browning rattled on for an hour, "real conversation—no monologue." When he rose to leave Leighton exclaimed, "Oh, don't! *Do* go on," and the poet willingly continued. The truth is that Leighton was a modest man, very lovable, so sympathetic in his detached Olympian way, that only a stranger, one who had never come under his charm, could write a proper estimate of his art. Mrs. Russell Barrington sits at his feet. A biographer should wander round, and judge even through the eyes of love.

Of value also to the literary historian of Victorian times is the letter from Mr. Swinburne on Shelley, whose scholarship is described as "that of a clever but idle boy in the upper forms of a public school"; and what could be more characteristic than the end of Matthew Arnold's communication congratulating Leighton on his election to the Presidentship of the Royal Academy: "I only hope poor O'Conor may not take advantage of the occasion to plant an ode and a letter"?

Leighton was the most gifted man of his age, and because he was so myriad-sided, he fell short of the highest achievement in the art of painting. He never approached the height that Millais, Watts, Rossetti, and Holman Hunt attained. He laboured on his pictures; he was conversant with the best that had been produced in the world; he knew all that is to be learned of design, composition, and the chemistry of colours; but Nature denied him the "something more," the impulse, the creative overflowing, that rushes a man out of himself, and makes him wonder in cooler moments at the thing that he has done. Leighton was not sure enough of himself to drop the reins and let Inspiration carry him breathlessly onward. His colours are pleasantly blended; he never flagged in the quest of beauty; but his pictures lack life. His classical figures remain models, not women and men; they posture gracefully and in rhythmic attitudes, but the blood does not course through their veins. They never startle us as Titian does with the feeling that here is the "moment eternal." This had to be; and Leighton, who was as wise as he was gifted, knew it: so one gathers from passages in his letters and diaries. Perhaps he reached the highest expression of his slumbrous, ever-ripened art in the picture called "Summer Moon," two women of ample charms, clad in carefully-arranged draperies, sleeping on a marble balustrade, their heads nestling just above a circular window. The design is most happy. Watts told Mrs. Russell Barrington that he preferred this to all Leighton's paintings.

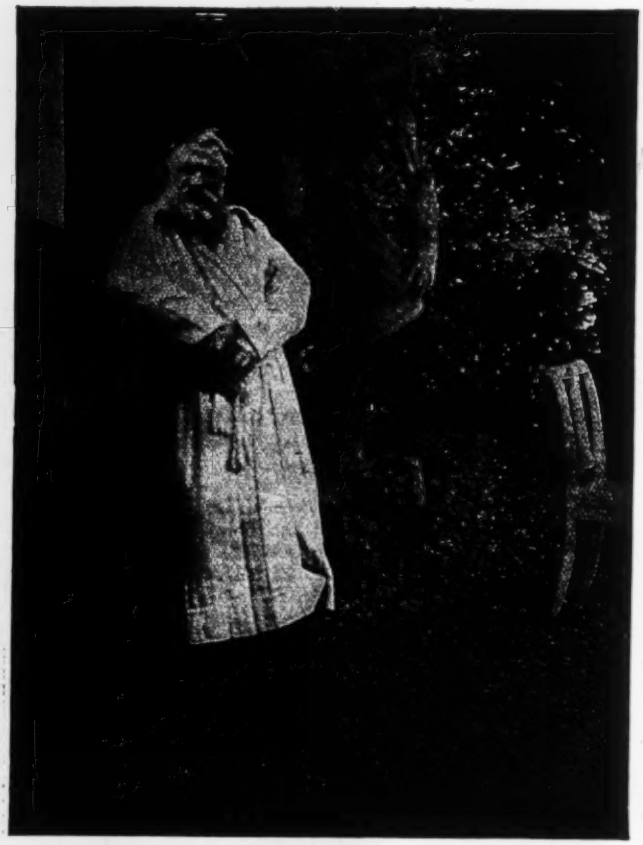
Leighton was a prolific and ingenious designer; but his colour was too uniformly monotonous to win him the title of a great colourist. Not for him the quiet working in greys, and then the splash of scarlet that sets the whole canvas aflame; for him rather the leisurely blending of rich tones, never the intentional discord, making the harmony more prized. He felt form, and had he taken to modelling earlier in life, maybe he would have determined that sculpture was the branch of art nearest to the expression of his temperament. His "Sluggard" and his "Needless Alarms" give a sense of satisfaction that his pictures fail to convey.

Once he said, "The Pre-Raphaelites are very striking, full of talent and industry, but unpleasant to the eye." Those four words, "unpleasant to the eye," express the limitations, self-imposed, of Leighton's art. The eye, being the passage to the brain, needs more than a surface beauty that bears no marks of spiritual or physical struggles. It is worth while making a journey to Manchester to compare Leighton's "Captive Andromache," one of his largest and most successful pictures, with the collected work of Mr. Holman Hunt, the veteran Pre-Raphaelite, which fills an adjoining hall of the Manchester Art Gallery. "Captive Andromache" is pleasant to the eye, in its graceful, rhythmic, cultured way, with the attitudinising figures arranged with such conscious art. The colour is as fresh as the day it was painted, which was to be expected from Leighton, whose pages of letters to Professor Church on varnishes, mediums, and the chemistry of pigments stand in these volumes as witnesses to the labour he took over every detail of his art. "Captive Andromache" is pleasant to the eye, but the eye soon tires, and does not wish to return to this icily beautiful picture. How different is it with the Holman Hunts—the "Scapegoat," the "Strayed Sheep," "Jesus in the Temple"; or with two other Pre-Raphaelite pictures in the gallery—Millais' "Autumn Leaves," and the study for "Jesus Washeth Peter's Feet" by Ford Madox Brown. They have intention, the beauty not of imagination but of truth, and a piercing quality that is



View of the Inner Hall and Staircase of Leighton House.

(Reproduced from "The Life, Letters and Work of Frederic, Baron Leighton," by kind permission of Mr. George Allen.)



Rodin in his Garden at Meudon.

(Reproduced from "The Life and Work of Auguste Rodin," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

absent from Leighton's golden dreams of a golden age.

But as a man, as a personality wielding great influence and using it always to fine ends, Leighton towers above his contemporaries. His rôle in life was that which he won so easily and held so magnificently—the Presidentship of the Royal Academy. Between the time when, as a youth, the late Queen bought his first picture, "Cimabue's Madonna," and sealed his advancement, to that hour, a few days before his death, when he was made a peer of the realm, his life swept on from success to success, all deserved. Pages might be written of his kindness, his courtesy, his devotion to his art, to his country, and to that child of his love—the Royal Academy. And if there are those who do not place him in the first rank of artists, it is only to say that he was human. The example of his life will remain an incentive to an ideal.

C. LEWIS HIND.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF AUGUSTE RODIN.*

Among the works of Rodin that have been the subject of acrimonious controversy, probably the best known is the statue of Balzac. Absolutely refused by the "Société des Gens de Lettres," it still remains in his studio. Generally, there is something necessarily futile in writing the life of a man who is yet living, but the case is different when the author tells the story and comments upon the work of an artist about whom so great a diversity of opinion has been expressed. Then, the author's office is rightly one of explanation, and he steps in to interpret the man and his art. Thus Ruskin was the interpreter of Turner, and justified the work of the Pre-Raphaelites. It is not, perhaps, surprising that the present author does not attain the standard such an example has set us. Yet let us take another instance in the criticism of Browning which Stopford Brooke has written, indeed, since the death of his subject. The critic sought for the reason why Browning, at first so unpopular, was afterwards read; and Browning was shown to us as the son of the modern world, who represented in his poetry the discordant, varied hurly-burly of life, but also drew from its discords "a concordant melody." "He anticipated the movements of the world," says Stopford Brooke. That is to say, the poet was a man in whole-hearted unconscious accord with the spirit of his age.

Now, if we review the period between the present year and that of Rodin's birth—1840—we can be certain, only, that the age of miracles is not overpast, and the revelation of marvels in space and speed has been yet merely partial. In the world of art, though the Pre-Raphaelites cry back never so prettily to the Florentine echo, the main effort in the modern state has been directed by the schools of Impressionism. The most serious consideration has been given to the study of aerial perspectives, and to the painting by values. The truth of atmospheric effect, what Rodin calls "cubic truth," declared to us alike by Velasquez and the Dutch masters in the old time before us—this is what we strive to attain, this is the real study of latter day art still waiting upon the command, Let there be Light! And is not this æsthetic striving for the inheritance of light, in some subtle wonderful accord with the marvellous expansion of the forces of the world by science, and with that enlargement of the mental outlook epitomised in Wesley's saying, "All the world is my parish"?

When one reads the following passage, the author reminds one of Dickens's carrier who came "very near it," yet did not quite achieve clear understanding, or the exposition, of the relations of things:—

> "In the sculptor's room at Meudon is a picture by Carrière, who may be called the French Whistler, which is strikingly sculptural both in colour and outline. Opposite, hangs a photograph of the three figures that crown Rodin's 'Porte de l'Enfer.' One could imagine they were both by the same man. There are other pictures by the artist that have been called bas reliefs, bathed in shadow, transcriptions in grey tones of Rodin's carving. On the other hand, there is a good deal of the vague suavity and mist of the painter's pictures in the more recent creations of the sculptor."

M. Mauclair has complained that his article upon Rodin, in the Paris *Revue*, has been reproduced more or less everywhere. We must still go to him for the most concise explanation of Rodin's method, that amplification of certain parts of the modelling to make the light sweeping the surface give a kind of halo to the outline. Rodin's rapid drawings from life help us to understand his ideas in working by "profiles." "Nothing is fixed, limited, or finished in nature," says M. Mauclair, "and the radiating state is the only real one." It is a great temptation to follow M. Mauclair into detailed discussion, and upon occasion to raise a standard of revolt; but that would lead us away from this later book, which gives a sensible account of the sculptor's life and helpful information about the "plan" of his statues. It does not explain the relation of Rodin to his time, as, for instance, Stopford Brooke explained the relation of Browning. But although the author does not hint at this, a thoughtful student must perceive, we think, that the sculptor's method is unconsciously part of some great movement now going forward in the æsthetic interpretation of the world.

A rather surprising passage in the book speaks of "the heavy immobility of Roman statuary as being the antithesis of Greek life and movement," and noting this, one is reminded that when Professor Wickhoff, in his latest work upon Roman Art, spoke of the bridge made by natural imitative work between the Augustan and more Latin style, he attributed great influence to the study of plant form and animal life. Rodin, rejected as a student by the Beaux Arts, and thereby saved, perhaps, from any academic stultification, learned much from contact with Barye, the sculptor of animals; and during the years he served as an ornamentist's workman, making plaster models for architects, he made those studies of plant form that impel him to admire the patient observation in Japanese art. But it is in looking over the wide country before Meudon that he says, "The sight of the plains and woods gives me the principle of the plans I employ on my statues," and, speaking of Wagner, describes him as a Gothic sculptor in music. "Men of genius," says Rodin,

* "The Life and Work of Auguste Rodin." By Frederick Lawton. 15s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

are those who by their trade skill carry the essential thing to perfection." The essential thing! "'Tis we musicians know," says Abt Vogler. F. E. PHILLIPS.

THE CAMBRIDGE APOSTLES.*

Since the appearance of preliminary paragraphs concerning this book, there have been people speaking glibly of "the Cambridge Movement" as if it were something as definite as "the Oxford Movement." As a matter of fact, the two "movements" are not to be compared in any way, except that they arose at a university. The Oxford movement resulted in a theological controversy that stirred all England: the Cambridge movement had no result whatever. The "Apostles" were a set of brilliant young men who, in the twenties, thirties, and forties of the last century, associated themselves with the Cambridge Conversazione Society, which eventually held its meetings at Trinity, then, perhaps, by virtue of the brilliance of its undergraduates, the most notable college in the University. The procedure of the Society was that of the usual debating club, with the very marked advantage of light refreshments. When a member of the Society left Cambridge he did not necessarily resign, and he would not infrequently attend meetings; but once he was out in the world the only ties that held him to his erstwhile associates were friendship and a common taste for books. Though the "Apostles" claimed to be in the foreground of progress, as a body they had no special aim or definite purpose.

Mrs. Brookfield, realising this position, has very wisely made in this book, as indeed she states in the preface, no attempt "to write a complete or collective history of the Cambridge 'Apostles.'" "All I have tried to do," she adds, "is to give a few sketches of such of the 'Apostles' as were friends of the late William Henry Brookfield, of whom I have family traditions and literary records." How interesting are those records of her father-in-law and his friends readers of the same author's fascinating volumes, "Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle," drawn from the same source, do not require to be told; and the debt owed to her for the earlier work is increased with the issue of the present book. This, indeed, is the value of "The Cambridge Apostles," which is no mere collection of biographies of a dozen members of the Conversazione Society, founded on more or less well-known memoirs, but is a volume packed full of new material and unpublished letters written by and to that witty good fellow of whom Tennyson wrote—

"Brooks, for they called you so that knew you best,
Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes!
How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
Would echo helpless laughter to your jest!"

Joseph William Blakesley, Charles Buller, Arthur Hallam, John Mitchell Kemble, Henry Lushington, Frederick Denison Maurice, Monckton Milnes, John Sterling, Spedding, Tennyson, Trench, and George Stovin Venables are the "Apostles" of Mrs. Brookfield, who "was pleased and flattered to find, after having made her selection, that it tallied with the list of illustrious 'Apostles' mentioned by the late Lord Houghton on the occasion of the opening of the new Cambridge 'Union' of 1866." This is a distinguished gathering indeed, and their contemporaries expected great things from them. Let us pause a moment to glance at their achievements as remembered to-day. What Hallam, Buller, and Sterling might have done if they had lived to fulfil their early promise, who shall say? Blakesley became Dean of Lincoln, and is best remembered by his edition of Herodotus; Trench became Archbishop of Dublin; Lushington filled minor Government posts; Milnes became a useful politician and an agreeable poet; and Venables buried his undoubted talents in anonymous contributions to the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*. The remaining Apostles left a more permanent mark. Tennyson stands alone among them as a man of genius, but Spedding lives as the great authority on Bacon, and Kemble as perhaps the greatest of Anglo-Saxon scholars; while Maurice exercised an undoubted influence upon his generation through the Christian Social movement. So that, though most of the Apostles gained celebrity in one direction or another, but few made any lasting mark.

With the achievements of these men Mrs. Brookfield has not, however, especially concerned herself in the volume now under consideration. "In my selection of letters from these eminent men I have endeavoured to choose those which should reveal, not so much the intellectual mission of the man as the humanity of the intellectual missionary," she explains. "For remarkable as were the mental powers of each one of this dazzling group, it is not his genius which strikes out first and most forcibly, but his greatness of heart, his extraordinary capacity for loving and need of being loved." On the social side each and all of the Apostles were delightful, and many charming pictures of their personality are conjured up by Mrs. Brookfield. It is impossible here to do more than hint at the store of wit contained in the book, and we must content ourselves with only one story, which will surely commend itself to all who can appreciate full-flavoured humour. It is told by an "irreverent friend" of Kemble. "When Jacky Kemble returned from the Torrijos affair in Spain, to Cambridge, he had a story of adventure which had three versions. In the first, say in the stage of friendly confidence, he would say, 'I once strayed beyond our lines alone and unarmed, and suddenly came upon fifteen Spanish grenadiers, who were closing round me, when I took to my heels, and though pursued by a few shots, escaped with my life and unharmed.' Somewhat later the version began in the same way as the first, but proceeded—'I disarmed them—most of 'em—wounded several—and the rest fled, with the devil take the hindmost.' The third, or three o'clock in the morning version, commenced like the others, but continued—'They fell at my feet to a man and implored mercy!' 'Well, what did you do, Jacky? Did you let them go?' 'No, by G——, I *slew them all!*'" LEWIS MELVILLE.

From the portrait by Sir Samuel Laurence in "The Cambridge Apostles." **W. H. Brookfield.**

(Reproduced by kind permission of Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons.)

* "The Cambridge Apostles." By Mrs. Charles Brookfield. 21s. net. (Pitmans.)

A SHORT HISTORY OF ASTRONOMY.*

Mr. Macpherson has already given proofs of a wide knowledge of current astronomy and astronomers in his biographical work on the "Astronomers of To-day." The book now before us shows that he is not less fully equipped in the older history of the science. He has "taken stock," as it were, of the advances made during the last century, both in the astronomy of observation, and in the astronomy of interpretation. He knows all about the workers who have given their nights to the watching of the skies, and their days to the perfecting of their calculations. And he can tell in clear and orderly style of the contributions each has made to the topography of stellar space, and the solution of the physical problems it presents. His is a short history; it can be easily read in an hour or two; but to one who reflects on the immensity of the theme itself, or on the strength and subtlety of the intellects that have grappled with it, the reading of an hour may give matter for weeks of thought.

For those who desire merely a general review, which, however, can be trusted for its accuracy in detail and in perspective, Mr. Macpherson's record will amply suffice. But its very brevity will induce some, to whom the record opens up new and fascinating vistas, to turn for fuller information to Miss Clerke's great "History," "at once authoritative and unique." As the author indicates again and again, this result would be entirely to his mind. His aim is to draw on the like-minded to a deeper study of the story that has fascinated himself.

The century opens with William Herschel, the great pioneer of modern astronomy. Of this "struggling musician—originally a penniless deserter from the Hanoverian Guard"—who set himself to search out the construction of the heavens, and went far to find it, we have in two bright and enthusiastic chapters a sketch which is a triumph of compression and of comprehension. We leave it with the right impression of Herschel's life-long effort and manifold achievement, of the struggle and the victory of him who *coelorum perrupit claustra*, and of the loyal and ever helpful devotion of his sister Caroline, herself an adept and a discoverer.

After the chapters on Herschel, the book follows a plan which will commend itself to the ordinary reader, and which conduces greatly to convenience of reference. The several provinces of astronomy are taken up in successive chapters, and of each in turn the century's progress is narrated. Thus the tale of "The Sun" is told, from the time when Schwabe began to count his spots, "more for self-amusement than from any hope of discovery," to that of Newcomb's astounding estimation of the output of solar energy. Then "The Moon" is dealt with in like fashion, from the foundation of selenography by Schröter, to the discovery by Adams that the satellite is subject to an age-long acceleration for which Newton's law of gravitation will not account. "The moon may draw the sea," but the friction of the tides as they sweep round our globe costs the system some of its energy. This brake-like tidal action did not come within Newton's scheme. Chapters follow on the Inner Planets, including Le Verrier's Vulcan, which no one has ever seen again; and on the Outer Planets, including Neptune, which Adams discovered before it was seen, and which might have been seen first by an English eye but for official incredulity and supineness. Comets, now the common objects of the telescope, no longer perplex the nations with fear of change; and Mr. Macpherson recites the steps by which familiarity has bred understanding. Handfuls of star-dust, they are daily used as samples for spectroscopic analysis, or as convenient objects for the verification of laboratory hypotheses on the pressure of light and the constitution of matter. The subjects of Meteors and Aerolites, of the Stars and their light, of Stellar Systems and Nebulae, are treated in succession, not descriptively, otherwise than is necessary for the unfolding of the historical record; but sufficiently, and in such wise that still the wonder grows. The story reaches its climax in the closing sections on Stellar Distribution and Celestial Evolution. We are allowed a glimpse down the corridors of time, when "the solar system will circle unseen, ghost-like, in space, awaiting only the resurrection of another cosmic catastrophe." At this point, however, we are reminded by the author that "science has said its last word." And the epilogue is that fine utterance of Thomas Dick, the Scottish astronomer: "Here imagination must drop its wing, since it can penetrate no further into the dominions of Him who sits on the Throne of Immensity."

A "Century's Progress" is well planned, well written, and well produced. For its size it is remarkably full; and though condensed it is always readable and often fascinating. The author is plainly a lover of his subject, but he is sane and sure of his facts: he is no "undevout astronomer."

D. MACALISTER.

* "A Century's Progress in Astronomy." By Hector Macpherson, Junr., author of "Astronomers of To-day." 8vo, pp. 246. 5s. net. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

SOME LITERARY ORIGINS.*

We are grateful to Mr. Charles Crawford for having collected some of his contributions to *Notes and Queries* and the *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*. He has the faculty—which is not very common—of studying a question from the beginning and in a spirit of independence, and his impartiality and lucidity combine to make his arguments exceptionally strong. We have seldom read a book on literary origins which in its very manner suggests more clearly the worth of its matter.

The five papers in this volume deal chiefly with Barnfield's debt to "Venus and Adonis," with Jonson's method of writing verse, with Webster's debt to Sidney's "Arcadia," with the authorship of "Selimus," and with the authorship of "Arden of Feversham"; and for the most part they proceed on the method of parallel passages. The method needs to be handled with skill. There is good reason why Mr. Bullen should compare its testimony to the evidence given by experts in handwriting: "It is always expected, it is always produced, and it is seldom regarded." Many of the parallels cited by Mr. Crawford would of themselves be of little value. But there is no denying the cumulative effect of his long lists. He acts in the decided belief that "a man's vocabulary is the surest test by which he can be judged," and that it is a man's repetitions, both in speech and writing, "that go to make up what is termed style." It happens that the broader and the narrower definitions of style come into direct conflict on the question of the authorship of "Arden of Feversham." Mr. Swinburne believes on general grounds that this play is "the possible work of no man's youthful hand but Shakespeare's," and Mr. Courthope agrees unreservedly that this tragedy is in the early style of Shakespeare. The author of this volume is no less confident, chiefly from the evidence of words, that it was written by Kyd; and he has certainly stated a strong case with great fairness. In the companion paper on the authorship of "Selimus," which is attributed to Marlowe, the argument might have been strengthened by a stronger appeal to the vaguer elements of style. To our mind the phraseology is not the best evidence. The timbre of the verse and the quality of the thought seem to indicate more clearly that "'Selimus' was Marlowe's first play and was immediately followed by the 'First Part of Tamburlaine.'" We are inclined to consider this paper the most important in the volume. It deals also with the debt of "Selimus" to Spenser and with its relation to "Locrine," of which Robert Greene is suggested as the author; and incidentally it alludes to the authorship of "Titus Andronicus." "I assert that Marlowe," says Mr. Crawford, "had no hand in 'Titus Andronicus' or the various versions of 'Henry VI.'; and I am prepared to prove my assertion. In these dramas Marlowe is merely copied by Shakespeare, who is their sole author." We are glad to have this promise: and in the meantime we remember that it was largely a consideration of words and phraseology which recently led Mr. J. M. Robertson to the opinion that "Titus" is not the work of Shakespeare.

This volume is another example of the tendency in recent Elizabethan criticism to emphasise the importance of Thomas Kyd. We are coming to understand why Ben Jonson grouped him with Lyly and Marlowe. The early Variorum editions of Shakespeare show the difficulties that beset every annotator of Ben Jonson's verses; and if it still appear to some that

* "Collectanea." First Series. By Charles Crawford. (Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-on-Avon.)

recent research has not yet demonstrated the rights of Kyd to be spoken of in the same verse as Marlowe, it is well to remember that Jonson was not a slovenly critic, and that least of all was he likely to insert an unworthy name in a fervent eulogy. "Sporting Kyd and Marlowe's mighty line" is an incentive to all who believe that the historical importance of Kyd is not yet fully recognised; and it is one of the many interests of Mr. Crawford's volume that he helps on the work of explaining this old and obscure reputation.

D. NICHOL SMITH.

LACHRYMÆ JOCULATORIS.*

What is the prime test for humorous verse? Is it not that it should wag the tongue as well as go glibly off the tip; that it should compel one to read it aloud *to somebody else?* Humorous verse that is content to echo round one's brain-pan, like speeches of the so-called drama for the study, is not itself. It is cap and bells without the jester. "Dum-Dum" comes well through the test. If he has not that sheer brilliance of technique which makes one gasp and read again in wonderment, he has, at all events, a smoothness and point, an unexpectedness and a knack of putting the incongruous word in the right place, which lure one to read on—and read aloud. He gives one a tantalising sense of parody in this volume, rather than parody itself; a glimmer of other songs dances over the page like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. Listen to some of the "Lines by an Insomniac, To those Devoted Scientists who are seeking the Bacillus of Sleeping Sickness."

"Men of Science, you that dare
Beard the microbe in his lair,
Tracking through the jungly thickness
Afric's germ of Sleeping Sickness,
Hear, oh hear, my parting plea,
Send a microbe home to me!

I am one that vainly woos
Morpheus of the baffling snoose;
I have counted scores of sheep;
Quaffed narcotics, long and deep;
Sleeping Sickness ought to be
Just the very thing for me.

I would sleep till I were sick
Gladly, if I knew the trick,
But, for lack of Afric's germs,
Sleep and I are not on terms.
Men of Science, hear my plea,
Send a microbe home to me!"

How delightful to read that to a sleepless friend! Perhaps he will say it's no laughing matter: perhaps he will laugh at insomnia, and laughing, sleep.

Captain Kendall says in his preface that, rejecting political pieces and those with a subject-matter of transient interest, he has tried to make a book which might appeal at any ordinary time to any ordinary person. But let that ordinary person be middle-aged, the victim of slippery youth, swollen slimness, dead hairs—"some natural sorrow, loss, or pain." Let him read "My Last Illusion," the "Ode—To the Back of My Head," and "A Birthday Song." He will be ready to swear that "The Crackling of Thorns" is tragi-comedy too. And, indeed, defiant, not simple, high spirits is the note of this volume. Hear the last two verses of the last piece, "To my Sense of Humour":

"When my most cherished schemes have ganged agley;
When I am crushed in person, purse, or pride,
With none to succour, none to hear my plea,—
Come, Sense of Humour, come, and make me see
Things from their comic side!

Come then! come now! enough that thou beguile
One paltry hour. Poor devil that I am,
I do but seek to sneer at Life awhile;
To jeer at Love; and, with a ghastly smile,
Say I don't care a ——!"

Our jester (O sorry jest!) is dropping a tear over his own nativity.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

* "The Crackling of Thorns." By "Dum-Dum." 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

SEA SONGS AND BALLADS.*

This will be a disappointing book to many. We are apt to think, if we think at all, that because Britain is a great seafaring country we must have a great sea poetry. This book does something towards revealing that we have no sea poetry at all. It contains, besides two songs from "The Tempest," only one unquestionably great poem, the magnificent ballad of Sir Patrick Spens, and, some way below that, Lovelace's "To Lucasta going beyond the Sea," Cowper's "Royal George," Dorset's "To all you Ladies," Henley's "O Falmouth is a Fine Town," and Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic." Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, and Mr. Swinburne have used the sea nobly in their poetry, but none of our poets has written such sea poems as we might have expected from men of this nation. The Elizabethans lost their opportunity, and we are left to imagine what Drayton might have done. But, reading this interesting collection, we begin to explain this astonishing truth. The first thing to be noticed, after the general dulness or tawdriness of the poetry, is that it is full of the sorrow and cruelty of the sea and the misery of the shipman's life. The jollity of it comes in with songs by landsmen, which never became popular at sea. The sea has, let us admit it, remained as much undiscovered as the mountains, until within a few generations of our own time. Chaucer's shipman, who took care to tell a tale of a merchant and a lady and a monk, is characteristic of the early sailor. Those who knew the sea, the sailors, found it a harsh, salty and monotonous element. Their ballads prove this; compared with those inspired by the kindly earth, they are naught—

"O pinchinge, werie, lothsome lyfe,
That travell still in far exsylle,
The dangers great on sease be ryfe,
Whose recompence doth yeld but toylle!
O Fortune graunt me mie desire,—
A hapie end I doe require."

And not only are they sad, but they are feebly sad. In the whole of this collection, therefore, we are not surprised to find only two or three ballads that have any great beauty in the words, such as "We'll go to Sea no More" and "Oh! Yarmouth is a Pretty Town," with its four exquisite verses like this:—

"Oh! Yarmouth is a pretty town
And shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it
The more it runs in my mind:
The more I think of it,
It makes my heart to grieve,
At the sign of the Angel
Pretty Nancy did live."

In our opinion the ballads should never have been severed from their melodies. "Spanish Ladies," for example, is nothing apart from its melody; with it, it leaves nothing to be said; but we suspect that it was included because, in some mysterious way, it illustrates the history of our sea power. With their melodies, there are scores of sea ballads which ought to go into any collection that pretends to be representative, and even without music there are ballads known to us which should have been included, as for example, the nobly simple "Salt Beef," of which the first verse runs:—

"Salt beef, salt beef,
Is our relief,
Salt beef and biscuit bread—O! (*bis.*)
While you on shore
And a great many more
On dainty dishes fed—O!
Don't forget
Your old shipmate.
Fol-de-rol-de-riddle-fol-de-ri-do."

This collection, with all its brassy Dibdins and the like is a failure. It is not good enough as poetry; it is not large enough for history; and we do not think the arrangement and equipment of the book likely to recommend the dulness in such a way as to "bring the nation and its seamen more closely together," as Sir Cyprian Bridge seems to think possible.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "Sea Songs and Ballads." Selected by Christopher Stone. With Introduction by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G.C.B. 2s. 6d. net. (Clarendon Press.)

Novel Notes.

THE SALVING OF A DERELICT. By Maurice Drake. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

This is the story that won the *Daily Mail* prize of a hundred pounds, and it is certainly very much superior to the average newspaper serial. Its author has imagination, and his vigorous and gustily picturesque style is in admirable keeping with his theme. Laurence Averil is living a life of careless ease when his father's failure and suicide bring him face to face with ruin. He has no business or profession, and gladly accepts an offer made to him by an old friend of his father's, who tells him, "I've worrk for ye, lad, if ye'll take it. Ye can come and learn to keep a fishbuyer's books, and be a bookkeeper to the end of your life, if ye will. Or I've mair than that for ye, if ye can stand the roughest, cruellist life on airth. Will ye go to sea on a trawler for a couple of years, Laurie, and learrn the business from the bottom? Ye'll see how the worrk's done, and where the boats go, and how the trawler captains work their shares of the catch. Learrn it all, lad, until ye can worrk a trawler yersel', and then come back and help me wi' the business." The hard, rough life at sea is pictured with unflinching realism, and the story of how Laurence is hammered by it into a strong, self-reliant manhood, and how he meets and woos the girl who is bravely unconventional enough to come and tell him that she loves him, when a misunderstanding has separated them, is skilfully unfolded and alive with interest. An exceptionally strong first book that augurs well for Mr. Drake's future.

THE SENTIMENTALISTS. By Robert Hugh Benson. 6s. (Pitman.)

From those brilliant romances of the Tudor period that have won him a deserved popularity, Mr. Benson turns, in "The Sentimentalists," to a carefully and quietly illuminating study of present-day life and character. Both Richard Yolland, the Roman Catholic priest, and Chris Dell, the self-complacent, affected, moderately talented author, are essentially modern types. Chris is a melodramatic sentimentalist, one of those very weak men who are so hard to influence because they are so weak; he is continually deceiving himself as well as others, and his insincerity, his lack of moral stamina are such that he naturally falls to pieces again as fast as the friends who take him in hand can upbuild him. He comes to Dick Yolland one night, broken and hungry; he has been contemplating suicide; he has been turned out of his lodgings because he cannot pay his rent, and has brought with him in a parcel all his personal belongings that have not been sold to maintain him. These include pink silk pyjamas, a neat dressing-case, clocked socks, a volume of Boccaccio in chiselled vellum, an amber cigarette-holder, and other things that one would hardly expect to find in the possession of a starving man. Dick feeds him and gives him a bed, and sets himself to find a way of regenerating this vapouring, pitiful creature, and after some exasperating failures, finally succeeds. The means adopted to this end are drastic and even brutal, but they are justified, and the details of the experiment are cleverly handled and fashioned into an extremely interesting story.

THE EIGHT GUESTS. By Percy White. 6s. (Constable.)

There is more than a touch of burlesque about the story of how Marcus Hart, the vulgar, masterful millionaire, seeks to avenge himself on his lady friends of the "smart set," who ridicule and despise him behind his back, and only accept his invitations and tolerate his friendship for the sake of what they can get out of him. He is half engaged to a girl who loves another man, but is being goaded by poverty and her friends to marry him for his money; and it is when the shrewder Baron Altenstein has opened his eyes to the fact that the fashionable people who flatter him and admit him to their circle are "a group of smart parasites" who "had marked him for their prey," that Marcus plans a unique revenge. He tells an elaborate fiction of how he has acquired knowledge of where there is a store of buried treasure, and invites eight ladies of his acquaintance to go with him to the island on which it is to be found. His object is to put them ashore there, and so contrive it that they are left for a time without food or shelter, "to ascertain how this lot of mine, brought up in the midst of the fattest luxury, will behave when we frighten 'em out of their wits." Seven ladies and, at her insistence, the man in love with the girl Marcus hopes to marry, go the voyage with him; but there is a flaw in the arrangements, and by sheer accident the tables are turned on the angry millionaire. There are some mordant touches of social satire; the characters are drawn with skill and subtlety, and the book, as all Mr. White's books are, is interestingly and admirably written.

WOMEN AND THE WEST. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Nash.)

This is a collection of short stories, written for various periodicals, but much above the ordinary magazine level, which represent Mr. Marriott's first serious essay in a notoriously difficult form. As might be expected, they are of somewhat unequal merit, but all are worth preserving, and several exhibit in a marked degree the peculiar and delicate art which distinguished "The Column." The title is misleading, but the difficulty of finding a satisfactory name for a collection of stories which have no organic connection, except that all deal with phases of feminine temperament, is sufficiently obvious to be its own excuse. Mr. Marriott's work is mainly notable for compression and the dramatic force of his dialogue, and the felicitous way in which the pictorial background is made to harmonise with the emotional key of the story. Mr. Marriott has a keen instinct for the emotional value of scenery: he realises with a delicacy of perception which occasionally seems overstrained that certain of the finer shades, the *nuances*, of emotion, particularly of subdued emotion, are determined by the scenic background to a greater extent than we are apt to imagine. Of course, everyone recognises the broad principle that our moods are coloured by our surroundings at the moment, but few writers have pushed the analysis of this principle so far as Mr. Marriott, or have developed it with such subtlety. Equally striking is his masterly compression in dialogue. The best of these stories consist in effect of twenty pages or more, explanatory and descriptive, leading up to a couple of pages of dialogue of a dramatic force and intensity which is hardly to be equalled in modern fiction. The background is built up with the minutest care, and then there are thrown against it two or three figures at the climax of an emotional crisis. Mr. Marriott's art has its limits; it may be narrow limits, but within them his self-restraint and intensity, combined with delicacy of finish, give his work a distinction which is lacking in most of his contemporaries.

HIS PEOPLE. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Some of the sketches in "His People" are of the slightest possible texture, but they are written with such a delicate and finished art that the reading of them is a sheer delight. Others, such as that of "The Wire-Walker," give a whole life-story, minutely and vividly realised, within the compass of a few pages. The opening sketch, from which the book takes its name, is a slight but finely pathetic narration, touched with wry humour, of a man who returns to his native town after years of absence, and roaming the streets, finds his friends all dead or gone from the houses where he had been a welcome visitor. "No one remembered him but one old lady, whom as a child he faintly recollected, and she had turned half imbecile with age, taking him for his father, asking affectionately after his mother and hoping she was well." In the evening, lonely and miserable, and resolved to return to Mexico by the first ship that sails, he drops into the theatre, and when the curtain comes down after the first act he recognises on it the familiar figures he has known from childhood, and the sight of these crudely-painted men and women affects him so strangely that "he felt the sense of loneliness had gone, and that the world still held some people whom he knew, without a barrier of intervening mist to keep them separate." In most of these eighteen essays and stories it is the manner that counts more than the matter, and the manner is so exquisite, the style so fanciful and imaginative that, with all its daring and bizarre realisms, it has a charm and interest of its own that are irresistible.

THE FRUIT OF THE TREE. By Mr. and Mrs. Teignmouth Shore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

A girl from the country marries a lord, and is taken into the maelstrom of London without knowing anything of her

husband's previous circlings in it. She finds out a little about one of them, and puts away her own happiness and his in her outraged disappointment on seeing her fairy prince without his wings. Eventually, of course, she finds that she cares for what he is, and not for what he has been, and so, under Mr. and Mrs. Shore's able stage-management, reaccepts him in the picturesque setting of the vicarage garden. That is the story, which has been told a hundred times. This particular telling is not very attractive. It is workmanlike, and that is all. There is no largeness of feeling in it. Its pettinesses do not stand out against a background of real emotion. It is the book of an author who knows too much and is too little. It gave an opportunity for an almost epic treatment of the eternal hostility between the country and the town, sanity and hectic intellect, health and disease, happiness and the feverish pursuit of it, the yea of the strong, and the cynical denial of the weak. But the opportunity was not taken. And yet the book is very good at all the points where reviewers most usually have to quarrel with reviewed. The dialogue is clever, the construction is clever, the characterisation is clever; an oppressive atmosphere of cleverness insists on our admiration. Indeed it is difficult to discover any fault in the book to explain the greatest of all faults, which it undoubtedly commits. The book is dull.

THE CONFECTIONERS. By William Caine and John Fairbairn. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

The authors of this amusing and high-spirited extravaganza have taken for their text Lewis Carroll's lines:—

> He said, "I hunt for haddocks' eyes
> Among the heather bright.
> I work them into waistcoat buttons
> In the silent night."

Simon Muddock had made a "corner" in haddocks' eyes, but at the time we make his acquaintance his brutality had goaded some of his most valued assistants into open revolt and competition. Hence the amusing history of Walter Gruntle and his Universal Substance, gruntleite, from which every article of commerce—animal, vegetable, or mineral—could be readily produced. Underlying the skit is much pertinent satire on the subject of food adulteration, and the authors engage in many diverting encounters with other social, commercial and literary follies of the day. The difficulty of maintaining the necessary mock heroic style has been admirably surmounted, and from its humorous prefaces to its ingenious conclusion the book is marked by great originality.

THE MODERN WAY. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Reading Mrs. Clifford's work is like reading Ibsen; it is undeniably brilliant, but depressing, almost convincing, and yet marred by a suspicion of some underlying fallacy. She has caught Ibsen's habit, we might almost say Ibsen's trick, of taking an extreme and abnormal type and treating it as normal and representative. With one or two exceptions the characters depicted in the eight stories which make up "The Modern Way" have their prototypes in the society of to-day; few readers will have any difficulty in naming them from their own experience. We are familiar enough with these people, half cynical and wholly disillusioned, whom Mrs. Clifford sketches with such mordant realism; yet we instinctively resent the implied suggestion that they are in any sense representative of modern society as a whole. For Mrs. Clifford's world is a melancholy, joyless place, not indeed without its romance, but of a grey and sombre sort; and the best that can be said of it, to quote a phrase characteristic of the whole book, is that it is "a new world in which, if there might not be great joy, there would at least be truth and certainty." It is a world without illusions and without ideals, peopled by the worldly-wise, where only the fool finds any sort of happiness but the dreariness of the second best. But such as her world is, Mrs. Clifford describes it with rare skill and touches of the most subtle irony. She has the art of hitting off a type in the fewest possible words. Every touch tells, and her just economy of detail shows the finished artist. Nothing could be more perfect of their kind than some of her descriptions, and her dialogue is faultless in its incisive clarity and dramatic force. As a study of the intricacies of feminine psychology, some of Mrs. Clifford's sketches are too intimate for the merely masculine reviewer to criticise and it is difficult to read these brilliant pages without wincing at her remorseless dissection of masculine vanity and selfishness.

SIR NIGEL. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

If the inimitable Sherlock Holmes is really dead, we could wish for nothing better than to renew our friendship with the stalwarts of the White Company, to which "Sir Nigel" forms a prelude. It is, in brief, the story of how young Nigel Loring won his spurs and his bride, and of how he first met the incomparable Aylward. There is nothing novel or ambitious about the book; this kind of work has been done often enough before, though rarely with such spirit and gusto as Sir Conan Doyle brings to the task. But after the psychological miasma of much modern fiction of the Ibsenical sort it is like a breath of fresh sea air to find ourselves once more in the open, riding side by side with these simple-hearted knights, who batter each other so cheerfully, each seeking some one upon whom he may "do some small deed." The phrase is quaintly reminiscent of the habit (*horresco referens*) of drunken soldiers, who are said in the expressive vernacular to "look for trouble." Nigel Loring was always "looking for trouble," and rarely had much difficulty in finding it, but his naive joy in his exploits has its own boyish charm, and we are fain to confess that, like Alan Breck, he was a "bonny fighter." Sir Conan Doyle describes a battle with keen relish, and no living writer can paint a more vivid picture of the emblazoned pageantry of mediæval warfare. There is a breezy, open-air freshness about the book, and Sir Conan Doyle has used his intimate knowledge of the Surrey hills to splendid effect. Steeped as he is in the history of the period, the author of "The White Company" is studiously accurate in detail, but he is too good a story-teller to be tiresomely instructive. The story breathes the spirit of healthy patriotism, and there is a sufficient love interest, as much as the normal boy expects and no more. In short, "Sir Nigel" is the boy's book of the year.

LOVE IN LONDON. By A. St. John Adcock. 6s. (Griffiths.)

The twenty-four "love" stories which make up this volume will probably disappoint readers who expect the usual confections of sentiment and sugar. For the backgrounds of most of Mr. Adcock's stories are mean streets and hospital wards, and the love in them is like a tiny flower unexpectedly found blossoming in a drear and sordid waste. But the beauty of the flower is unmistakable, and gathers attraction from its unlovely surroundings. It is love in the widest sense of the term of which Mr. Adcock writes—the love which embraces charity and self-sacrifice and many another quality, to be found in plenty in the drab annals of the London poor. Mr. Adcock brings to his task a capable and experienced craftsmanship and a very remarkable first-hand knowledge of the things which he essays to describe. To read his book is a lesson in humanity, a fine tribute to the quiet heroism and the cheerful philosophy of the slums.

A MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY. By C. O'Conor Eccles. 6s. (Nash.)

This is a new book by the author of "The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore." It is a fantasy, a wild skit on the modern methods of periodical advertising, attempting at the same time the study of character, and the development of a serious love story. The hero is the proprietor of a penny weekly with high aims and low circulation. He is in love with a very nice girl, who falls conveniently and gracefully in love with him, to slow music, as it were, the process lasting through the book. That is the serious love story, and, at the same time the motive for the burlesque. For in order to marry the lady, the hero needs money, and so, to make a success of his paper, he starts an immense matrimonial coupon scheme, with a hard-up, Portuguese-titled Irishman for the prize, and the total of the half-crown entrance fees for the dowry, both to go to the holder of the fortunate number. The *Comet's* Matrimonial Scheme flutters every dovecot in England, and the success of the paper and its proprietor are assured. That is the whole book. Miss Eccles tries to keep her readers amused by the intrigues of an objectionable little spinster who steals the winning coupon, and claims the very unwilling, and quite enjoyable Prize. Eventually the real winner, a jolly American widow with plenty of money, discomfits the

usurper, and marries the Prize, very much to his own satisfaction. It ought to be very amusing; but Miss Eccles is so much amused by it herself that she lets all her cats out of their bags before their time. Expected jokes fall flat. In a concentrated form, "The Matrimonial Lottery" might have been made really funny. But in the extended state made necessary by the size of a six-shilling novel, the humour suffers through being too thinly spread.

A SERVANT OF THE KING. By E. Aceituna Griffin. 6s. (Blackwood and Sons.)

That haunted chambers, and rooms with death-traps, are supposed to be either panelled in dark oak or else hung with tapestry, only serves to confirm the impression that tapestry, however delightful to see and examine, is bad to live with. Modern historical fiction, too, often reminds one of those stiff tapestries in which the brilliant colouring and general curiousness of the figures hardly make up for their lack of similitude to anything that ever was. And, in the long run, the fate of such fiction, as of the wall-hanging, is either to exasperate, or to amuse, everyone but the devoted connoisseur. The lords and ladies stare one out of countenance, or else become funny old things. Therefore "A Servant of the King," being fresher and less overwrought, seems a decided improvement on most of its fellows. There is not quite so much of the chivalrous puppet about the men, nor are the women quite so exquisitely compounded of milk and honey. A certain young Humfray Gilchrist, who seeks to distinguish himself in the service of Strafford, is the nominal hero of the book; Strafford himself the most portentous figure. The story hinges on some early love-letters of Queen Henrietta Maria, which are given as a sacred trust into Strafford's hands, and which by fair means and foul—mainly the latter—Lady Carlisle tries to recover for her royal mistress. In Strafford, fighting a losing game, betrayed by Charles I. and by Lady Carlisle; and in Lady Strafford, faithful but not clever, and forsaken by her husband for the brilliant, intriguing Lady Carlisle, Miss Griffin has succeeded in realising two pathetic characters. The struggle between King and Parliament is lightly and sufficiently sketched in. "A Servant of the King" is readable from the human as well as from the historical point of view.

THE WILDERNESS. By T. B. Clegg. 6s. (Lane.)

Mr. Clegg has the somewhat rare faculty of treating melodramatic situations with simplicity and restraint. His plots are not true to life; they are clearly manufactured for the purposes of fiction. At the same time, once the plot is taken for granted, Mr. Clegg's treatment appears both life-like and adequate. His hand has gained in cunning since he wrote "The Love Child," but, as is so often the case, that gain is not all a clear advantage to his work. There is more craftsmanship and less directness about "The Wilderness." The writing is easier; it is more euphemistic too, especially where the author seems to have been less carried away by his tale. The complex story is better knit, and also makes greater demands on coincidence, hidden paternity, and similar expedients. Dr. Rockleigh arrives home from the Edinburgh medical schools to find that Merton, of Rockleigh, Merton and Co., Sydney, has ruined his benefactors, the Rockleighs, by commercial methods for which, as he proudly and cynically says, the law cannot touch him. Father, mother, and sister have died in misery, and Merton has become the firm. His one softness is his love for his son Geoffrey, whom he brings up to business on such maxims as, "You can't play at business in kid gloves. When you've got enough you can wash your hands," and "The cant about honesty is bluff to put up the price. Play it for what it's worth," and "Never let your grip off a man once you've got him." How justice reasserts itself is the tragic theme of the book, in which the love-story is prominent enough, but subsidiary. Mr. Clegg's minor characters, and his descriptions of Australian life in the country and in the febrile atmosphere of goldfield and mining exchange, form a background more praiseworthy than the action which takes place against it.

DAZZLING REPROBATE. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

The author's reputation as a rather clever parodist is certainly endangered by his latest novel. When the reader finds in the preface a warning that "this book has all the vices of the age, but if it deserves burning it was worth writing," he is assured that it will certainly never receive the honour of the torch at the hands of the common hangman, and his interest almost evaporates. But he should be bold and read on, for there is still some mystery left. Very soon he will meet the phrase "scarlet emotion," and then he will not know exactly where he is, for either the book must be a dozen years out of date, or it is hopelessly in advance of the times. Anon the imitative epigrams come trooping, not single spies, but in battalions; there is an unrectified atmosphere of Piccadilly and of Bond Street, and elusive glimpses of the strange luxury of young men of the upper criminal class. Not that we object on moral grounds to the author's performance, nor do we misunderstand him, as he plaintively fears he may be misunderstood: we grieve only because he cannot do the trick. The writer he copies said that to be understood is to be found out. Mr. Trowbridge is quite easily understood, save on one point—why he ever came to write "A Dazzling Reprobate." The truth is, the book is very little reprobate, and not at all dazzling; and to have succeeded it should have been very much of both.

NATURE'S VAGABOND. By Cosmo Hamilton. 6s. (Chatto.)

Of the sixteen short stories that make up this volume, it is perhaps sufficient to say that they represent Mr. Cosmo Hamilton at his best. His style has mellowed to a kindlier and more sympathetic tone; he is, on the whole, less flippant, less cynical, and yet has lost none of that gay lightness of touch that makes nearly all he writes such easy and pleasant reading. "Nature's Vagabond," which gets its title from Alexander Smith's aphorism, that "Nature makes us vagabonds, the world makes us respectable," is the story of how a brilliant Oxford man degenerates into an apparently hopeless idler, dissipates a fortune by reckless and ignorant gambling on the turf, is reduced to shabbiness and his last shilling, still remaining one of the most optimistic and most irresistibly lovable of idlers, and getting a chance to recover his lost position, is at first too incorrigibly vagabond to use it rightly, but at last falls under an influence that is so much stronger than his love of ease or of nature that his story ends here, at the beginning of another story for him. "Aubrey Closes the Door" is a slight sentimental comedy presented with a delicate art and a subtle dramatic sense that is a chief characteristic of all the stories in the book.

The Bookman's Table.

KNOLE HOUSE: ITS STATE ROOMS, PICTURES, AND ANTIQUITIES. By Lionel Sackville West. Illustrated from original water-colour drawings by C. Essenhigh Cooke. 10s. 6d. (Salmon, 85, High Street, Sevenoaks.)

Knole is one of the most beautiful of our old English mansions, and its history is rich with a varied interest. Long before it was granted by Elizabeth to Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, the house had an illustrious record. The manor, after belonging successively to the houses of Norfolk and Pembroke, was bequeathed in the fifteenth century to the see of Canterbury, reverting to the Crown in the reign of Henry VIII. Later it was granted to Cardinal Pole, and Elizabeth bestowed it on the ill-fated Leicester, who was succeeded in the ownership by Thomas Sackville, the author of the "Mirror for Magistrates," whose descendants still possess it. Its later history was no less interesting, and the house is a veritable museum of priceless treasures of art. The author and artist have produced a very beautiful and valuable work—valuable, because the records of Knole are full of matter that illuminates our social and literary history, and beautiful because the charming colour-plates worthily reflect the external loveliness of this historic mansion and the splendour of its interior decorations. The manner in which the book is produced cannot be overpraised.

LITERARY LONDON. By Elsie M. Lang. With an introduction by G. K. Chesterton. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

"The trouble about people living in a big city is not that they do know anything about the country," writes Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his preface to this book: "it is that they do not

know anything about the great city. People say that the country is more poetical. It is not true. The town would immediately strike us as far more poetical if we happened to know anything at all about the town. If we applied to human traces the same vivid imagination which we apply to the traces of beasts and birds we should find not only the street, but any chance inch of the street, far more romantic than a glade." He must be an exceptionally hardened sceptic who could read through Miss Lang's carefully compiled records without being converted to the same view. There is scarcely a street in London that is not haunted by great memories; but how many in the crowds that tread them daily know enough of the past to be able to see ghosts? For the man who knows, Johnson is for ever toiling at his Dictionary in that old house in Gough Square, and Dickens comes again at night-time to drop his first manuscript into that letter-box in Johnson's Court; Dryden's funeral procession is setting forth again from the house in Gerard Street; at Young Street, Kensington, there is the house in which Thackeray is still giving the famous unsuccessful party to Charlotte Brontë, with the Carlyles and other notabilities among the guests; and so everywhere, for all who know the story of London, the streets have more life in them than the eye can see, and the houses more tenants than their landlords are aware of. Miss Lang has treated the whole subject concisely and exhaustively; she has gathered her information from a wide variety of sources, and arranged it conveniently under the names of the different streets and districts in alphabetical order. She indulges in no personal comments or reflections, but keeps rigidly to facts, and is thus able to compress an immense number of them into her three hundred and fifty pages, and furnish a guide-book that is full and useful, as well as inherently fascinating. The forty-two photographs of Mr. W. J. Roberts are a very valuable addition to the volume.

WINGED WORDS. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

There is no significance in the title of this book. It is simply a collection of about seventy prose meditations or criticisms, with "the transitions suppressed," on a large number of diverse subjects. We are not curious about the author: he seems to be an unmarried, middle-aged, university man of no occupation, who knows how to use his leisure and has, to an extent unusual at least among literary people, preserved his independence of mind. He writes an easy, precise style, without brilliancy and without lengthiness. Those who read only a few of his essays may possibly forget them, think them just neat and competent and academic, and no more. Those who read them all will find the book one of the most interesting revelations of a fairly typical cultured man of our time: an age hence, it is quite likely to be regarded as a priceless mirror of twentieth century thoughts and half thoughts and prejudices. There is no deep thought, no remarkable fineness of spirit or richness of emotion, in the book, but there is a reverence, a curiosity, and, above all, a continuous intellectual activity, and if the writer sometimes comes to familiar conclusions, we have the satisfaction of knowing and seeing that it is quite honestly by paths of his own. Only once or twice does he seem to us flagrantly careless and trivial in his judgments, as, for example, in *Debetur puellæ reverentia*, where he upholds ignorance and innocence in a manner which betrays an inexcusable respect for ladies and indifference to women and certain questions of education; while to his references to childless marriages we must fasten the hated epithet "provincial," since, with Arnoldian priggishness, he teaches us that word. The present reviewer's praise may be worthy of more consideration if he confesses that it is in spite of a radical difference from his author's point of view and a sharp dislike of many of his conclusions. We find in him a candid but disastrous habit of referring to old standards, to those "whose thrones are fixed beyond question," which prevents him, in literature and music and art, from seeing any good qualities of the new which do not closely resemble those of the old, though we must do him the justice of pointing out that he says the Academy would be right in rejecting Blake's work had he lived to-day. Our own feeling is that criticism of contemporaries, without a special enthusiasm for what is alive among us, is inevitably bad. Critics should expect an easier pardon for a hundred sins of praising the bad than for one of condemning the good. Nevertheless, even in his discussions of literature and the arts he is highly interesting, because with all his faults he is certainly pointed and nimble and large in range, while on the subject of music he is obviously learned and actually rises to raptures of indignation or praise. And on such different subjects as the French novel of passion, love and marriage in England, Napoleon, field sports, the *morale* of war, the nude in art, and some high metaphysical questions, his acuteness, and, above all, his genuine intellectual curiosity and love of the beautiful and good, are admirable; and they quite justify his claim to be a Liberal, in spite of his preferences in some party questions. If only joy had been given to him, instead of a blue pencil, a commonplace book and a knowledge of Matthew Arnold, we feel that he might have been a first-rate critic.

NEW POEMS. By William H. Davies. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Eighteen months ago some of the most interesting poetry of our day was published at "Farmhouse, Marshalsea Road," a Borough lodging-house, by its author, William H. Davies. The author of this book, "The Soul's Destroyer," happened to be a very poor man, without education, who had led a strange, homeless life in America and England and at sea, and had lost a leg on his way to the Klondyke; and so he was praised and photographed as a wooden-legged poet in the daily press for some weeks, and then, since nobody would or could help him to bring out the much-called-for second edition, he was forgotten. We have heard that Messrs. Alston Rivers are to republish "The Soul's Destroyer." Meantime, here is his second book, written, some of it, during the dire London period, much of it, quite obviously, in the country. We notice here the same naïve, original outlook, sudden out-of-the-way observations of beautiful and pathetic things, the images and ideas of one who has gone straight to Nature and Man without books, the style of one who has no care for words and uses them because he must, having been deprived of other means of expressing his vitality. Here is an example of his fancy:—

"As butterflies are but winged flowers,
Half sorry for their change, who fain,
So still and long they lie on leaves,
Would be thought flowers again—

E'en so my thoughts, that should expand,
And grow to higher themes above,
Return like butterflies to lie
On the old things I love.

And here is one of several poems in which, as in his first book, he reminds us of Blake—

"When I came forth this morn I saw,
Quite twenty cloudlets in the air;
And then I saw a flock of sheep,
Which told me how those clouds came there.

That flock of sheep, on that green grass,
Well it might lie so still and proud!
Its likeness had been drawn in heaven,
On a blue sky, in silvery cloud.

I gazed me up, I gazed me down,
And swore, though good the likeness was,
'Twas a long way from justice done
To such white wool, such sparkling grass."

And the following is a good example of his ordinary diction, which never fails to convince us that we are listening to the honest voice of one who has met life simply and passionately—

"Let Fortune gift on gift bestow,
When Music plays it bringeth woe
For something dearer Time hath ta'en,
Which never can be ours again." . . . .

His observation is exquisite and rich; on every page there is something like this (of butterflies)—

They cannot help but ope and close
Their wings, as babies with their toes.

His thought we dare not try to illustrate in quotation except, perhaps, by these two simple lines—

"This flower of life in other hand
Than Love's—Oh, it smells rank!"

To those who read "The Soul's Destroyer" we need only point out that "The Ways of Time," the noble drinking song called "Ale," "The Lament of Age," "The Ox," "The Cabin," "The Primrose," "Parted," and "Whiskey" are fit to rank with all but the finest in that book. We can only add, for those who do not know that book, that it contained a hundred lines that have not been excelled in our generation, and that "New Poems" is a deeply interesting sequel to that first brilliant effort.

THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A. An Illustrated Monograph. By A. C. Coxhead. 16s. net. (A. H. Bullen.)

The late Mr. Coxhead compiled the list of Stothard's illustrations, now published, chiefly from the collections in the British and Kensington Museums. Stothard illustrated everything and everyone, except, unfortunately, Jane Austen; and so obscure are some of the publications in which we find his work that Mr. Coxhead said, "In order to make a systematic search it would be necessary to have a complete knowledge of all matter printed in England—and even outside of it, for French and Spanish appear upon some plates—for a period of some sixty years: of every edition of every classic published during that period, of every book, however unimportant or ephemeral, of every magazine, however worthless." One may note the defects of his too facile figure drawing in the illustrations to the Decameron, for instance, which Mr. Coxhead reprints, but then how "like Stothard" is the charming setting in which they are placed, the pretty fancifulness of the glades and terrace scenes that show the influence of Watteau! We think Mr. Coxhead bears hardly upon Blake when he touches upon the painful quarrel that mars the blameless record of Stothard's long and gentle life.

PORCELAIN: A SKETCH OF ITS NATURE, ART, AND MANUFACTURE. By William Burton, F.C.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell and Co.)

If we considered porcelain in its romantic aspect we should be lost! Endless dissertation would lie before us, and our fancies, like the runaway workmen who tried to sell the secrets of their craft, would wander all the round of the European Courts in the eighteenth century. However, Mr. Burton's sober pages would give little excuse for this caracolling of the fancy. In speaking of the Berlin porcelain he only remarks shrewdly in passing that Frederick the Great was not the monarch to "run" an unprofitable establishment, and pushed the sale of his ware in many ingenious ways. Thus, the Berlin lotteries had to distribute 10,000 thalers' worth every year, and no Jew could procure a wedding certificate unless he had first purchased a service of the Royal porcelain! Frederick had come by his "plant" cheaply, too; for he carried away from the famous factory at Meissen to Berlin not only the models and the working moulds, but many of the principal workmen. Mr. Burton cannot pause for other than businesslike appreciation, and not from him do we learn what Meissen looks like to-day, with its steep roofs, and bridge, and church, and castle, a little group of all the elements of the picturesque set in cornfields and cherry orchards. He has been obliged, indeed, to compress his matter to bring so large a subject into the limit assigned to him. The comprehensive title of his book really describes its contents, but we should substitute for his modest "Sketch the more exact statement that it is an interesting and useful account of the nature, art, and manufacture of porcelain. We must accept his reasons for omitting descriptions of the "marks," although we regret his decision: and among the illustrations we should have liked a specimen of Medici ware, which he has not given us. Some awkward printers' errors have escaped notice in the dates, as at page 167, where "the period from 1840 to 1880" should really read a century earlier.

HEROINES OF FRENCH SOCIETY. By Mrs. Bearne. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mrs. Bearne does not go very deeply into the philosophy of history, and speaks of Napoleon in the following terms:—

"Unscrupulous, heartless, remorseless, yet he was a saint and angel compared to the frantic, raving, blood-stained miscreants whom he had displaced."

Her work is a free summary of different Memoirs, and seems to have been somewhat hastily compiled. She speaks, however, of a period of history, and of actors, who are perennially interesting; her "heroines" being persons so diverse as Madame Le Brun, Madame Tallien, the Marquise de Montagu, and Madame de Genlis.

THE BALKAN TRAIL. By Frederick Moore. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

PICTURES FROM THE BALKANS. By John Foster Fraser. 6s. (Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

A preliminary glance at the illustrations induces us to prefer Mr. Moore's book. In the first place, his pictures are somewhat better (although many of Mr. Fraser's are good); and in the second place, we do not like Mr. Fraser's habit of labelling a picture: "The Author and His Escort Crossing the Bridge," or "The Author's Route Through Albania" (which is a picture of a caravan-route that has been used and will be used by many other people). However, Mr. Fraser gives us many snapshots of Balkan personages that are quite amusing, and he amuses us himself when he believes a man who tells him that a massacre is ardently to be desired, in order that the Bulgars of Macedonia may be liberated. We have noticed that Mr. Fraser's publishers employed this phrase for advertising purposes, and we trust that no wretched Macedonians will have to die in order that this book may have a satisfactory sale. If Mr. Fraser had spent a little longer time in the Balkans, his impressions might have been less vivid and more accurate. Unluckily, he was not kidnapped; we sympathise with him. Mr. Moore is more charming. His picture of the peasants in the mountains engaged upon the national dance, the horo, is more attractive than Mr. Fraser's pictures of murdered peasants. There is a side of Balkan life to which most correspondents have been blind. And it is not altogether their fault, because the newspapers which send them out have more desire to hear of sudden death than of happy life. In the Bulgarian mountains we may listen to the folk-songs which five centuries of Turkish rule have not effaced; we may study the horo; we may—if we are fortunate—interview a Samovila (who is a fairy with blue eyes and a sister of heroes). It is in this way that a real picture of the Bulgar would be painted, but if, owing to the exigencies of newspapers, such interviews are not permissible, we may say that Mr. Moore's book has much to be said for it. He misses a few opportunities. He might, for instance, have been lyrical anent the "Barnacle," if, as we presume, he is alluding to the late Mr. Dimitroff. This melancholy and misguided one has also been commemorated in Mr. Booth's book on the Balkans. But in neither case has full justice been done. The principal part of Mr. Moore's book deals with Salonica, where he is very interesting, Monestir and Uskub. If he is not quite so thrilling as Mr. Foster he seems to us to be more reliable.

RAMBLES IN NORMANDY. By Francis Miltoun. With many Illustrations by Blanche McManus. 6s. net. (Duckworth and Co.)

This artistic volume does not compete with the guide books. It is the record of wanderings through Normandy "in and off the beaten tourist track, with the addition of a few facts of history and romance, which could not well be ignored." There is also a map, together with a lot of practical travel-talk, which now and then has the merit of being really practical. Even those who have never been in Normandy seem to know it; that is, if they are readers of good fiction, or admirers of Millet, Cotman, and Turner. Miss Thackeray and Maupassant alone have made many familiar with the district, and peopled it with figures as living as those of the artists. Mr. Miltoun's pages help to explain the varied charm of the province, and it is comforting to learn that, in spite of automobiles and Parisian restaurants, there are still spots where the simplicities of nature and human nature can be enjoyed, such as the little city of Séez, with one of the finest Gothic cathedrals in France, or the Eure valley, whose busy little villages are said to remain pretty much as Arthur Young knew them over a century ago. Go up the Seine above Rouen, even. In the numberless resorts for holiday folk, "hidden away here and there in snug little nooks, are innumerable delightful gardens and many hundreds of arbours and groves where one may eat a meal in the open-air or while away a sleepy afternoon. And this is precisely just what does take place, not only throughout the length of the winding Seine, but on every other waterway in France. There is no limit to the self-respecting capacity for enjoyment of those who fill these riverside resorts on Sundays and holidays. There is no drunkenness, no maudlin riot, no blasphemy, and apparently no satiety." Think of that, and then think of the ordinary British pleasure-resort! Truly, unless Mr. Miltoun has seen Normandy as Heine first saw a Parisian theatre, the opening sentence of Sterne's *Sentimental Journal* still holds true. For these and other reasons, readers of this volume will be glad to visit Normandy. And if any further incentive were needed, the fresh and dainty illustrations would set one a-roving to find out their originals. Both authors and pub-

lishers are to be congratulated on the taste and skill shown in these pages of travel; they rival the best work done hitherto, within such limits of size and price, in a well-worked field.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BLAKE. By Alexander Gilchrist. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

This is, of course, a reprint of the famous book of 1863. But it contains an introduction by Mr. Graham Robertson and numerous reproductions from Blake's pictures, many hitherto unpublished. Perhaps its chief claim to memory in after years will be the fact that it called forth Mr. Swinburne's wonderful book, which was gradually expanded from a review of this Life, to which Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Mr. W. M. Rossetti, however, had given some labour of love on the premature death of its author. There is nothing new to be said about this book. The reprint is admirable in every way. The additional pictures are appropriate. The only blemish that judicious editing might have removed—so far as we can discover—is the misquotation on page 119 of one of Wordsworth's most beautiful lines. The book is a little bulky for the modern public, who may be inclined to prefer Mr. Swinburne's book for reading, and this one for reference. In that capacity it is very valuable, and should be in all libraries; for though "the crowd of Blake historians increases daily," and "a book on Blake has taken the place of the five-act tragedy in the desk of every aspirant to literary honours, yet let the commentator comment never so wisely, to Gilchrist he must still go for his facts."

Notes on New Books.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.

Old-Fashioned Flowers, and other Open-air Essays, by Maurice Maeterlinck (3s. 6d. net), is a volume of translations of M. Maeterlinck's essays, "Les fleurs du printemps," "Fleurs démodées," "Fleurs des champs," and "Chrysanthème," which first appeared in "Le Double Jardin." It is translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos, and illustrated. The same translations have already been printed in Mr. Allen's "Double Garden." The essays are excellent specimens of the author's later manner, slight in thought and structure, but brilliant and picturesque. The descriptions of details of Nature have hardly ever been excelled, though we may question whether they do not lack the deep emotion which alone could make them live. The translations are about as good as they could be without being exactly reproductions of the original ideas in English.

MR. E. GRANT RICHARDS.

The Bird in Song is a collection of poems, edited by Robert Sickert. It consists of a hundred English poems on birds, and when we have said that, though he ranges from Chaucer to Mrs. Hinkson, there is hardly one poor one among them, we have highly praised the editor. He has reached this level by including poems like Rossetti's "She fluted with her mouth as when one sips," Nash's "Spring, the sweet spring," Shelley's "A Widow Bird"; and the book reminds us yet again how rich our poetry has always been in the feeling for Nature. The editor has unearthed nothing that is little known except what will always remain little known because it is not excellent; but what with Brome, Crashaw, Cowper, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Henley, and Bridges, the book is really a charming anthology, and much better than the subject suggests.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER AND CO.

It is difficult to estimate the precise value of such a work as Father Bernard Vaughan's **Sins of Society** (5s.). The author himself is fully alive to this difficulty. "Certainly, we cannot hope to gauge success by the crowded congregations that a preacher may happen to attract and to hold." A juvenal in the pulpit labours under the disadvantage that he may only be providing a new and savoury sensation for the society which he wishes to scourge. If we may believe rumour, Father Vaughan has had this misfortune. Society, sinful Society, accepted him as a substitute for Dr. Reich, and enjoyed the exposure of its own shortcomings with the same zest with which it enjoyed libations of Plato-and-water. Of Father Vaughan's sincerity and earnestness, no reader who is beyond the pale of bridge-playing society can nave any doubt. His book is a valuable and instructive footnote to the history of our own times. His chief defect as a satirist is his want of humour. He is continually breaking butterflies on the wheel, and we take leave to doubt if the present-day really needs a Juvenal. An Addison and a Steele are certainly badly wanted to "laugh an age into virtue." The society which "Mr. Spectator" reformed was certainly no better than our own. We doubt if society will now be reformed from the pulpit. It is more likely to be taught to behave itself by the gentle ridicule of our old friend, Mr. Punch. Mr. Punch, in spite of his levity, is a near relation of Mrs. Grundy's. To parody a famous War-Office Report, he is a chaperone in cap and bells, a moralist in motley.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., is one of the few among our landscape painters in whom we feel truly lies the grand manner. There is in his work that breadth and general greatness of conception and treatment which we seek for in vain in many good modern artists. This quality of mind and method in Mr. East makes him one of the very best teachers for those art students who have already learned something about painting, and have gone beyond the mere technique. In **Landscape Painting** (10s. 6d. net), a handsome yet workmanlike volume, he expresses his theories, points out necessary qualities, aims, and ideals, then, in practical fashion, tells the student how to master the problems. There are chapters on reflections, selection, composition, the treatment of the details of Nature, pencil-drawing, and many other essential matters. The book is finely illustrated, in colour and in black and white, by numerous beautiful pictures and sketches of this artist's own production.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND CO.

Twelve very interesting biographical essays make up Mr. John Fyvie's new volume, **Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era** (12s. 6d. net). It represents, as the author tells us, and as may be readily inferred from ample internal evidence, the distilled essence of a whole library of eighteenth-century memoirs, many of which are "so garrulous, so long-winded, so incoherent, so inaccurate; and some of them are so illiterate, vulgar, and positively indecent, that few modern readers have the patience to wade through them. But there is good stuff in some of these old and mostly-forgotten memoirs, if a man will but observingly distil it out." Mr. Fyvie has few equals in this delicate art of miniature biography. He is keenly alive to all the details of the personalities behind the masks, and the stories, as he tells them, of the lives of such women as Peg Woffington and "Perdita" are as entrancing as any fiction. The book contains a number of charming photogravure portraits.

CLARENDON PRESS.

The Clarendon Press have published in their Tudor and Stuart Library a new edition of **Evelyn's Sculptura,** edited by C. F. Bell (5s. net), which has not been reprinted since 1769. The discovery in the archives of the Royal Society of the unpublished second part, containing a description of the copper-plate press, is the occasion of the reissue, which includes the newly-found MS. The description of mezzotint, which Evelyn promised to write for the Royal Society, has, unfortunately, never been traced, although it is probable that he carried out his intention. The type used for this series is very appropriate. It was presented to the University Press in the seventeenth century by Dr. Fell (the subject of the well-known quatrain, "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell, etc."), and is characteristic of the best traditions of Dutch type-founding.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

The Life of Animals: The Mammals, by Ernest Ingersoll (8s. 6d. net), is to be, says the author, "a book upon the mode of life, the history and the relationships, of the most familiar and important class of animals." It should be a careful introduction to the study of mammals, for the best first-hand authorities are continually cited, and for an epitome it is vivid and readable. The numerous illustrations, fifteen of which are full-page colour plates, are not all from life, but they are very good as a whole. We can complain only of a bookishness in the author's manner, common to nearly all naturalists, which makes it clear that he is taking his facts and his dogma from other books.

MESSRS. MASTERS AND CO.

The Plants of the Bible, by the Rev. Professor G. Henslow (6s. net), though not a work of genius, is a fascinating book, such as was to be expected from the title and the sub-title, "Their mediæval history popularly described." But the author is already known for his "Poisonous Plants in Field and Garden," and his learning is unquestionable. He has made this book a mine of curious information, which will astonish those who have formerly read their Bible with the usual docility.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Mr. Tickner Edwards, who has written a book named **The Idler in the Wilds** (6s.), is a South of England man, who belongs to the rather numerous class who are not exactly naturalists and not exactly poets. Their observation alone is not striking in quality or bulk, and they seek to recommend it by taking pains in the presenting; but Mr. Edwards is a good specimen of the class. In his "Flight of the Swift," *e.g.*, he shows some observation and enough gusto to make that observation pretty reading. His subjects are chiefly birds. But we should recommend him to rely more upon observation, and less upon the power of words (in his hands) to make a picture. His photographs are, as a rule, poor.

Reprints and New Editions.

Familiar Trees, by G. S. Boulger, with its numerous illustrations, revised throughout, and enlarged (First Series, 6s.), ent by Cassell and Co., would be not only a good, but a useful book, if it were made to open easily and not printed on shiny paper and bound like a child's book. For the next is an admirable abridgment of what has been observed of the trees, though it is not rich in personal observation and the gusto that usually goes with it. Some of the coloured plates of trees and their flowers and fruits are good, too, and there

are photographs of typical specimens, and of transverse sections of the wood. But a great improvement can be made in the photographs of trees, and in any case they should show the full-foliaged and the leafless tree, so that not only the characteristic appearance may be seen, but the individual beauty and strength of trunk and branch forms—the balance of the oak, the bone-like delicacy of the beech, and so on.

One of the most interesting, as well the most attractive little collections of reprints is the pretty case of Dickens's Stories, published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. They are the **Christmas Numbers of "Household Words"** (1s. net, 2s. net each). The unique feature of this dainty edition is that now, for the first time, are published the names of the other authors who contributed. Many of us, for instance, have taken for granted that "The Seven Poor Travellers" was entirely written by Dickens, instead of being written, story by story, by Dickens, G. A. Sala, Adelaide Procter, Wilkie Collins, and Mrs. Lynn Linton. Dickens so impressed his colleagues with the genuine Christmas spirit, that they caught his very tone and style to some extent, and produced stories seasonable and bright with humour and the appropriate sentiment. The nine volumes, with cover decorations of holly on a green linen ground, are grouped in a tasteful little case.

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> "The grey worn cloister stones, scarce trodden now,
> Treasure their sacred dead."

If the palm among the buildings of Winchester be generally accorded to Chantry and Cloisters, a much later building, "School," is highly considered as a specimen of Jacobean architecture. Built for a large school-room in 1683, it was used as such for about two hundred years; and now superseded by modern class-rooms, it enjoys the ease and dignity of a speech-room and concert-room. Its existence now must be rather dull compared to the good old days, when all the teaching and flogging went on within its walls. Even

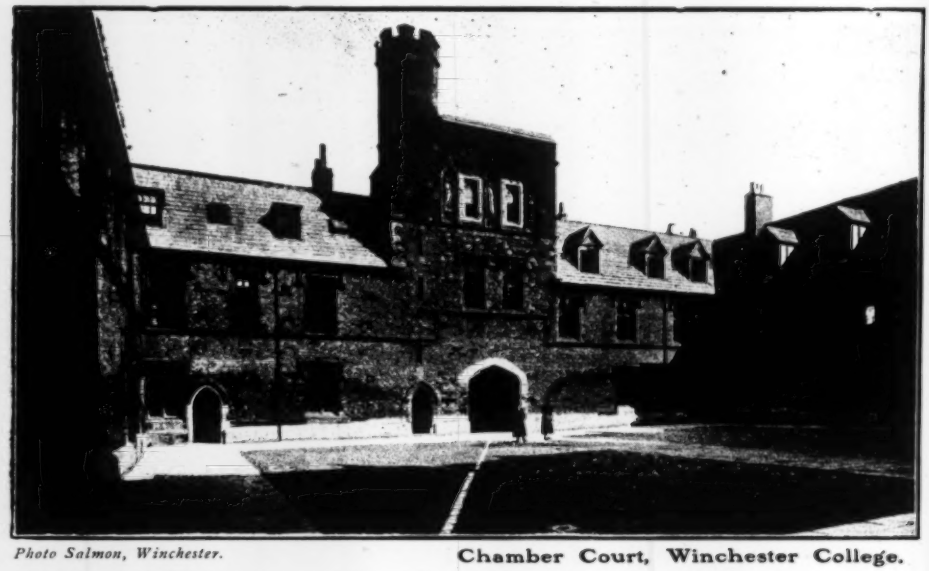


Photo Salmon, Winchester. **Chamber Court, Winchester College.**

about twenty years ago it was still largely used by college men (all boys at Winchester are men) as a sitting-room and place for doing preparation. Each man had allotted to him his "scob," which was a large square wooden chest with a double lid, something in the style of a sea chest. This was supported on a bench, and formed a writing table for the owner. The upper lid was generally kept open, to secure some privacy, while you wrote on the inner lid. The scob was a receptacle for books, papers, and a miscellaneous assortment of eatables and other diversions, which could be resorted to during work hours with fair security.

Order was preserved in School during those hours by a Prefect, who was known as Bible Clerk, and took the duty for a week. Sometimes the order was in a decidedly bad state of preservation. The dulness or amusement of the preparation hours in School naturally depended on the Bible Clerk's capacity as a disciplinarian. He was armed with a ground ash, and if he was a confident and efficient wielder of that weapon he had no difficulty in maintaining order. He would probably take or make an early opportunity of "cutting into" somebody pretty severely (as one does with a spaniel at the outset of a day's shooting), and for the rest of the time any irregularities which took place would be conducted with mouse-like furtiveness. But if the Prefect for the week was a bad disciplinarian, then School during his hours of supervision would be a lively scene. A quiet game of "patting up" with a "squish" would be going on against the lid of one scob, from another a sudden conflagration would arise, various missiles would fly across the room, and the occasional crash of a scob being "cut over" on to the floor completed the din.

During play-time School served the purpose of a general sitting-room for college men. The stove would be surrounded by a ring of senior men. No one in his first year was allowed to go up the steps leading to the stove unless specially invited. His share of the fire more likely would consist of a few hot coals sent flying in his direction. Some would be reading the papers, some trying to do verses, while in a distant corner a barber was at work haircutting, plying his tongue as well as his scissors at a good pace to keep up with the witty remarks of a knot of onlookers, whose criticisms both of the shearer and the shorn were usually searching. Hard by, an emissary from some haberdasher in the town would be stationed with a boxful of alluring ties, braces, and so forth, trying to maintain an attitude of correct professional deportment and to repeat the proper phrases of his trade, while a very free discussion of his goods and himself took place around him. All this passed away during my time at Winchester. "School" was swept and garnished. The scobs disappeared, the last locks of hair were swept up, and the vendor of ties unbound his gorgeous bales no more. Where are now his dyes, his Tyrian purples, his wavelit greens, his shot patterns, his checks, his spots? On what shore is that rich merchandise now spread that "robbed the rainbow for its myriad tints"?

Photo Salmon, Winchester. **The Cloisters, Winchester College.**

No doubt everyone is apt to imagine that more momentous changes happened during his time at

school than ever chanced before or ever will again. The routine of school life is so well drummed into a boy, and every nook and corner of his little world is so polished by familiarity, that the slightest alteration in what he is used to is regarded by him as a momentous change, striking at the very foundations of the school. He often does not know that the institutions to which he clings with almost pathetic earnestness were only introduced a few years before he came, and that the customs which he cherishes with reverent adherence were "dangerous innovations" a few terms ago. If an unpleasant innovation has to be introduced at a school it can always be done gradually by making it applicable to new boys only. They have never known any better, and all the force of public opinion among the existing boys, instead of opposing, will be in favour of the new regulation, for there is nothing so attractive as enforcing on your fellows a restriction from which you are yourself exempt.

Photo Frith, Reigate. **Winchester College from the Warden's Ground.**

The distance of Winchester from London was at one time accounted a drawback. "I like Winchester best, but for remoteness," says one of the Verneys in Stuart times, when comparing that school with Eton and Westminster. But this remoteness has eventually proved a blessing. No such change of site as that of Charterhouse to Godalming, or Christ's Hospital to Horsham, has been necessary; nor has the constant spread of London and its fringes changed the surroundings or threatened the atmosphere of healthy and scholarly seclusion and simplicity, which is best suited for boys' work and play. The long, rolling lines of chalk hills round the place, the quiet swirl of the Itchen flowing past in the valley and distributing itself in a network of channels through the water-meads—these peaceful backgrounds have suffered comparatively little alteration since the first days of the foundation; and the simple, strong outline of the hills, and the quiet but steady flow of the river, are typical of the life and purpose that has gone on within the walls. True, this home of good learning has had its ups and downs in reputation and prosperity, but it is satisfactory to know that it is probably as much thought of and sought after to-day as it has ever been. No doubt in one respect this increased consideration is common to many public schools, and is due to the enthusiasm and proclaimed loyalty of old boys. The idea of looking back on your school-days as one of the pleasantest times in your life, and cherishing a lifelong affection for your old school, is (like the fondness for a cold bath) quite a modern growth. The school-boy of past generations creeps "like a snail unwillingly to school," and "hates his book like a toad," as a matter of course; and it is very rare to find any enthusiasm for their school-days expressed by early writers, any more than the appreciation of the scenery of mountains and forests is to be found in the works of early travellers. School-days were then but a dense and horrid tract, through which you scrambled as best you could, and upon which you looked back with a feeling of relief that its frowning pass had once for all been surmounted, and was receding into a blurred and blessed mist of forgetfulness. Public school life is a much less rough and unpleasant experience than it was

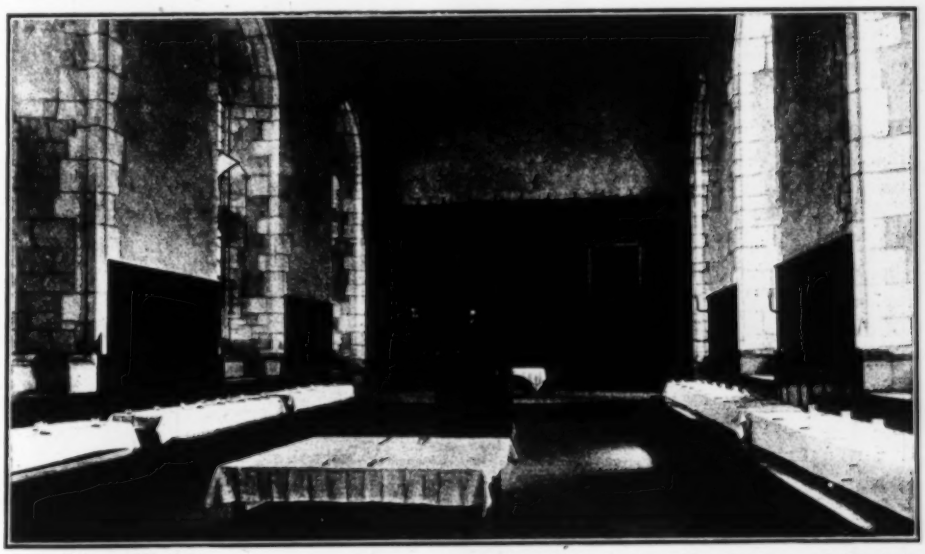


Photo Salmon, Winchester. **The Dining Hall, Winchester College.**

a hundred years ago: probably the worst pains that a modern school-boy may have to put up with are the pains of insignificance. The modern enthusiasm of the old boy is, no doubt, largely due to the rivalry and *esprit de corps* caused by organised games and inter-school matches. These are, of course, quite recent innovations. The regular cricket matches between Winchester and Eton, and Winchester and Harrow, began about 1825, and though cricket was played on the top of "Hills" before the beginning of the nineteenth century, it cannot have been a very scientific edition of the game. A Winchester poet of the latter part of the eighteenth century calls on the Whitsuntide holidays to

> "With thee bring
> Cricket, nimble boy and light
> In slippers red and drawers white."

There are various evidences that the early diversions at Winchester were more of the nature of sport than organised games. The statutes of Wykeham provide that "no Fellow, Scholar, or Servant may keep dogs, hawks, or ferrets, or have nets, or perform military exercises or play any game, or shoot or throw anything within the buildings, lest the cloisters or other parts of the fabric should suffer damage." This gives an idea of the probable diversions of the period. Badger baiting was a favourite pursuit at the end of the eighteenth century, and a badger was kept in college in charge of a junior. It may be remembered that Thackeray in "Esmond" sends young Lord Castlewood to Winchester under the charge of Mr. Tusher, where it is hinted that cock-fighting is one of his amusements. Indeed, we may judge that cock-fighting was a recognised school diversion from the following extract from the statutes of an Elizabethan grammar school:—"Also that the school-master should and might have and take the profits of all such cock-fights and potations as were commonly used in schools, and such other gifts as should be freely given them by any the friends of their scholars over and above their wages until their salary and stipend should be augmented."

The idea of playing games seriously for your school or your house, instead of merely to amuse yourself, does not seem to have arisen till quite recent times, and probably the pious founder of Winchester would have strongly objected to such an interference with the serious intellectual interest of school life.

It is impossible, however, in a single article to deal satisfactorily with the history of Winchester, whether as regards games or more serious matters, but a few interesting historical facts may be glanced at. To start with, the foundation of Winchester in the latter part of the fourteenth century was due to a cause famous in history, namely, the Black Death, which so depleted the population that Wykeham thought it desirable to replenish the ranks of the clergy by a stream of educated youths. In 1415 a messenger was paid 6s. 8d. for bringing to the college the news of a great victory, "apud Agincourt," and one of the French prisoners from that battle, by name Lewis, was bought by the college for 24s. 4d. to be their *chef*. King Henry VI. made several sojourns in the college to study its working with a view to his foundation at Eton, which closely followed the older model. Winchester has had a great influence in the constitution of many subsequent schools. A curious instance of this was told to me by an old member of the Oratory School at Birmingham, who was a boy there at the beginning of that school. He said that the first thing they were set to learn was "Dulce Domum," and that the first birches used in the school were supplied from Winchester. The connection was therefore more than a mere sentimental one. Winchester got through the troublous times of the Reformation with fair success. When Philip and Mary were married in Winchester Cathedral they were greeted with copies of verses by the scholars, for which they gave "almes" to the college. At the time of the Great Plague the city of Winchester suffered heavily, and the boys were sent off to a farm some five miles away. In 1642 a party of Cromwellian horse were quartered in the college, and received a considerable, and no doubt judicious, payment. Later on the school was inclined to be rebellious. It displayed Jacobite sympathies, and at the end of the eighteenth century it had some small French Revolutions of its own which ended in wholesale expulsions.

Winchester is singularly fortunate in the fulness of its records. The names of the scholars on the foundation are recorded from the beginning, while the series of long rolls containing the names of both scholars and commoners begins in 1653, and, with the exception of a few years, is completely preserved and published. Records of the winners of the medal-speaking from 1761 have also been published, and with regard to these an interesting fact is related by Lady Holland about Sydney Smith, that when he was at Winchester "he received, with his brother, a most flattering but involuntary compliment from his school-fellows, who signed a round-robin refusing to try for the college prizes if the Smiths were allowed to contend for them, as they always gained them." In spite of the long list of winners of medals for verse composition, Winchester has not produced, like many other schools, any collection of its own school songs. It produced "Domum" in the seventeenth century, and has continued to sing it lustily over and over again ever since. It is noticeable that this school song is entirely in praise of home and the holidays, and has nothing to say for the school. But no doubt, at the time it was written, the idea that a school-boy could want to sing enthusiastically in praise of his school was quite unheard of. It is satisfactory to feel that, in the happier conditions of public schools to-day, the humorous and patriotic side of life at school often leads to the unhanging of harps from the trees that are therein.

Photo Frith, Reigate.

Winchester College Chapel.

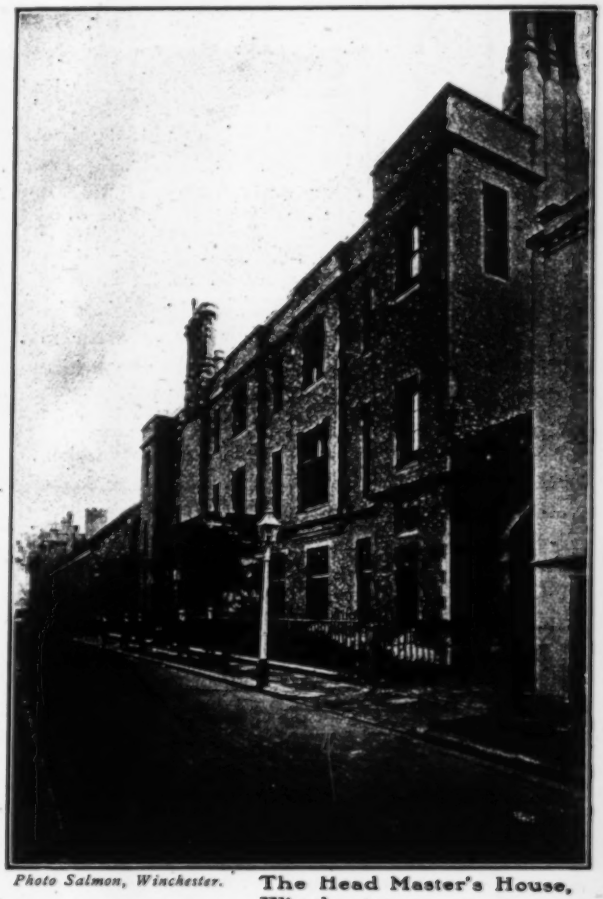


Photo Salmon, Winchester.

The Head Master's House, Winchester.

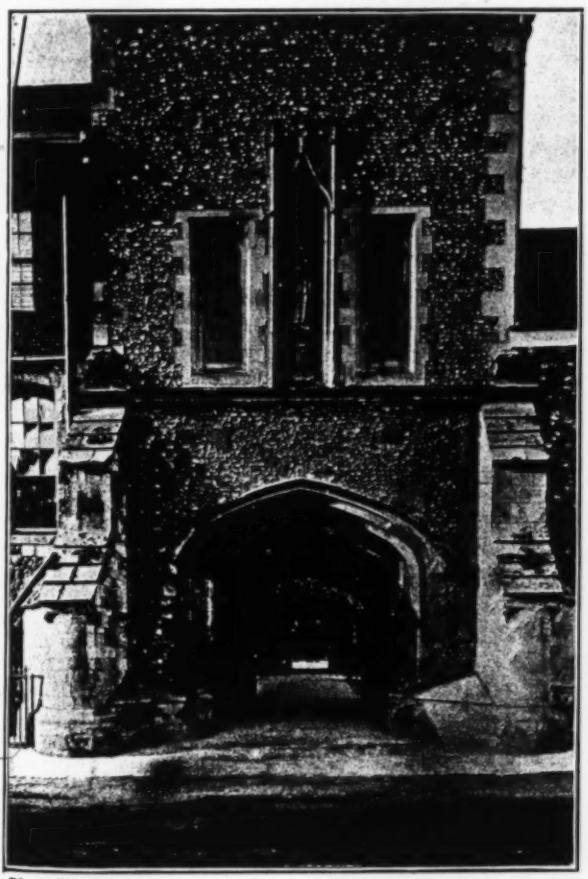


Photo Salmon, Winchester.

The Gateway, Winchester College.

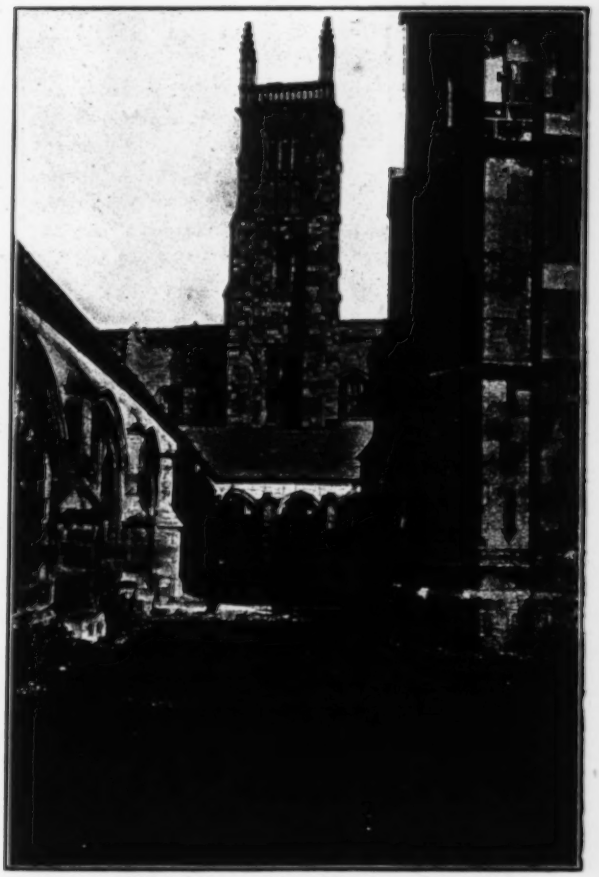


Photo Salmon, Winchester.

The Tower and Cloisters, Winchester College.

"ADRIFT"; OR, SOME NOTES ON THE STATE OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

BY T. E. PAGE.

THE condition of education in our great schools is to-day a very strange one. Governing Bodies, Headmasters and other authorities are, by courtesy, supposed to regulate it; but, in sober fact, "Chaos umpire sits," while "next him, high arbiter, Chance governs all." Nor is one reason at least difficult to discover. Owing to the immense advance in scientific knowledge on the one hand, and on the other to the ever-growing need of skilled technical ability in every walk of life, the old strictly classical and humanistic training has become no longer possible. A just demand has arisen for the teaching of many subjects which fifty years ago were practically ignored. Mathematics, modern languages, science in all its branches, history and a dozen minor pursuits have all claimed and, in a measure, received more attention. But whereas the difficult task of arranging how to do several things well in the time previously devoted to one required, even for its partial accomplishment, the most orderly and well-considered adjustment, there has been no method whatever in the changes that have been introduced. All has been haphazard—Governing Bodies repudiate all direct concern in education, and Headmasters, who are consequently supreme, notoriously refuse to act in common. "Variety, independence, and elasticity" is their favourite motto, but these specious words mean that each acts just as his individual judgment may decide, or rather as he is driven to act by the imperious necessity of keeping his school full. For the competition between schools is now acute, and their huge establishment charges compel them—in the absence of any common plan or purpose—to become to a large extent caterers for public patronage. It is the demand of parents who can afford comparatively large fees which chiefly regulates what the schools provide, and that demand is primarily for things which have no relation to intellectual pursuits; but in so far as it is concerned with education, it is uncertain, capricious, and subject to every change of fancy or fashion, the only thing stable about it being the assumption that the ultimate value of any study can only be measured in pounds sterling.

Under these conditions what has happened is exactly what was bound to happen. Either the old classical teaching has been retained and a medley of other subjects tacked on to it, with the result that a boy's intellectual fare is no longer, as it were, plain meat and pudding, but resembles rather those confused *table-d'-hôte* meals which produce only indigestion, or, on the other hand, classical study has been dropped quietly overboard, in order to form either an "Army Class" the one object of which is to satisfy the shifting requirements of the worst-regulated Department in the Public Service, or a "Modern Side" in which, under various disguises, the real aim is practical utility or commercial success. The position is wretched, and it is rapidly growing worse, for the Headmasters of the great schools, selected as they are from a small clerical minority, necessarily want, as a body, the strength and capacity which are required to withstand an evil that is no longer in its commencement. Classical study, pursued as it now is amid a heterogeneous crowd of other pursuits, cannot long survive except in the case of a few specialists, while other studies will be treated more and more from a purely utilitarian standpoint. Humanism and polite letters will disappear, and the Public Schools, except in so far as they retain a certain social prestige and some reputation for athletics, will become a novel and expensive variety of Commercial Academies.

And yet the problem of education does not defy solution. It consists in determining what to teach, how to teach it, and with what purpose it should be taught. The second of these questions, however, which, as dealing with "method," is wholly technical, may here be put aside, so that only the subjects of study and the aim of study remain to be considered. But the aim of all education is not one but twofold—to teach a boy, firstly, how to earn his living, and, secondly, how to live worthily. The two great sentences, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," and "Man shall not live by bread alone," express the two great laws in accordance with which all teaching must be directed. They are both of equal necessity and equal validity, but the one is higher and more spiritual than the other, and to subordinate this higher law or end wholly to the lower is to degrade and almost destroy education in any true sense of the word, while this clear fact, when once admitted, carries with it the equally clear conclusion that what are called the humanities form an integral and necessary part in every scheme of education. It is a conclusion, however, which the modern world is continually trying to evade, for the advantages of scientific and practical training are so immediate and obvious, while those of humanistic study seem elusive and obscure, that there is a constant tendency to disturb the balance which ought to exist between these two great divisions of study, and which it is of primary importance to preserve. The whole future of Public School education depends upon its maintenance, nor is a wise and permanent adjustment in itself difficult, but, unhappily, the omens are not favourable. The humanists have too often flouted Science in the past, and now Science, gifted with giant strength and urged on by all the rabble of the market-place, is in a position to take a terrible revenge and almost annihilate those who once mocked at it. But such a victory would bring no triumph with it, and must rather be accompanied by irreparable loss. For just as the mere student of literature is at best but half-blind,

> "Presented with a universal blank
> Of nature's work to him expunged and rased,
> And wisdom by one entrance quite shut out,"

so, too, the student of science, in losing literature, loses, perhaps, the worthiest part in his own domain of strictly scientific observation. Shelley rightly emphasises the importance of human speech and thought when, speaking of the Deity, he tells us how

> "He gave man speech, and speech created thought,
> Which is the measure of the universe."

But the poet is only expressing a partial truth. For man, by the aid of speech and thought, not only "mea-

sures the universe," but originates a new one, which is called Literature. Blot out the Bible, erase from existence all that poets, philosophers, or historians have written, and the actual sum of scientific facts would be far other than it is. The word spoken millenniums ago still gives off living energy with a force as indestructible even as that of radium; the rhythmic and regulated vibrations of ether which overleap dividing oceans are not more marvellous than the message which comes pulsing over the ages from the brain of Homer to our own; and the record of Plato's intellectual development is scientifically as important as even the life-history of Bathybius. All great leaders of science recognise these patent facts, but it is the meaner sort, with their perpetual cry of "Touch, taste, handle," who will get the mastery, unless some rational plan can be laid down for the wise and liberal government of higher education. And, assuredly, the large outlines of such a plan might be laid down with no great difficulty, nor is it, perhaps, too venturesome to sketch roughly the questions which would have to be considered. For clearly it would be necessary to determine approximately not more than four points—(1) At what stage specialisation should be allowed, (2) what proportion of time, during the earlier period of general training, should be allotted (a) to the studies which may be classed as scientific, and (b) to those which are humanistic, (3) what particular subjects in classes (a) and (b) are of fundamental importance, care being taken only to include such a number of subjects as could be studied with reasonable thoroughness, *alternative* groups being, perhaps, in some instances suggested, and (4) how far in each case regard should be had, on the one hand, to practical utility, and, on the other, to purely educational value. To arrive at some rational conclusion on these questions is not beyond the wit of man, and it is to the discredit of those who hold authority in schools that they have never attempted to arrive at any common agreement on the matter. Either from neglect or incapacity they have left education wholly at the mercy of the winds and waves. But the time has now come when they must either take the helm firmly or it must be wrested from their feeble grip. No one who knows anything of the history of the great Public Schools would not burn with shame to see them put under the control of some central authority; but, unless they can guide themselves with more wisdom and clearer purpose, even that remedy will become necessary. Anything is better than aimless drifting with "neither sun nor stars" to guide, and with no higher ideal than, by petty expedients and temporary devices, to eke out from day to day a makeshift and almost purposeless existence.

THE INARTICULATE PROFESSION.

By JOHN ADAMS.

ONE of the characteristics of the "authentic men" that Mr. H. G. Wells would recognise as worthy to be schoolmasters is that they "could at a pinch write a good novel." The pinch does not seem to occur often, for it appears to be open to a critic to maintain that "teaching is the most inarticulate of the professions." By this it is meant that in other professions the artistic value of daily experience is better recognised, and this experience is accordingly worked up into fiction, poetry, or at least into the intimate essay. The cause of the schoolmaster's reticence may not be hard to discover, but it is perhaps more interesting to find out how far the criticism is true, and whether there is any prospect of the profession waking up to its artistic possibilities.

The "Schoolmaster in Literature" is a respectable volume published by the American Book Company. It is judiciously undated, but it is more than ten years since I bought my copy. Its nature may be gathered from the description on the title page, "containing selections from the writings, of Ascham, Molière, Fuller, Rousseau, Shenstone, Cowper, Goethe, Pestalozzi, Page, Mitford, Brontë, Hughes, Dickens, Thackeray, Irving, George Eliot, Eggleston, Thompson, and others." To remove the last rag of mystery it may be added that the others are George Macdonald, William Mathews, and either Daniel Pierce Thompson or D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson—according as the one or the other is the Thompson included on the title page. On glancing over this list of twenty-one names that represents the artistic assets of the profession, so far as known to the American Book Company, we cannot fail to be struck by the small number of teachers included. The school and its adjuncts are treated in the book rather as the raw material out of which the professional novelist may work up his effects. Of all the list D'Arcy Thompson is the only one who throws into artistic form the very essence of his professional work. Rousseau was too little in earnest about his educational theories (just as Pestalozzi was too much in earnest) to allow of his making a successful artistic application of the material his experience presented. All the others are artists rather than teachers. It is true that from the great use Dickens has made of educational raw material he has been regarded as a serious thinker on the subject, and quite recently a volume has been published on "Dickens as an Educator." To one acquainted with the trend of things relating to educational theory this is not surprising. It is now the fashion when looking for a subject on which to write an educational thesis to select some well-known writer—the farther removed from all professional connection with education the better—and work him up into So-and-So as Educator. Alfred the Great, Charlemagne, Wordsworth, Shakespeare himself, have been thus treated, though the offence has not been carried to the length of print.* We may expect an article in our morning paper any day on "George Bernard Shaw as an Educator."

Education has, in fact, become popular as a subject of discourse even in England, and much more so in America and Germany. The use of education as the raw material of fiction may be only one aspect of the modern tendency to introduce all the elements of everyday life into our fiction. The lightest form of play has almost run the gamut of all the possible occupations of

* The late Dr. Garnett's *William Shakespeare, Pedagogue and Poacher* is hardly a case in point.

the working girl. On a higher plane we have Mr. Shaw working his way conscientiously through the trades and professions. It is natural, therefore, that from this point of view the school should find itself receiving a good deal of attention from the novelist and playwright. But this increase of interest is strengthened by the wide vogue of what is called child-study. Books of the style of "Helen's Babies" have been succeeded by those of the type of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's seductive "Golden Age" and "Dream Days." These have in their turn prepared the way for a kind of book that has the actual school for the scene of the events it describes. We must here distinguish between the book for school-boys and school-girls and the book about them. The ordinary school story is written for, and must be understood by, boys and girls. Their point of view must be adopted, and this does not always coincide with that of the adult reader. An old boy here and there may acknowledge that he has read with interest this or that story for boys, but he usually makes his declaration in an apologetic or, at the best, in a defiant tone. The new class of stories are written about the school and its young people, but they are written for men and women readers. Further, they are written from the standpoint of the young folks concerned, and thus differ from most of the passages quoted in the "Schoolmaster in Literature," though George Eliot's account of Tom Tulliver's education is quite on the new lines. There is no better representative of this class of story than that exquisite sketch of the American writer, George Madden Martin, called "Emmy Lou, Her Book and Heart." Here the author traces the progress of Emmy from her appearance in the lowest class till the period when she is ready to leave school, and is called upon to make her choice between Venus and Minerva as represented by the rival claims of a dancing club and the Platonian Society. The interest throughout centres in the school life, but there is no preaching. Many criticisms are implied in the text, but none of them is made explicit. There is a lesson for every school teacher in the list of marks used in Emmy's school at the Third Reader Stage, with Emmy's interpretation of them :—

6. The final state which few may hope to attain.

5. The gate beyond which lies the final and unattainable state.

4. The highest hope of the humble.

3. The common condition of mankind.

2. The just reward of the wretched.

1. The badge of shame.

0. Outer darkness.

But practical as are the applications of these and other matters, the story remains a story: it would be unfair to add "with a purpose." Another development is implied in the appearance of a remarkable American novel called "The Evolution of Dodd." This book has had a chequered history. Originally published as an ordinary novel at the usual price, it had no success, was in fact a dead failure. A speculative publisher, however, came along who thought he saw the elements of popularity in the work, and bought out the copyright. Judicious advertising gave the book its chance, and it has now achieved a great commercial success. The paper cover edition (Globe Library, 2s.) can be bought at almost any railway bookstall in the States. The wonder of all this will become clear when it is known that "The Evolution of Dodd" is nothing more nor less than an educational tale quite as technical and as didactic as the "Emile" itself. Further, it cannot be claimed that the book is bought under a misapprehension: it is honestly labelled on the title page "A Pedagogical Story." It is inconceivable that in England such a book should achieve anything but a qualified success. No doubt the book owes some of its popularity to the skill with which the interest is manipulated. But there are large stretches in which the author, Mr. William Hawley Smith, breaks away from all the laws of art, and becomes an eloquent special pleader for certain educational reforms. At certain parts we know that we are dealing with real human nature, but at others we know that we are working with pure types. The fallacy of the type, however, is limited to the list of teachers through whose hands the luckless Dodd wriggles his way to disastrous failure and final redemption. Dodd is himself a live human being, as is also his father and one or two of his teachers. The others are parts of a scheme. The surprise remains that, in spite of these artistic blemishes —and one wonders how far it may be because of them— the book has taken hold of the American public. There is no talk of an English edition.

But Germany reaches a still higher level of interest in the problem of Education. People are more willing to tolerate a dull subject in a novel than in a play. But in Germany we have recently had the marvel of an educational play performed in an actual theatre before real people, members of the ordinary public, who paid for admission. The crowning point is reached when it is added that the play has been a popular success. The title of the comedy is "Flachsmann als Erzieher"—the Germans are as familiar with the "as Educator" as we are in England and America. Mr. Otto Ernst, the author, has published his comedy, and my copy, dated Leipzic, 1906, is marked *22nd and 23rd thousand*, so that the success on the stage has been maintained in the book market.

Not only has Mr. Otto Ernst ventured on a more dangerous form of art than Mr. Hawley Smith, but he has handicapped himself by adopting a still more erudite aspect of the educational problem. After all, "The Evolution of Dodd" deals with very practical questions. No intelligent American denies the importance of the practical problems of Education. But it is doubtful whether he would stand a story which deals with the philosophical basis of Education. Yet this is what "Flachsmann" practically amounts to. No doubt there is the love story running through the three acts, and the heroine, Gisa Holm, is represented as thoroughly tired of Education in all its forms. But this only renders the more striking the whole-souled devotion of the hero, Jan Flemming, to his profession. The plot is conventional. We have the tyrannical headmaster whose life is spent in seeing that the black ink is placed on the right and the red on the left, and that the caps shall be hung on the upper peg and cloaks on the lower. He has also a touch of Tartuffe in him, brought out in a scene that is both unpleasant and unnecessary for the development of the story. He is really teaching upon a certificate won by his younger brother,

who had died more than a quarter of a century before the play opens. Diercks, one of the masters and a natural rival of Flemming, knows Flachsmann's secret, and works upon the headmaster's fears to gain preference for himself over Flemming. The School Inspector is a good, easy soul, who is hoodwinked without trouble, but there comes along a terrible Regierungsschulrat, Prof. Prell, who discovers certain of Dierck's misdoings, and summarily dismisses that unworthy educator, who promptly informs on Flachsmann, with the result that the headmaster is dismissed on the spot, and thus makes room for Flemming, who is then in a position to marry Gisa.

So far we have an ordinary enough drama. The astonishing thing is the nature of the dialogue and the points on which the interest seems to turn. Gisa, naturally enough, wonders why her lover, with his exceptional gifts and attainments, has not risen to something higher than a schoolmaster. His reply is, "There is nothing higher than a schoolmaster." In an English theatre this would be laughed at by the audience, believing in perfect good faith that they were laughing with the author. It would not interest an English audience to know that, according to Flachsmann, "Pedagogy is to-day so complete that it needs no reform"; and it certainly would not tolerate the long speech in which educational theory is excellently set forth. In particular, the conversations between Flemming and Prell would be intolerably dull to an English audience. The Regierungsschulrat is carried away by the excellence of the lessons he has heard Flemming give, and expands on their merits with an enthusiasm that would rouse no response from those on the other side of our footlights. Picture the faces in the English stalls, and the remarks from the English gallery, as the following dialogue proceeded :—

Prell.: Your history teaching has specially pleased me. . . You are fond of teaching history?
Flem.: Not specially.
Prell.: Why not?
Flem.: I regard history in exactly the same way as Schopenhauer and Nietsche do.
Prell.: So—We must have a talk about this another time—But you have a complete mastery over your material. You have read Lamprecht?
Flem.: Certainly.
Prell.: And Ranke, of course?
Flem.: Certainly.
Prell.: And Droysen?
Flem.: Certainly.
Prell.: Haeusser?
Flem.: Also.
Prell.: Janssen, too?
Flem.: Certainly.
Prell. (smiling): I well noted all that. And you bring the matter with a . . . with an artistic ease before the children. It is as if you saw all the time into children's heads. You saw how ideas and presentations grow. (To Flachsmann). That is something great! That makes the Schoolmaster!
Flachsmann (agreeing helplessly): Certainly, certainly.

An English audience would not be so complaisant. But the indefatigable Prell goes farther, and probes Flemming's views on the important question of Natorp *versus* Herbart. Fortunately the young man is found to be sound, particularly on the crucial point of "the analysis of the content of consciousness." How many even in the well-trained Court Theatre audiences could say what Professor Armstrong's educational views are, or could name even one of his many opponents? The whole of this German success is in the highest degree surprising to us, and illustrates in the best way possible the different standing of Education in this country and in Germany. There are not lacking signs, however, that public interest in the essentials of Education is increasing. The foundation and progress of the Parents' National Education Union is a hopeful sign, though at least some teachers in England share the opinion of Riemann, one of Mr. Ernst's schoolmasters, who asks the scornful question, "What do parents know about children?" As soon as we come to an agreement about educational politics we may settle down to the more important work of realising what Education really is, and what it can do. There is room for an English rival of Mr. Hawley Smith's book. In America its only rival, at a long distance, is "Jean Mitchell's School," in which the experiences of a girl in her first attempts at teaching after leaving her Training College are worked out on a basis of fiction as to form, but of absolute truth as to what matters. The head of an American University maintained the other day, not entirely in jest, that he would not allow any teacher to graduate from his Training Department who had not read both "Dodd" and "Mitchell." We want a similar pair of books for our young English teachers. As for "Flachsmann," it seems the very work cut out for Mr. Shaw. It is not as if he were being asked to imitate. "Jones as Educator" is really almost due in the ordinary course of development at the Court Theatre, and when he appears Flachsmann will no longer be a reproach to our national interest in Education.

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

By C. Raymond Beazley.

ONE of the most prominent of living classical scholars lately admitted that the Middle Ages were now asserting themselves with constantly increasing strength, as a subject both of serious study and living interest, against even such powerful rivals as the languages, literature, and history of ancient Greece and Rome. It may be of interest to some if their attention is called to a chapter of human progress, whose record, if fairly written, speaks with some clearness and emphasis on behalf of certain aspects of Mediæval Life.

The expansion of Europe in world-discovery and conquest, in commercial and colonial empire, has often (perhaps usually) been treated as if effected simply by the shaking off of mediæval trammels, by the birth of a spirit new and strange to men of the Middle Ages, but intimately related to classical antiquity. Few have troubled to inquire how the forces which displayed themselves with such effect in the lifetime of Columbus were stored and matured through the 'Middle' Ages of preparation, or how the modern predominance of the European peoples, the practically universal triumph of European civilisation, were rendered possible by the

work of the thirty generations which lay between the Old Classicism of the third and the New Classicism of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Yet the true Renaissance of Western Europe begins in the very heart of this intervening or 'Middle' time: before the close of Hildebrand's career, even before men have quite outlived the close of that first Millennium which was (so prophets told) to end the world, the 'Dark Ages' are really over; and Latin Christendom, rallying from its apparent decadence and torpor, is on every side passing beyond its former bounds, reconquering ancient possessions, seeking new fields for its energy. The Crusades are the central expression of this revival, which, though doomed to failure in some of its immediate objects, was entirely successful in kindling a spirit of enterprise—commercial, political, religious, scientific, and even purely adventurous—whereby Christian civilisation at last attained to the dominion of the best portions of the earth.

Even before the Crusades our Western World had begun to derive vital and lasting benefit from the expansion of the Scandinavian peoples. This was not merely because their pioneers had penetrated to Greenland and North America; nor because, on another side, they had rounded the North Cape of Europe, explored the basin of the White Sea, and opened to knowledge so much of modern Russia—but because they spread their race into well-nigh every Christian country, and imparted something of their own fire to well-nigh every Christian people. By so doing they effected an essential regeneration of the European blood and spirit; they became an efficient (I venture to think, a primary) cause of that forward movement which the West seemed to have abandoned in the decline of the Roman Empire, but which was now again caught up by the heirs of that empire, persisted in against all discouragements, and carried through to complete success.

And if a Scandinavian impulse may be seen in the decisive upheaval of the Crusades, from the Crusading movements themselves spring the overland explorations, the maritime ventures, and the scientific discoveries of the later Middle Ages, of the now re-civilised West; by the middle of the thirteenth century, by the time of our first English Edward, we have reached a stage representative of fundamental change from Dark-Age conditions. The outlook of the European has so vastly extended; the all-absorbing ambitions of the first Saracens have been so effectually thwarted; it is incredible now that Christendom, however endangered from time to time, will, finally and as a whole, succumb to Islam. Even if the close of the Crusading struggle has shown us the lame and impotent conclusion of the principal undertakings of Catholic aggression in the Levant, it also shows us an incidental gain more precious than the first object. The Franks came to smite the Moslem unbelievers, but they stayed to trade with them and to learn of them. The Mohammedan World had more to give, in some ways, through commerce and friendship than was to be won through extermination of the Infidel. By the Religious Wars of the Central Middle Ages was gradually recovered those secrets which had been lost by ages of more simple faith—the secrets of commerce and material prosperity, the appreciation of the present world as an unmistakable fact. From the first foundation of the 'Latin' settlements in Syria, the expansion of Europe is ever more closely linked with the advance of trade; and as the warlike spirit of Catholic Christendom seems to grow weary, and its efforts at founding new principalities in the sacred lands of its faith appear more and more fruitless, a decisive extension of its horizon begins. With the rise of the Mongol dominion in Asia, the trade, the religious activities, the mental outlook of our ancestors are alike transformed.

The history of the intercourse between the Mongol World and Western Christendom, initiated by Pope Innocent IV. and St. Louis of France, covers a century and a half, mainly of post-Crusading time (1245-1405); and in this period the "Eur-Asian" continent, beyond the former limits of Roman or Mediterranean influence, from the Black Sea and the Polish frontier to the Pacific, the Indian Ocean and the edge of the Siberian forest-belt, is traversed by Catholic traders, preachers, diplomatists, adventurers, soldiers, and statesmen. What is of more importance, a sound and serviceable knowledge of a great part of these regions is now obtained and embodied in written descriptions, in oral tradition, and in maps: the 'Book of Ser Marco Polo' (A.D. 1298) is but the most famous of many works in which a European of the Later Mediæval time could find a reliable body of information upon China and Indo-China, upon India proper, upon the Indian Archipelago, and upon Upper Asia. Thus inspiring certainty was imparted to what had so long been a tradition lying, for all practical purpose, outside our experience; thus to 'Latin' cupidity and ambition were opened the greatest of earth's material prizes. It was worth some labour to reach the treasuries of the Orient, once those treasuries were clearly located and verified; however long and toilsome, a sea-path, free from all perils but those of nature, became more and more attractive as land routes (from the break-up of the Mongol Empire) became more and more obstructed and endangered.

To find such a sea-path, by the outflanking or circumnavigation of Africa, was the special and decisive achievement of the Latest Middle Ages. Even before the Portuguese mariners of the fifteenth century had arrived at the completion of their task, their projects and prospects on the Southern Ocean track inspired the thought of a similar attempt upon the sources of Eastern wealth by the West. The old and true doctrine of the roundness of the earth, long since restored to its proper position by the best thinkers of Mediæval Christendom, combined with the success of African coasting and the study of Marco Polo, to bring about the venture of Columbus—no mere quest after some unknown continent, but an attempt to reach Cathay, Japan, and India by the most direct ocean-route. From the victories of European enterprise in these various directions—by the discovery of the Cape route to Malabar, finally worked out by 1497-9, by the finding of America in 1492, by the tracing of a waterway round the entire globe in 1519-22 (all of them victories immediately resulting from earlier, Mediæval, struggles, failures, and successes)—the Christian nations were at last raised into a position of supreme power and opportunity. The Modern World is the outcome of the position thus attained.

New Educational Books.

A WANING IDEAL.*

It has been well said that one of the main aims of education is to teach a man how to use his leisure hours. One who has not been so trained may earn his bread and much more than his bread, but it is not in him to perform magnanimously any of the duties of peace or war. To this end we are bound to study the great masters, but even the great masters do not stand alone. Many of them have not disdained to take lessons from their inferiors, and a great age will not disown its debts. There have of late been many signs of a wider study both of Greek and of Roman life. Periods, which had been left to the specialist, became matters of common study, and in the better known periods, points, which had been accounted of little moment, were seen to be unworthy of neglect. In this attractive volume Dr. Mahaffy employs his great learning and his literary skill to show us the workings of Greek thought in the period which immediately preceded and followed the birth of Christ. We remember that in the best days of Greece her cities brightened the coasts from Sinope to Marseilles. Here we catch her speech over a wider area, in lands far from the laughter of the sea, in distant Syria, in upper Egypt, lands where her cities were almost as much strangers as was Ovid among the Scyths. In fact, it seldom happened that in these countries the settler imposed his civilisation upon the native. Here and there a prince and his court, a Mithradates or a Herod, caught something of the spirit of Athens. Here and there a land or a city took a lesson in architecture, and perhaps in other arts which leave less lasting traces. In the end his very language, yielding to the barbarian conqueror, abides there no more, abides there even less than in the streets of Taranto. One reason assigned for this by Dr. Mahaffy is that the dominance of Hellenism lasted for too brief a space to produce its full effect. The tongue of the Roman subjugators is still the tongue of Spain and of France, but "how soon," he says, "Britain lost her acquired Latin when other conquerors supervened." But will the inference hold? Had Cambria and Caledonia borne but the same relation to the rest of Britain as Brittany bore to the rest of Gaul, had the Angles and the Saxons been no more numerous than the Franks, what would to-day have been the common language in Colchester and Gloucester and Lincoln?

Not the least interesting of Dr. Mahaffy's chapters deals with the well-worn ground of Cicero and his circle. In order to write it he undertook the heroic task of a complete re-perusal of the orator's works, with special reference to his present point of view. The result is a freshness of handling no less pleasing than instructive. Dr. Mahaffy holds that what was Cicero's disgrace in politics was in letters his greatest title to honour. In politics he translated himself from an anti-Cæsarean to a Cæsarean, and then back again, when Brutus' knife lent him the courage to do so. In letters he translated Greek thought into a Latin dress. Such a comparison seems almost quaint. Time-server though he was, Cicero had a distinct policy, in which his head believed even when his heart quailed. Good Hellenist though he was in some ways, his philosophy is hardly philosophy at all. We may concede to Dr. Mahaffy all that he says in praise of its form, when we note that the best he can say for its substance, and even this is about too much, is that it is not comtemptible. Men may go on reading the Offices for the sake of the style; they will read it, if they are wise, for the sake of the stories, since as a teller of stories Cicero has hardly a superior, but no metaphysician will ever look there for what he knows is not there to be found. In matters of art we must make, as Dr. Mahaffy shows, even greater deductions from Cicero's Hellenism. After all, the wonder is not that the son of the Arpinate farmer had so little, but that he had so much.

On Rome in the age of Augustus so much has been written that we are almost grateful to Dr. Mahaffy for leaving it alone. Yet it may be that his reason for the omission will not meet with universal assent. He seems to hold that its culture was rather Roman than Greek. Of Virgil this is essentially true. A Gaul by descent, a Roman by speech and nationality, a Hellenist by education, steeped in Homer and in later Greeks, Virgil has so blent his traditional and his original elements that his characteristics are all his own and his country's. We may find his architectural counterpart in the Theatre of Marcellus and, as we may judge from Hadrian's copy, in the Pantheon of Agrippa. But his Rome had a side more purely Greek. It was no stray fact that when Augustus raised a memorial for Actium in the temple of Apollo, the figure which stood in that shrine had been carved years before by the graver of Scopas. From the memory of the lost image we turn back to the pages of the Mantuan poet. The more we read them the more we are minded to ask whether we have learned their last lesson. In the far East the settlements of Alexander were turned back by the empire of Asoka, in the West was a voice crying *Vicisti, Galilaee.* Have we yet made the best of a compromise possible, to some degree actual, now, as it was not possible when first the self-realising spirit of Hellenism found itself face to face with the self-denying spirits of Gautama and of Christ?

Dr. Mahaffy has a great but not undue admiration for Plutarch. "We feel him," he says, "as we feel Sir Walter Scott, not only the originator of an inestimably instructive form of historiography, but also essentially a gentleman—a man of honour and of kindliness, the best type of the best men of his day. There were, of course, previous biographers, as there were previous novelists, but neither are worth mentioning in comparison with the two great masters." To welcome so healthy and virile a judgment we can almost forgive the slight put upon Fielding. It has been much the fashion to find fault with Scott, to lay stress on his weaker points, to forget his essential greatness. To such criticism Dr. Mahaffy gives a dogmatic answer, in which we see at once the vigour of youth and the mature judgment of advanced years. If Plutarch was ever the subject of such attacks, he has long since passed beyond them, as Scott also will pass in due time. The age which produced Plutarch can never be unworthy of study. His language was not the perfect instrument of Demosthenes, but if we had the choice of meeting either of these Greeks, there are few but would prefer the biographer.

Dr. Mahaffy's volume has a few misprints in the English and at least two in the Latin, of which one, in a line of Martial, is destructive alike of the metre and of the sense.

JOHN SARGEAUNT.

* "The Silver Age of the Greek World." By John Pentland Mahaffy, C.V.O., D.D., D.C.L. 13s. 6d. net. (Chicago: The University Press; London: Fisher Unwin.)

HOMER AND HIS AGE.*

The argument of Mr. Lang's new contribution to Homeric criticism is best summed up in the opening sentences of the book:—

"The aim of this book is to prove that the Homeric Epics, as wholes, and apart from passages gravely suspected in antiquity, present a perfectly harmonious picture of the entire life and civilisation of one single age. The faint variations in the design are not greater than such as mark every moment of culture, for in all there is some movement; in all, cases are modified by circumstances. If our contention be true, it will follow that the poems themselves, as wholes, are the product of a single age, not a mosaic of the work of several centuries."

Perhaps the expression of a personal opinion may not be, here, out of place. The more I study Homer as a great poet should be studied, that is, as an artistic whole, and not by means of a merely literary criticism of the text, the more convinced I am that the contention of Mr. Lang is, in all essentials, correct. It is bad criticism to apply the microscope to this or that passage, to rend the unity of a situation into fragments, to disclose with minute accuracy every slip, to magnify every discrepancy, and then to declare that the analysed result is evidence of the redactor's handiwork, not the work of a single original genius. Equally bad, from the standpoint of sober criticism, is the fashion of modern critics, who represent the "later contributors to the *Iliad*" as writing with a conscious eye to archæological details. As Mr. Lang points out, artistic revivals of the past are not in accordance with the habits of ancient writers; they savour of a purely modern method.

Every student of Homer nowadays is taught to accept, as though it were a matter of certainty, the theory which reduces the Homer men once knew to a literary mosaic, the pieces of which were fitted together in (more or less) their present shape by some editor of the 6th century B.C. This process

* "Homer and His Age." By Andrew Lang. Pp. xii., 336. 12s. 6d. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

of integration is, however, "a fond thing vainly imagined"; it rests upon no secure basis either in tradition or in fact. The theory—like the theory which assigns not merely the Hexateuch, but also the Old Testament generally, to a comparatively recent epoch—is the result of a purely subjective attitude towards the poems, regarded as a whole; the arguments adduced in support of the hypothesis being (we think) arrived at rather by a process of literary deduction than of an inductive, and, therefore, truly scientific handling of the entire available evidence. Yet the comparative study of institutions (*e.g.*, early feudalism, or the practice of cremation and burial), of other early national heroic poems (*e.g.*, the *Chanson de Roland* and the *Gestes* of the mediæval cycles), as well as of archæology (*e.g.*, Homeric armour), affords a powerful argument in favour of the older view as to the origin of the Homeric poems.

It is not, of course, to be assumed that the *Iliad* (though, as a whole, presenting an historic unity, and therefore the work of one age) is devoid of interpolations. That it has reached us without numerous *lacunæ* and *remaniements*, no one will allege. But the cumulative effect of Mr. Lang's pointed and skilful criticism, as of the various arguments drawn from archæology, seems to render nugatory the efforts (on the part of German critics and their English disciples) to break up the essential oneness of Homer. Difficulties there are—*quis negabit?*—in the old orthodox view; but these difficulties are surely less formidable than those presented to us in such books as Dr. Leaf's edition of the *Iliad*. No *poet*, we feel pretty sure, will follow the mosaic-theorists in their efforts to split Homer up into *disjecta membra;* and perhaps, after all, the truest criticism of a great poet is to be found in the criticism of his brother-poets, rather than of the literary critic or the analytical reader. As Mr. Lang acutely notes: "Wolf himself ceased to be a Wolfian whenever he placed himself at the point of view of the reader or listener, to whom alone every poet makes his appeal." It is with no small satisfaction that we find Professor Mackail, himself one of the finest critics and delicate scholars of our time, affirming the essential unity of the Homeric poems.

Mr. Lang's work is, like everything he writes, eminently sane and readable. His *αἴσθησις* is always based on a real *ἐπίγνωσις*. Yet we think that the present volume, interesting and (we believe) convincing as it is, would have gained in force by a little more vigorous repression. Like his recent volume on the "Totem," it abounds in repetitions. Doubtless they serve to drive home the critical nail; but in a book of—professedly—specialist criticism, the Hesiodic adage is a thing not lightly to be disregarded. "The part is greater than the whole." Yet the volume is one of very great interest; and the three chapters on "The Homeric Age," "The Comparative Study of the Early Epics," and "Homer and the French Mediæval Epics," are full of excellent criticism most aptly and tersely presented. Mr. Lang should certainly follow up his present volume with a volume on Old Testament criticism; there are many, very many, points of comparison between Homer and the Old Testament; and the literary and archæological problems involved have a kinship which ought never to be overlooked. E. H. BLAKENEY.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL.*

Sometimes, though perhaps rarely, a book is published which makes criticism superfluous, for the two words, "Buy it," exhaust all that need be said, and this little volume is of that character. For those who know even a little Latin can here enjoy Juvenal at their ease. With the text on one page and William Gifford's great translation on the other, not only the scholar, but all who have, in the poet's own phrase "once flinched from the ferule," or acquired by other instrumentality a superficial acquaintance with polite letters, may learn, under happier conditions, to really appreciate the great satirist. For Juvenal is, in the main, one of the most lucid of writers. His satire is not the satire of subtle suggestion or secret innuendo, but he goes straight and fearlessly to the point. No one can misunderstand his descriptions or misapply his comments, while the direct, positive, masterful vigour of Latin speech exactly suits the vehemence of his "indignation" and the fierceness of his invective. In such a graphic phrase, for example, as "*Seianus ducitur unco*"; in the scathing sarcasm of "*Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio*," or in this satire on the ambition of Alexander:

"Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis:
Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi,
Ut Gyari clausus scopulis parvaque Seripho:
Quum tamen a figulis munitam intraverit urbem,
Sarcophago contentus erit"—

the distinctive qualities are strength, straightforwardness, and simplicity. With the aid, therefore, of a good translation, Juvenal presents few really great difficulties to the ordinary reader, and Gifford's translation is not only good but first-rate. It is wanting, indeed, in what pedants call "exact scholarship," and there are some blunders which, with the aid of modern editions, even a boy might now blush for, but it is racy, natural, and lively. It breathes the spirit of the original, and we feel that the translator was of kindred temper with the author. Occasionally, indeed, he weakens by expansion, as when he writes:

"But why, my friend, should I at Rome remain?
I cannot teach my stubborn lips to feign."

The five words of the text lose their strength and spirit when diluted into a couplet. But then what other language can reproduce the imperial brevity of Latin? And we forgive even expansion when the line "*Montani quoque venter adest abdomine tardus*," which describes the entry of that gluttonous parasite into the council chamber of Domitian, is rendered:

"Montanus' belly next, and next appear'd
The legs, on which that monstrous pile was rear'd."

while the fine flow of the whole version makes the reader forget minor errors. Take, as the single instance which space permits, this attack on the blue-stockings of the day:

"O, never may the partner of my bed,
With subtleties of logick stuff her head;
Nor whirl her vapid syllogisms around,
Nor with imperfect enthymemes confound!
Enough for me, if common things she know,
And boast the little learning schools bestow.
I hate the female pedagogue who pores
O'er her Palæman hourly; who explores
All modes of speech, regardless of their sense,
But tremblingly alive to mood and tense:
Who puzzles me with many an uncouth phrase,
From some old canticle of Numa's days;
Corrects her country friends, and cannot hear
Her husband solecize, without a sneer!"

Surely with such a version confronting the text anyone may be tempted to look up his Juvenal, while a few brief notes sufficiently explain all such allusions as are not obvious. Occasionally, indeed, the notes are inadequate, as when in 8.148 *Ipse rotam adstringit sufflamine mulio consul* is printed, but no remark is made on this brilliant emendation of the old text, *multo sufflamine consul*, out of which Gifford had to make the best he could; but, taken as a whole, the book merits nothing but decisive praise. It is just books of this sort which are needed to make the "dead languages" live again in these commercial days.

T. E. PAGE.

* "The Satires of Juvenal." With Introduction and Notes by A. F. Cole. The Temple Greek and Latin Classics. 2s. 6d. net. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

MR. WAY'S TRANSLATION OF THE PERSÆ, AND THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES.

Mr. Way's ability as a translator is established. He has performed the almost incredible feat of rendering all Homer and all Euripides into verse so as to command universal praise. But there is a limit to the best powers, and no man can do all things. The style of Euripides, as every reader of "The Frogs" knows, is as different from that of Æschylus as one style can be from another. They are as unlike as Isaiah, say, or Dante is to Browning, or as the rugged strength of Marlowe is to the subtleties of Mr. Bernard Shaw. But between Mr. Way's translations of the one poet and of the other there is no distinction of style whatever. If it were possible once more to set up scales, as Aristophanes did, and weigh verses against one another, there is not a line in this volume to which Euripides could not proudly bring an exact counterpoise from Mr. Way's translation of his tragedies. There is nothing here of the "grim frown," the "lion roar," "the wrenching away and whirling of clamp-fastened phrases with Titanic breath" which awe-stricken Athenians knew so well, but instead we have a scholarly little volume which exactly suits a snug study and a critical armchair. In place of the stately anapests, which move, as it were, "to the tuck of drum" at the opening of "The Persæ," we have soberly rhyming stanzas, of which this is the fourth:—

"From Susa, from Ecbatana they went,
From the ancient Kissian fortress were they sent—
Seamen, riders upon horses,
Steady-tramping footman-forces,
Close-marshalled in the battle-armament,"

where the repetition of "they went" and "were they sent" is intolerably weak, while the third line suggests an image which is distinctly comic, though perhaps in harmony with the strange compound "footman-forces." And then the short, compact, stirring metre is suddenly reproduced in wearily-trailing fifteen-syllabled trochaics, such as these two lines: "And the people of all Asia, wielders of the scimitar, have followed the dread summons of the Great King to the war." It needs a fine ear to discover that this is verse at all, and it is as unlike Æschylus as anything could possibly be. Or take this passage, which describes the Greeks raising the pæan as the day broke at Salamis:—

ἐπεί γε μέντοι λευκόπωλος ἡμέρα
πᾶσαν κάτεσχε γαῖαν εὐφεγγὴς ἰδεῖν,
πρῶτον μὲν ἦχοι κέλαδος Ἑλλήνων πάρα
μολπηδὸν εὐφήμησεν, ὀρθιον δ' ἅμα
ἀντηλάλαξε νησιωτίδος πέτρας
ἠχώ· φόβος δὲ πᾶσι βαρβάροις παρῆν.

The lines are faultless, unforgettable. They fire us to-day with their clarion call, as they must have fired the Greeks themselves twenty-five centuries ago, and here is the translation:

"But when the day by white steeds chariot-borne,
Radiant to see, flooded all earth with light,
First from the Hellenes did a clamorous shout
Ring for a triumph-chant; and wild and high
Pealed from the island rock the answering cheer
Of Echo. Thrilled through all our folk dismay."

What estimate might be put on such a rendering by an examiner is not the question. The question is whether it is worth publishing, whether it is in any sense a poetical equivalent of the original, and assuredly it cannot be asserted that it is. To translate Æschylus, indeed, is a task that exceeds all but the highest powers. Often he is painfully perplexing, while sometimes, as in the "Seven against Thebes," he appears to be bombastic, but at his best he stands almost alone for perfection of descriptive vigour, for sublimity of imagination, and for mastery of sound. Let anyone read the closing verses of the fifth chapter of Isaiah, and he will learn in that account of the invading Assyrian force what true power of description is; let him then turn to the sixth chapter and he will understand of what poetic imagery is capable. Then, if he feels in himself something of a corresponding force, some not wholly different capacity of vision, and, if he can also set his words to a great organ-roll of rhythm—then, and perhaps only then, can he hope to convey in another tongue the full sense of what Æschylean poetry at its best is.

Scenes from the Schools of Athens early in the Fifth Century B.C.

Vase painting, by Duris, on a Cylix, with red figures on black ground, found at Caere, and now in the Berlin Antiquarium.
(Reproduced from "A History of Classical Scholarship," by kind permission of the Cambridge University Press.)

A HISTORY OF CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP FROM THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C. TO THE END OF THE MIDDLE AGES.*

The first edition of this history appeared towards the end of 1903, and it is not surprising, when one considers the great merits of the work, that a new edition has already been called for. Comparatively few changes have been made in this edition. Many additional references have been given in the parts of the book which deal with the "Byzantine Age" and the "Middle Ages in the West," and throughout the work numerous references have been inserted to recent literature on the subject. It would be superfluous to dwell at length on the details of a work, the excellence of which has been universally recognised. From beginning to end it is eminently readable, and will also be found most useful for reference. Dr. Sandys has laid not only the classical student but also the student of general literature under a debt of gratitude to him. The general reader will be particularly

* "A History of Classical Scholarship from the Sixth Century B.C. to the End of the Middle Ages." By John Edwin Sandys, Litt.D., Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's College, and Public Orator in the University of Cambridge. Second Edition. (Cambridge University Press.)

interested by the account given of the early history of scholarship in the British Isles. It is not too much to say that the book will form part of the necessary equipment of the classical scholar. The work represents a vast amount of labour, one might almost say a lifetime of study, and is worthy of the best traditions of English scholarship. It is a matter to be thankful for that one of the foremost scholars in England has been the first in our country to undertake the treatment of this vast subject; a scholar whose acquaintance with the different periods is so profound that he is able to speak everywhere from first-hand knowledge, and who, moreover, is a masterly critic, and possesses a style marked at once by clearness and dignity. The forthcoming volume, which brings the history of scholarship down to the present day, will be eagerly waited for.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY AND ART OF THE EASTERN ROMAN PROVINCES.*

This is a goodly monument of research, which the authorities were well advised to issue on the commemoration of their quatercentenary. What, indeed, could be more appropriate for a University than to give to the world a specimen of the original work done by its pupils, and what more typical of Aberdeen than the work of the great explorer whose life has been given to research in Asia Minor? We all know how original research is discouraged in this country: how completely lacking in intelligence are its Governments, which pull the purse-strings in obedience to the cries or the outcries of the ignorant. Universities are poor, like all bodies which pursue any aim other than that of temporary money profit; research is carried out by the contributions of those whose character makes it impossible to be rich, or by the self-denying energy of the scholar, always poorest of all. So poor are such bodies, that a volume such as this swallows up a year's income; we are told indeed, in so many words, that exploration must probably be discontinued this year because of the publication of the one now before us. Yet the work goes on; and yet, in the face of sordid difficulties, which would not have existed in France, or Germany, or even Denmark, Professor Ramsay has made himself the first living authority on his especial subject, and he and his helpers have discovered almost all that is known of many parts of it. If he had had proper support the "Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia" might have been one of a whole library of such books, prepared under his supervision by his own men. The lack of it is the more to be regretted, because it is just here that discoveries of high importance may yet be expected. Asia Minor has not been properly surveyed and mapped, even near the coast; forts, tombs, even cities exist in Caria which have not been examined and described; while the interior is a country of surprises. Underground, what treasures may there not be! Even what has been discovered has not all been made public; and we see in the present volume a few studies which show how much remains to be done.

The first paper is an essay by Miss M. Ramsay on "Isaurian and East Phrygian Art in the Third and Fourth Centuries after Christ." A number of stones are figured, of peculiar design, and their inscriptions recorded and discussed. Miss Ramsay comes to the conclusion that Isauria, being by its mountainous nature not easily accessible, developed in those centuries "a new kind of decorative art, which spread widely over the Roman world. It is mainly Christian in its origin," and can be traced along the road to Tarsus, but not in North Lycaonia or Phrygia or anywhere on the land road to Rome. The style has no artistic merit, and is interesting only from its associations. Christian symbols, such as the cross, A and Ω, and so forth, are mixed up with debased forms of heathen types: the figure of the mother-goddess, and her lion, horseman, gorgon's head, the death feast, altar and door, with spindle, distaff, basket, mirror, and other articles suggestive of ordinary life or trade. The symbols have often no reference to the person buried beneath, but were taken over bodily from tradition, like the sepulchural formulæ. This material is all new, so far as we are aware, and we do not pretend to be able to test its accuracy; but we accord to Miss Ramsay the confidence due to an obviously careful explorer. Mr. Wm. Calder discusses the description of Smyrna which is given by Ælius Aristides, and compares his account with the present city and its surroundings. Mr. A. Petrie has a paper on "Epitaphs in Phrygian Greek," which show many peculiarities of debased metre and local pronunciation. It is noteworthy that certain united groups were difficult to pronounce; thus we have *ἱστοργή*, for *στοργή*, just as a Bengali says "istation" and "ischool." *ε*, *η*, and *αι* seem to have been sounded alike. A more important paper is that by Mr. J. Fraser, on "Inheritance by Adoption and Marriage in Phrygia." Evidence is found in certain inscriptions that an adopted son was encouraged to marry a daughter, in order that he might get the right of inheritance which was otherwise hers. It seems likely, also, that the married sons at least became part of the father's household, as in modern Armenia. "A married daughter went to her husband's family, but in order to keep an heiress-daughter in the family her prospective husband was adopted, so that he and his wife should remain in the house, which was a large patriarchally ruled establishment." Mr. T. Callander describes "Explorations in Lycaonia and Isauria, 1904," including seventy-three Greek or Latin inscriptions, a block with Hittite hieroglyphic inscription, and a Hittite inscribed altar. Mr. J. G. C. Anderson discusses "Paganism and Christianity in the Upper Tembris Valley," with a sketch map. This contains evidence for the position of the imperial estate, and the life of the people thereabouts. The sepulchural inscriptions here are unique in declaring a "fearless confession of faith," with certain peculiarities of phraseology which deserve attention. Professor Ramsay himself provides a "Preliminary Report to the Wilson Trustees on Exploration in Phrygia and Lycaonia," which solves a number of historical problems. Although a summary account, it is full of material for supplementing and correcting received ideas. Professor Ramsay's Rede Lecture, on the "Wars of Christians and Moslems for the Possession of Asia Minor," is reprinted. But perhaps the most attractive of all the papers in the book is the last, also by Professor Ramsay, on the "Tekmoreian Guest-Friends: an Anti-Christian Society on the Imperial Estates at Pisidian Antioch." The author has elsewhere described the life of the people on the great temple estates before the Greek period; and here, by the aid of newly-discovered inscriptions, he traces part of their history under the Greek kings and Roman emperors. He holds that these estates became royal or imperial demesne, and that "the organisation of the imperial estate arose out of the organisation in a *collegium* for religious purposes." The guest-friends of the Antiochian estate were the *ὄχλος*, or *plebs collegii*, inhabiting certain estates left over after lands had been granted for the foundation of a city, and others set apart for the upkeep of the temple. The inscriptions contain lists of names, the persons having performed a certain act called *τεκμορεύειν*. This word is united with the old poetic word *τεκμωρ* revived in the artificial Greek of the time and place: it is certainly religious, and is inferred to imply "some solemn sign and pledge of the loyalty of the celebrant to the Emperor and his service." This Professor Ramsay refers it to the great political struggle of the third century, between the State and the Christian Church, and assumes it to be something like the act of adoration to the Emperor which was the test used for discovering a Christian. The geographical and chronological limits are carefully discussed, with the religious circumstances which are implied.

Enough has been said to prove the importance and the interest of this volume; and we welcome it as a sign of the undying influence of antiquity. Scholars and students will need no pressing to examine its record and to weigh its conclusions; which, in course of time, will be tested, amplified, corrected, and, in so far as they survive the ordeal, taken over into the body of accepted knowledge. For all workers in the field of antiquity, Professor Ramsay's name will ever be honoured. We are glad to add that fine letters are not forgotten. In the intervals of their spade-work the explorers have found time and spirit to compose several good epigrams in Greek, Latin, and English.

* "Studies in the History and Art of the Eastern Roman Provinces." Edited for the Quatercentenary of the University of Aberdeen. By W. M. Ramsay. 20s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

A GRAMMAR OF CLASSICAL LATIN FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.*

The aim of this book is to state the facts of the language as they are to be found in classical Latin, as represented by the five authors, Cicero, Cæsar, Virgil, Ovid and Horace. All statements of syntax made without limitation apply to

* "A Grammar of Classical Latin, for Use in Schools and Colleges." By Arthur Sloman, M.A., late Headmaster of Birkenhead School. (Cambridge University Press.)

these writers. In accidence, Mr. Sloman has extended the scope of his book to fourteen other Latin writers. We fail to see why he does not deal with these last, to say nothing of others, in the department of syntax as well, more particularly as he takes the trouble to give us in an appendix a list of the more important Latin authors, more or less complete. Above all, why should Livy, one of the finest prose writers the world has seen, have been left out? One might sum up the merits of the work by saying that we have here a good practical book for use in schools, especially for pupils who wish to practise classical composition on the traditional lines, and who do not intend to extend their reading widely. If the pupil goes on further with his Latin, he will have to get another grammar; and, if he does not, a much smaller and less ambitious work will probably suit his purpose fairly well. The work has obviously cost much labour; the arrangement is excellent, and the printing is good. Some subjects strike us as having been treated with unnecessary fulness, others too briefly. For example, the case constructions in Horace might have received more extended treatment. In the mass of facts presented in this book it was, perhaps, too much to expect absolute accuracy in details. We have found a few mistakes in the references, and several misprints in quantity; *e.g.*, *e* in the termination *ter* is marked long (p. 196), and *Titus* is given as having long *i* (p. 458). On p. 41, *as*, "a coin," is made neuter. The marking of doubtful quantities is not thoroughly carried out. The author makes a point of marking "hidden quantities," but fails to do this with the most striking example in Latin, the nominative singular of the present participle active. The syntax follows the traditional lines, and there is therefore very little new. On the other hand, it is for the advantage of the pupil that so many of the examples are taken from books frequently read in schools. It would perhaps have been advisable to explain the origin of certain difficult constructions, *e.g.*, that of *interdicere* with dat. and abl. (p. 275), and *venit mihi in mentem* with gen. (p. 258). There is occasionally room for criticism when questions of comparative philology are dealt with; *e.g.* (p. 2), *servos* for *servus* is called a change; the account of the person ending of verbs on p. 124 is certainly not up to date; and the author's view of the insertion of an "euphonic vowel" in *patrimonium* (p. 407) and *turbulentus* (p. 411) will not find many supporters. Again, it is a mistake to derive *a*, *ab (s)* and *au-* from one form: they are certainly of different origins. On p. 307 we find the sentence, "The position of prepositions seems originally to have been before verbs but after nouns." This statement requires explanation. In the sections dealing with metres, some of the definitions appear to us to be too technical. Mr. Sloman's list of Latin authors and their works seems to us to be too scrappy to be of much use. Some of the dates are incorrect; *e.g.*, Lucilius's birth is assigned to the impossible date, B.C. 148. On pp. 417 sqq. we find a series of memoria technica rules for the gender of nouns. These, at best a necessary evil, should in our opinion be banished from schools. Mr. Sloman's memory verses are not more comic than those of his predecessors. In spite of such minor points, the book is a thorough piece of work, well suited for the purpose for which it is intended.

G. MIDDLETON.

SOCIAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.*

Miss Synge is to be congratulated on producing a notable book on what, it is to be feared, has hitherto been considered a very dry subject. The researches of writers like Thorold Rogers have provided present-day historians with a vast body of facts dealing with the everyday life of the English people, but these have rarely been presented in such attractive guise as in the book before us. It forms a fascinating record, though dealing with matters mundane, from which, as the author says, "the reader can deduce such facts as these: that William the Conqueror ate with his fingers and never saw a coal fire; that the two thousand cooks of Richard II. could make neither a plum pudding nor mince-pies; that Chaucer never saw a printed book; that Queen Elizabeth never heard of tea or saw a newspaper; that George I. had no umbrella; and that Queen Victoria was the first Sovereign of our island home who had not to depend on wind and weather to leave her kingdom." Miss Synge has imagination, and among the most instructive chapters in the book are those dealing with the earliest periods of British history, which depend so much upon the manner of presentation for their interest. But the book is as readable as a good story throughout, and we cannot help feeling that this is a far more real kind of *history* than that we were made to memorise in our own schooldays. At any rate, we can testify to the picturesqueness of Miss Synge's description of Neolithic man clearing the forest and building his pit-dwelling; of the elaborate Roman system of sanitation in Britain; of Elizabeth's first nightgown (of black velvet with lace of murrey silk and gold, lined with fur); of Wesley making his voice heard in the long galleries where in the pauses of his labour the Cornish miner listens to the sobbing of the sea; and of girls' cricket matches in the eighteenth century. There are a few peeps into interiors, which we must accept in place of pictorial illustrations, such as the following dialogue from the sixteenth century:—

"My she friend, is my bed made? Is it good?"
"Yes, sir, it is a good feather bed; the sheets be very clean."
"Pull off my hose, and warm my bed; draw the curtains and pin with a pin, my she friend; kiss me once and I shall sleep the better. I thank you, fair maiden."

An appendix is added, containing a long list of articles which are not necessarily alluded to in the text, but are interesting additions to the domestic and social life in England. From this list we gain some idea of the difficulty of selection which beset writers of popular books on such a subject. Miss Synge has admirably avoided the difficulty, and her book is something far more valuable than a picturesque catalogue. We think that Chapter XII. (1509-1558), which is a short one, might have been improved by the inclusion of some of John Palsgrave's quaint remarks from his *L'Eclaircissement de la Langue Française* (1530), many of which illustrate so pointedly and humorously the domestic life of the period. Who that has read them once can ever forget such sayings as—

"This mayden is braced so harde that she muste nedes some small.
I brede a chylde, or brede yonge, as a woman or any other suche beest dothe.
Clawe my backe and I wyll clawe thy toe.
Never dispayre, man, God is there as He was.
Wyll you se a good sporte, let us go flete this mylke agaynst she come to make her butter."

For the Restoration period the travels of Gemelli would have furnished a useful outside point of view, as interesting as that of Erasmus at a later time. He mentions the portable fire-engine, invented after the Great Fire; usquebaugh, "a violent burning drink"; the lawlessness of the apprentices; the wild-fowl in St. James's Park, and many other things, and quotes the list of valuable things England affords: Mons, pons, fons, ecclesia, fœmina, lana.

Without detracting in any way from the value of the book, we ought to mention one or two points of difference with the author. We do not think that such sentences as the following should be retained:—

P. 10. Under the name of ancient Britons, the men of the Bronze Age had it all their own way.

P. 55. To the monks of Early England we owe all our most precious treasures in literature as well as in art.

In one place Miss Synge speaks of the Northmen shouting "snatches of their native sagas," after a harrying trip, just as if sagas were the same sort of thing as ballads or songs!

There is hardly any mention of shipping and life at sea, which we could understand if the book dealt with Switzerland instead of Britain. In Chapter I., where almost every other field of human occupation but the sea is mentioned, Pliny the Elder might have been quoted, and on p. 162 the remarkable statement is made that the ships of the Elizabethan voyagers "showed no marked advance on those in which our Saxon forefathers had approached our shores, some thousand years before."

These are small matters where there is so much good to report. We are grateful to Miss Synge for this book, with its enthusiasm and optimism, and we are quite ready to agree with her in her final conclusion: "Even now, in spite of the accusations of luxury, of commercial immorality, and want of ready patriotism, there are gleams of something higher, signs of a larger humanity than ever before, and of a more perfect brotherhood."

THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF EDUCATION.*

It is difficult to say whether this is the third or fourth edition; for while the reviser signs a preface to "the third and revised edition," the edition published in 1892 is labelled *third*. In any case we welcome this improved form of a most

* "A Short History of Social Life in England." By M. B. Synge, F.R.Hist.S. 6s. (Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.)

* "The Cyclopædia of Education." 2s. 6d. net. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)

useful book. The nature of the changes may be gathered from the three words that are now added to the sub-title, "and modern developments." The great body of the work remains unaltered. We are told in the preface that psychological articles have been cut down to make room for new matter, but in point of fact there does not appear to be any undue excision in this or any other special subject. Wherever the conditions have materially altered since 1892 the article is modified. Thus the space formerly given to *Free Education* has to cover in addition *Free Libraries*, *Free Meals at School; Girard* has been curtailed to allow of a notice of the *Gilchrist Trust;* and *Phrenology* has had to draw in her borders in favour of *Phonograph in Schools*, *Phonography*, *Photography in Schools*, and *Physical Degeneration*. In all the cases put to the test, with one exception, the change has been an improvement. The *Guild of Play* does not seem of more importance than the table of average heights and weights which it supersedes. The Bibliography at the end of the book is a very valuable feature, and is now preceded by a useful analysis. It does not profess to be complete, but there are one or two books that ought not to have been omitted. A book (like Miss Macmillan's *Education through the Imagination*) that is considered of sufficient importance to be introduced into the revised text ought also to find a place in the Bibliography. We should be ashamed that this is the only English Cyclopædia of Education. It is true that America is no better off, with its single *Kiddle and Schem*. And after all, while we cannot but admire the magnificent Encyclopædias of Education published in Germany (why, by the way, does our Cyclopædia not include in its Bibliography Dr. Rein's monumental work?) we cannot but rejoice that the English Cyclopædia can be purchased for half-a-crown. No one interested in Education can plead justifiable ignorance of the subject with such a work in the market. J. A.

AN INTRODUCTION TO COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY FOR CLASSICAL STUDENTS.*

This work aims at supplying an Introduction to Comparative Philology suitable for use in the higher forms of schools. The want of such a book has certainly been felt; and Mr. Edmonds has done good service in preparing this volume, which will form a useful introduction to Mr. Giles's admirable work. The present work is well up to date, and is singularly free from typographical and other errors. The author has made a good use of his materials, though we think he has traversed too wide a field, and the book is both scholarly and interesting. Chapter II. deals with the Mechanism of Speech, a subject which many good philologists fight shy of, and which we fear will prove too hard for the average school-boy. One might criticise some of the representations of sounds given in this chapter, *e.g.*, "when" given without any change; and the system of transliteration as a whole is inferior to that given, for example, by Michaelis and Passy, in their "Dictionnaire phonétique de la langue française." The account given of Greek pronunciation follows that of Blass. Mr. Edmonds gives phonetic transcriptions of some extracts from Plato. These are very interesting, but the question of Greek pronunciation, complicated as it is by that of accent, seems to us to be a hopeless business, where it is vain to look for anything but a rough approximation to the original. In the transcription of a passage from Cicero too many syllables are credited with a nasal sound. The evidence of Italian seems to point rather in the opposite direction. On pp. 84 sqq. the phrases "long-headed" and "short-headed," as applied to races should have been explained. The list of Aryan languages in Chapter V. is too full for an elementary work. In Comparative Syntax the author follows Paul's *Principien*. On p. 145 it should have been stated that constructions like "than me" are probably due to French influence; and on the same page it might have been added that the phrase "than whom" was used by Queen Elizabeth. The author is surely wrong in saying (p. 146) that the use of the habitual present as future is due to analogy. Chapter VIII. contains excellent tables of examples of Grimm's, Grassman's, and Verner's Laws. Chapter IX., on sounds which have developed differently in Greek and Latin, strikes us as being too brief, and might be expanded in a second edition. The author has, however, done well to leave alone the thorny subject of "long sonants." The last chapter gives a satisfactory sketch of the History of Comparative Philology, and the volume closes with two good indexes.

* "An Introduction to Comparative Philology for Classical Students." By J. M. Edmonds, M.A., Assistant Master at Repton School. (Cambridge University Press.)

THE STUDY OF THE MOTHER TONGUE.*

Miss Warren, who has done good work as a lecturer and writer on English Literature, has made the bold attempt of preparing an anthology of English Literature which shall include in one handy volume the best things of a dozen centuries. The attempt was worth the making, and we can honestly congratulate Miss Warren on the result. The experience and enthusiasm necessary for such a labour are not often found in one worker, for the range of the subject-matter is wide and the intricacies of Old and Middle English are such as to baffle any but the most earnest student. Miss Warren has had the help of Mr. Stopford Brooke, who writes a brief introduction in his usual fascinating style, and whose guiding hand is seen throughout. Indeed, this book has been prepared as a companion to the famous "Primer of English Literature," "with the intention of illustrating, by prose and verse selections, the literary history and criticism to be found in that well-known book." Here we have the limits of this anthology explicitly stated. We have no desire to dwell on Miss Warren's eulogy of this "classic among manuals," but we shall naturally expect to find its excellence and defects reflected in Miss Warren's selection.

We venture to think that Book I., which deals with Old English Literature, is the most valuable section of this "Treasury." Here we have one of the best anthologies of Old English in existence, and we hope that the publishers will think fit to issue it as a separate volume. The extracts range from Widsith to the O. E. Chronicle, and include passages from Beowulf, the Cædmon Poems, Judith, Juliana, Guthlac, Andreas, Alfred's works, Ælfric's works, Apollonius of Tyre, and many of the favourite smaller pieces. Every extract is translated simply and faithfully, and we are glad to see that Miss Warren has not thought fit to reproduce the fantastic phraseology which Mr. Stopford Brooke adopted in his "History of Early English Literature."

We are glad to see, in Book II., seven pages from the "Brut" of Layamon, a work which has been most unjustly neglected by almost every historian of English Literature except Ten Brink. The extract given here, the story of King Lear, though hackneyed, does represent the importance of Layamon, in that it contains passages of originality, not merely translated from Wace. We should have liked to see also the fine passage describing the fight between the forces of Arthur and Colgrim, and those on the setting up of Stonehenge, the taking of Cirencester by means of sparrows, and the death of Arthur. But this Middle English section is very well done, and the more difficult passages, from "Sir Gawain," "The Pearl," and "Langland" are happily translated.

It would be possible for anyone who has the love of English literature at heart to criticise Miss Warren's choice of modern passages, and it is not our wish to be captious when we affirm that the book here shows a decided lack of virility. This is partly due to the regrettable omission of selections from dramatic literature, but even with this limitation it is possible to illustrate the connection between literature and life more fully than has been done, and we are astonished to find that while no fewer than 32 out of 960 pages are given to Spenser, only three are taken from the glorious pages of Hakluyt, and these not at all representative. Instead of the vigorous narratives of the stirring sea-life of the time, we have page after page of religious and philosophical meditation, translations of Tasso and Ariosto, arguments concerning verse-structure, and stories of shepherds in Arcadia. Raleigh is quoted on naval matters instead of Sir William Monson, and is represented by the dull "History of the World" in preference to the "Discovery of Guiana";

* "A Treasury of English Literature." From the Beginning to the Eighteenth Century. Selected and arranged by Kate M. Warren. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

"Growth and Structure of the English Language." By Otto Jespersen, Ph.D. 3 mk. (Leipzig: Trubner.)

"Historical Study of the Mother Tongue." An Introduction to Philological Method. By Henry Cecil Wyld, B.Litt. 7s. 6d. (Murray.)

"The Place of the Mother Tongue in National Education." By H. C. Wyld. 1s. (Murray.)

"An Outline History of the English Language." By Oliver Farrar Emerson, Ph.D. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

there is no passage from any of the memorable sea-fights recorded in Purchas; and the only account of Drake is a short extract from Thomas Fuller.

As we pass through the book we note the omission of Donne's prose; Withers' lively song, "Hey, then up go we," is wanting; the Churchill collection of voyages and Pepys would have provided welcome relief to the dreary waste of Chillingworth, Tillotson and Stillingfleet; we miss the ballads of the North Country, although Early Scots verse has a large share of space in a previous section, and room is found for the silly Lilli Bulero. Tickell might have been left out, and the space devoted to Captain Singleton; the Fielding pages mght be improved upon; Mungo Park and Captain Cook would lighten Hume and Smith; and Akenside hardly has claim to a place. Of slighter moment are the following points: The extract from Arthur Golding's translation of Cæsar is placed between Tiptoft and Capgrave; there is no date assigned to Skelton; Malory is wrongly indexed; *fickerness*, both in text and footnote on p. 290, should be *sickerness; ers*, on p. 285, l. 4, should be *ess; fenyeit*, on p. 289, means *feigned*, not *famed*.

On the whole, we cannot say that Miss Warren has succeeded in compiling the ideal Treasury of English Literature, even of that which stands outside the Drama. The older generation of philologists narrowed the field of study in a ridiculous manner, and it is reserved for the present generation of students to insist on discovering for themselves the just claims of many able and sincere writers, whose work is less known than their names. If Miss Warren had been ready to take hints from Sir Egerton Brydges, Mr. Charles Whibley, and Professor Legouis, for example, instead of regarding Mr. Stopford Brooke's primer as the last word, her Treasury would have had far greater value.

Professor Otto Jespersen, of the University of Copenhagen, has been well known for a number of years as one of the foremost workers in English philology. We only regret that his new book should have been published in Germany and not in England, for it has freshness of outlook which gives it a greater value than books with a similar title published in this country and America. It shows a very marked advance on the old-fashioned manuals of English philology, and this is due largely to the advantage the author has enjoyed of having the Oxford English Dictionary to supplement his own collection of notes.

The first chapter is taken up with the proof that "the English language is a methodical, energetic, business-like and sober language, that does not care much for finery and elegance, but does care for logical consistency, and is opposed to any attempt to narrow in life by police regulations and strict rules either of grammar or of lexicon. As the language is, so is the nation." The arguments brought forward to support this assertion are certainly convincing and often amusing, and our language is compared with those of Germany, Holland, Hawaii and other countries to add proof. Words in English do not play at hide and seek, as they do in Latin and German; the French language is like the stiff French garden of Louis XIV., while the English is like an English park, in which you are allowed to walk everywhere according to your own fancy; English has no lack of words ending in two or more consonants, and thus requires no little energy on the part of the speakers. Such is the piquant way in which truths we had dimly suspected are presented. Professor Jespersen makes short work of Weise's statement that "the Englishman, who as the ruler of the seas looks down in contempt on the rest of Europe, writes in his language nothing but the beloved *I* with a big letter"; and from the fact that we have got rid of the useless distinction between *you* and *thou*, he comes to the conclusion that "English has thus attained the only manner of address worthy of a nation that respects the elementary rights of each individual."

There is a great deal of solid research in this volume. Besides the more purely technical chapters dealing with grammatical forms and the various foreign influences, there are valuable chapters on Old English and on Shakespeare and the Language of Poetry. Professor Jespersen's estimate of Old English poetical literature is as generous as his remarks on the character of the language: "To anyone who has taken the trouble—and it is a trouble—to familiarise himself with that poetry, there is a singular charm in the language it is clothed in, so strangely different from modern poetic style. The movement is slow and leisurely; the measure of the verse does not invite us to hurry on rapidly, but to linger deliberately on each line, and pause before we go on to the next." In the chapter on Shakespeare, Professor Jespersen gives us the beginning of a list of sentences containing words not used by that poet, though in actual use in his day: "In Shakespeare we find no *blunders*, although *decency* and *delicacy* have *disappeared; energy* and *enthusiasm* are not in *existence*, and we see no *elegant expressions* nor any *gleams* of *genius*," etc. And there is a very interesting analysis of the vocabulary which Shakespeare has assigned to Shylock. By way of contrast we have estimates of the influence of the Bible on our speech, and of the peculiarities of profane language.

Perhaps the most valuable chapter in the book, one coming with much force from a Dane, is that on Scandinavian influence on the language. This is admittedly one of the most difficult questions in English philology, and we do not know of any such clear and advanced pronouncement on the subject in any other work. Professor Jespersen summarises the results of the researches of Steenstrup, Björkman, Brate, Wall, Flom and others, and discusses the whole question in an independent light. Seeing that a very important chapter of British history, that dealing with the rule of the Northmen in these islands, has still to be added to our school histories, we are especially grateful to Professor Jespersen for the prominence he has given to this chapter. We should be glad to see his book, which has been awarded the Volney prize by the Institut de France, adopted as a text-book by our public examination boards.

Professor Wyld's "Historical Study of the Mother Tongue" is bound to prove a difficult book for the ordinary student of English, and it is equally certain to prove most effective in raising the level of study. It is highly technical for the most part, though it does not make the demands upon the reader which the works of Brugmann and Sweet (in phonetic matters) do. Though we may object to the distance to which phonetic studies are carried, and to the extreme importance attributed to them, we can but agree with Professor Wyld when he writes as follows: "By the study of phonetics is not meant the attempt to introduce this or that pronunciation, but simply a study of the actual movements of the vocal organs which result in the various sounds of human speech. A phonetic training involves, then, no more than development of the power of discriminating between different sounds, and a knowledge of how the sounds are made. If we could *hear* all sounds quite accurately, and knew how to reproduce them, we should have no trouble in acquiring the pronunciation of foreign languages."

Professor Wyld has some very practical remarks to make on the question of present-day English. Speaking of Matthew Arnold's statement regarding a noble passage from Dryden's preface to his translation of the *Œneid*, that it is "such a prose as we would all gladly use if we knew how," he says: "What we should gladly use is not his precise form, which is no longer a living vehicle of thought and feeling, but a prose which should combine the elements of literary tradition on the one hand, with those of contemporary colloquial speech on the other, in that just proportion, and with that subtle blending, which is the secret of great writers in all ages." And only good service can be done by drawing the attention of teachers to the common occurrence of the lifeless phrases in use in commerce, journalism and politics. It is worth our while, too, to note Professor Wyld's definition of Standard English: "It is the speech in vogue at the Court, in the Church, at the Bar, at the older Universities, and at the great public schools."

The book closes with the words of Ælfric: "We say nothing new in this work, for it all stood written long ago, albeit laymen did not know it." We have no hesitation in saying that Professor Wyld's book marks an epoch in the study of English in this country, despite his modest words, and we regret that its largely technical character precludes any detailed examination of it in these columns. To anyone who wishes to have Professor Wyld's point of view on the study of the mother tongue, without going to the expense of buying his large book, we can confidently recommend the pamphlet he has issued on the Place of the Mother Tongue in National Education. The central point of this essay is the general educational value of a sound elementary study of the English language, and there are many valuable suggestions as to the carrying out of this ideal.

Professor O. F. Emerson's "Outline History of the English Language" is based upon his larger works, and provides a brief but clear elementary account of the subject, the clearness being supplemented by an excellent choice of

types. In contrast to Professor Wyld's book, there is no insistence on the necessity of the study of phonetics; words and not sounds are discussed. The composition of the vocabulary at different periods is indicated by useful lists, but of course the book deals only with isolated words and not with sentence structure or the expression of ideas. The section on the Beginnings and Development of a Standard Language contains useful bibliographical data, but is too cursory to be of much value in itself. It would be a pity if this volume were to be regarded as an index to the state of American learning in matters philological, for it cannot be compared with the original work of such scholars as Professor Gummere and Professor Albert Cook.

E. E. SPEIGHT.

PRINCIPLES AND METHODS OF TEACHING.*

What Mr. Barnett in his "Teaching and Organisation" and Mr. Spencer in his "Aims and Practice of Teaching" have done for the secondary school, that Professor Welton does in this book for the primary. His attention is limited to "the case of the primary school whose pupils range in age from seven to fourteen years, and live in homes which are not, as a rule, marked by considerable culture and refinement." In view of this restriction, one turns with interest to the volume to see wherein it differs from those written specially for secondary schools. It is, after all, not surprising to find that there is a notable resemblance in scope, and that what difference there is limits itself mainly to questions of curriculum. Educational principles remain constant, and must be equally applicable to all classes of schools. On one line of distinction between the two classes of schools Mr. Welton has an emphatic protest: "Nothing is more false than the doctrine that the primary school should take utility as its purpose, while the secondary school should seek culture. The aim of each should be a cultured utility, or a useful culture—it matters not which way it is put—though the exact form of the means through which that aim is sought will not be the same." This being so, the whole of the first hundred pages dealing with the general principles of instruction are applicable to all kinds of teaching. The rest of the book deals with the teaching of special subjects, but even here the greater part of the matter is as useful to the secondary teacher as to the primary. The main difference is that the subjects are dealt with from their very rudiments, instead of the writer assuming an elementary knowledge on the part of the pupils, as is commonly done in books specially prepared for secondary teachers.

A very marked difference between the primary school standpoint and the secondary is to be found in the predominance given to the "subject" in the secondary school. In the primary school the teacher is expected to teach all the subjects of the curriculum; the secondary school insists on instruction by specialists. Accordingly, books on method for the use of primary teachers have been usually written by one person, who, for this purpose, takes all knowledge to his province. Mr. Welton's book marks an advance on this position, and an approach to the secondary standpoint. In dealing with the subject of drawing, he gives reasons why this subject should be taken by a specialist, and what he says under this head is applicable to at least some of the other parts of the primary curriculum. "Surely the time has come," writes Mr. Welton, "when it should be recognised that the ideal of knowledge for the English primary teacher is no longer to be 'Jack of all trades and master of none.' He should at least be master of *one*, and should have acquired such an appreciation of the true relation of knowledge to teaching as a mere smattering of many subjects can never give." It must not be forgotten, however, that there are compensating advantages in having all the subjects of the curriculum taught by the same person. The essential unity of knowledge is better recognised, and the danger of the "separate compartment system" lessened. Polymathy is still possible within the range of the primary-school curriculum, and where a man is found thoroughly qualified in all the subjects an excellent case can be made out for his undertaking the whole. Since the average primary teacher does not satisfy this condition, a certain amount of specialist teaching may be introduced, on the understanding that the whole course is under the direction of a strong headmaster who is competent to deal with all the subjects, and is therefore qualified to exercise a dominating influence in harmonising the teaching of the specialists. This is what has actually taken place in the book under discussion. Mr. Welton is true enough to his principles to feel that there are certain subjects in which he is not sufficiently at home to do the best for his readers, so he has called in the help of several specialists, whose work, however, is very skilfully fitted into the general scheme of the whole book. Mr. Welton explicitly accepts the full responsibility for the work of all his collaborators. We have abundant evidence that there has been the most careful editing of all the specialist contributions. The book does not break up into a mere series of independent essays, but remains an organised whole.

The introductory portion dealing with the general principles of educative instruction is admirably done. No doubt the author has very decided views on many points that are at present in dispute, and has no particularly uncertain way of expressing them. To this no objection need be raised in the case of a man writing for his peers; but in writing for those who are feeling their way into the subject, it would be better to avoid such sweeping statements as: "In any rational meaning of the words, a 'circle of thought' is neither possible nor desirable for the young"; "We must, then, reject the doctrine of 'Concentration' as pedantic, artificial, and illusory." We have all had our turn of girding at the extravagances of American and even English writers on Concentration, and the very "circle of thought" is not free from criticism among the Herbartians themselves. But in a text-book there is danger that such strong expressions as those quoted may convey an entirely wrong impression. It is true that Mr. Welton himself supplies the antidote. These strong expressions are led up to, and to some extent explained away. In fact, so far from rejecting the doctrine of Concentration, our author practically founds upon it his whole doctrine of education. It has to be admitted that his theory of Concentration is a reasonable one, and that all practical teachers would side with him against the older theorists; but the Concentration theory is there, none the less, and even the "circle of thought" does not cease to be, in spite of the pedantry with which it is sometimes associated.

When we come to the special subjects, we are struck by the thoroughness with which each is treated. All the points of recent criticism are dealt with. One feels that the matter is treated at first hand. Whether one agrees or not with the conclusions, one cannot but admit that all the problems have been fairly faced. In English, for example, to which four whole chapters have been rightly devoted, everything that the young teacher ought to know is at least suggested. In particular, one is glad to notice that the author makes very clear the different functions of reading, and does not neglect silent reading, but correlates it with that most important matter—the proper use of text-books. One is strongly tempted to exceed one's space to bring out the admirable qualities of the remaining chapters. They contain just what the teacher needs. They are full of stimulus and suggestion, and are followed by helpful bibliographies that contain the names of books that may be used by the pupils as well as those specially intended for the teacher. Throughout there are useful references to all manner of practical details of apparatus and school requisites. Mr. Welton sets out with the fundamental aim "to help teachers in their actual daily work." Even though the book will be largely used for university and other examinations, it will be impossible to render it useless for Mr. Welton's purpose. It cannot but help; and students who growl over it at examination time will thank its writer as soon as they get to grips with their life work.

JOHN ADAMS.

* "Principles and Methods of Teaching." By James Welton, M.A. (W. P. Clive.)

Notes on New School Books.

English Texts, Readers, etc.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The Pitt Press Edition of Scott's "The Talisman" is edited by A. S. Gage, B.A., and forms a neat, well-printed edition. The Editor's introduction contains a short summary of the historical events on which the story is based, and there are many lucid and interesting footnotes, in addition to those of Scott himself.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO., LTD.

Messrs. Cassell issue an illustrated School Edition of Stevenson's "Black Arrow," which is admirably suited to this purpose. The "illustrations" consist of four faint reproductions, badly printed, of very unworthy sketches, and the frontispiece is quite unworthy. In other respects the book is well and strongly produced, and we are sure that it will prove the favourite "Continuous Reader" which it deserves to become.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S MEROPE. To which is appended "The Electra" of Sophocles, translated by Robert Whitelaw, M.A. Edited by J. Churton Collins. 3s. 6d.

It is perhaps difficult to do justice to this book, which is an experiment on an experiment. Arnold, seeing that even the most enthusiastic could hardly be expected to "press into the intimate feelings of works composed in a dead language so thoroughly as their enthusiasm would desire," decided to compose an English poem under the conditions of Greek poetical forms, and "Merope" was the result. A second result is Prof. Churton Collins's scholarly and valuable introduction and annotations to the poem, and the happy idea of placing alongside Mr. Whitelaw's "Electra." The indirect connection with the study of English Literature is obvious, but the chief value of the book, we take it, will be as an exercise for classical forms where the opportunity for a close acquaintance with Greek Drama is limited.

A PRIMER OF PHONETICS. By Henry Sweet, M.A. 3s. 6d.

This is the third edition of the book which Dr. Sweet first published in 1890. In the preface there is a quotation from the same author's handbook of phonetics (1877), which, we hope, represents the extreme point of view of the experts: "The importance of phonetics as the indispensable foundation of all study of language—whether that study be purely theoretical or practical as well—is now generally admitted. . . . . If our present wretched system of studying modern languages is ever to be reformed, it must be on the basis of a preliminary training in general phonetics." Whether the difficulties of learning or teaching a foreign language would be lessened by the study of such a book as this primer, which involves the learning of a new alphabet of vocal signs, and a new terminology, is at least open to doubt. At any rate, the natural and less self-conscious method of learning by association with foreigners has its advantages.

THE POETRY OF CHAUCER. A Guide to its Study and Appreciation. By Robert Kilburn Root, Ph.D. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Generally speaking, we are not greatly attracted by books in which a poet is ground to powder and placed under the microscope. Such work should be authoritatively done, or not at all. What a student finds out for himself is worth so much more (to him, at any rate) than what he obtains from others. The student of Chaucer, however, undoubtedly requires some introductory help; some historical picture of the *milieu* in which the poet wrote, and some aid to the understanding of his English. Much of the Chaucerian commentators' work is far too scholarly in expression for the ordinary reader, besides being none too accessible; and popular expositions, on the other hand, are frequently inaccurate and compiled from out-of-date material. Hence the justification of this Guide to Chaucer, by Dr. Root, of the Princetown University, U.S.A. The unscholarly should find it quite readable, and it is, at the same time, well abreast of modern research. Throughout, Chaucer is treated not only as a great poet, but as "the most perfect exponent of his age." The account of his mind and art, though without novelty, is clearly and—what is more to the present purpose—attractively written. The author's sanity is extended even to those Canterbury Tales which are not considered exactly suitable for family reading. Of the "Miller's Tale" and the "Reeve's Tale," he says: "Making a rather considerable allowance for greater freedom of speech, they are tales of the sort which entirely moral men of vigorous nature have found diverting, and at which the less vigorous have always raised their eyebrows. . . . It is not immorality for immorality's sake, but immorality for the joke's sake." Bravo, America! we will try and forget the draped piano legs and the hidden-away statues and the anti-kissing legislation. Less convincing is Dr. Root's assertion that "Nearly all the buildings of modern London which are really works of art were standing in Chaucer's day." London is surely not quite as bad as that. The volume, which contains an abundance of bibliographical notes, winds up with "A Few Suggestions as to the Study of Chaucer," and an index which might with advantage have been a little larger in scope. In quotations, too, the pronunciation of syllables now mute might have been indicated, as it is in the Globe and other editions. The reading matter is, perhaps, somewhat copious, but should be of use as well as interest, especially to University Extension students and the like, who need to make some preparation in order to gain full profit from their lectures.

Pierce the Ploughman's Crede, edited by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, is in the main a reproduction from his edition published by the Early English Text Society in 1867, and again in 1895, though the present edition contains some new matter as well as some corrections. In the preface Professor Skeat gives an exhaustive account of the different editions of this poem which have appeared since the first one, in 1553, and emphasises the fact that the author of the "Crede," whoever he may have been, was certainly *not* the author of the "Vision of Piers Plowman."

The glossarial index and the notes are as full and as illuminating as one would expect from the scholarly pen of Professor Skeat.

From the same publishers we have received a little book on **Sentence Analysis**. for the lower forms of schools, of which the price is eighteenpence.

The author's methods are practical and direct, and his explanations terse and lucid. The number of exercises given is not very large, but those contained in the book form suggestive models for the use of an intelligent teacher.

It is hardly necessary to say that the paper, printing and binding of both these books are excellent.

MESSRS. W. B. CLIVE.

In the University Tutorial Series we have the text of "A Midsummmer Night's Dream," edited by A. F. Watt, M.A., with the usual care which marks the publications in this series. The text fills seventy pages, the introduction and notes sixty-four, so that every possible assistance for examination purposes should be included, and no doubt is.

WILLIAM COLLINS, SON AND CO.

Messrs. Collins issue Books XI. and XII. of their **Wide World Readers:** "The British Empire" for junior pupils, and "Principal Foreign Countries" presumably for older boys and girls. These readers are brightly bound, and each volume is illustrated by about sixty coloured photographs.

The letterpress contains a good deal of useful information which, though it is not presented in a specially interesting manner, is given in simple and comprehensible language, and will, with the aid of the illustrations, no doubt prove instructive to the average school-boy or girl.

The same firm also publish Books I. (2d) and V. (4d.), of eir **"Graphic School Readers"**; and Parts I. IV. and IX. of their **"Graphic Supplementary Readers."** Part I. (2d.), "At the Seaside," has no special utility, and fails to justify its existence. Part IV. (3d.) contains the stories of Epimetheus and Pandora, and the Golden Fleece, and with its good clear print and coloured illustrations this is an attractive little class-book for the middle forms of schools at a low price. Part IX. (3d.) is intended for older pupils, and consists of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." An introductory chapter gives a short biography of Scott and a brief synopsis of the story of the poem, while at the end there are some useful notes, chiefly devoted to the explanation of difficult or unusual words. The book is provided with four coloured illustrations, and a useful map, and is, on the whole, a wonderfully creditable production, considering its low price.

"Westward Ho" (Collins's English Classics) is printed in double columns, and the type might prove trying to sensitive eyes. This book is not annotated, nor in any way specially adapted for use as a school Reader.

MESSRS. WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & CO., LTD.

THE PROBLEM OF BOY-WORK. By the Rev Spencer J. Gibb. 1s. 6d.

To this little book, which deals with one of the most serious problems facing us to-day, Canón Scott Holland contributes a warm-hearted preface, in which occur the words: "If we are ever to build Jerusalem in England's pleasant land, we must build the highway down which our boyhood has to travel from its fourteenth to its seventeenth year. If only

we can catch our children as they pass out of the school doors, so that we land them, self-possessed of their craft, in the ranks of skilled industry by the time that manhood finds them, we shall have laid the foundation of social redemption." Mr. Gibb has summarised the reports of committees and individuals in different parts of the country, and has also added a brief account of the Law of Boy-Work. He has some practical advice to give, especially regarding the organisation of boy-work, and his book should form an effective part of the attacking forces in the campaign that is imminent.

MESSRS. GEORGE G. HARRAP AND CO.

STORIES FROM GREEK TRAGEDY. Retold by H. L. Havell, B.A. 1s. 6d.

DAYS BEFORE HISTORY. By H. R. Hall. 1s.

BRITAIN LONG AGO. Stories from Old English and Celtic Sources. Retold by E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. 1s. 6d.

These Supplementary Readers, prepared to meet the requirements of the Board of Education, are surprisingly good in every way. They have evidently been designed solely with a view to excellence of quality, and are the sort of books which, with slightly richer covers, would sell rapidly at three times the price. When we look into the contents we find much to please. The first book on the list contains, in prose narrative, the leading incidents of ten Greek plays, entitled here Prometheus, Agamemnon, Orestes (Parts I. and II.), Antigone, The Last Days of Hercules, Philoctetes, Medea, Alcestis, and Hecuba. The difficulty of retelling these stories in simple English is well known, and has clearly been felt by Mr. Havell. There are passages in his narrative wanting inspiration, and written in long words where simple ones would have been more effective; but on the whole the book is far more likely to create an interest in Greek drama than any similar book we have seen. There is a wealth of illustrations after Lord Leighton, the Hon. John Collier, Sir W. B. Richmond, Nonnenbruch, Picart, and others.

"Days before History" is a book which ought to make its mark. It presents a story of life in Britain in the Stone Age, which will fascinate the average healthy boy or girl whose main interests are in the doings of things. It has had the great advantage of revision by Prof. Boyd Dawkins, who reports that the story is excellent and true to the facts. Prof. J. J. Findlay has written a preface, in which he says: "This story transplants the child to an epoch where men and women are themselves children—where the problems of life are the simple tasks of economic existence—food, shelter, clothing; it gives him a practical problem to achieve, to make pots for the food, to weave cloth for the tent; it gives him ideas for play, ideas that underlie all the great games in which mankind finds recreation." As a specimen of the style, we have chosen the following passage:—

"When Tig grew big enough to run about by himself, he became great friends with Crubach. The old man was generally to be found working on his piece of land, or sitting to scare away the birds from his crops. He used to teach Tig the names of the animals and birds, and tell him things about them—such as why Broc the badger never walks out except at night; why Graineag the hedgehog wears a prickly jacket; where Gobhlan the swallow goes in the cold time; why Seabhac the kestrel hawk hangs in the air beating her wings; and who it is that haunts the reedy marshes crying Boom-boom! And when Crubach gathered in the harvest, he bound a little sheaf of corn for Tig, and gave it to him, and said: 'This did I promise thee on the day when we were in the field together scaring the birds.'"

"Britain Long Ago" is a delightful book, full of brave tales of ancient and mediæval days. We have The Cattle Raid of Cooley, The Story of Beowulf, The Children of Lir, The Voyage of Ohthere, The Stories of Caedmon, Alfred, Alphege, and Lud, The Quest of the Seven Champions, The Lady of the Fountain, Taliesin, Olger the Dane, Richard Lion Heart, Havelok, Guy of Warwick, Sir Gawayne, Bevis of Hampton, Sir Isumbras and The Heir of Linne, retold in Miss Wilmot-Buxton's picturesque and sympathetic style. The illustrations are here, too, a special feature, and include reproductions of paintings by G. F. Watts, Sir John Gilbert, and a number of designs by Miss Gertrude Hammond and Miss Evelyn Paul. We hope that the book will be widely adopted not only in secondary, but in primary schools.

HENRY HOLT AND CO., N.Y.

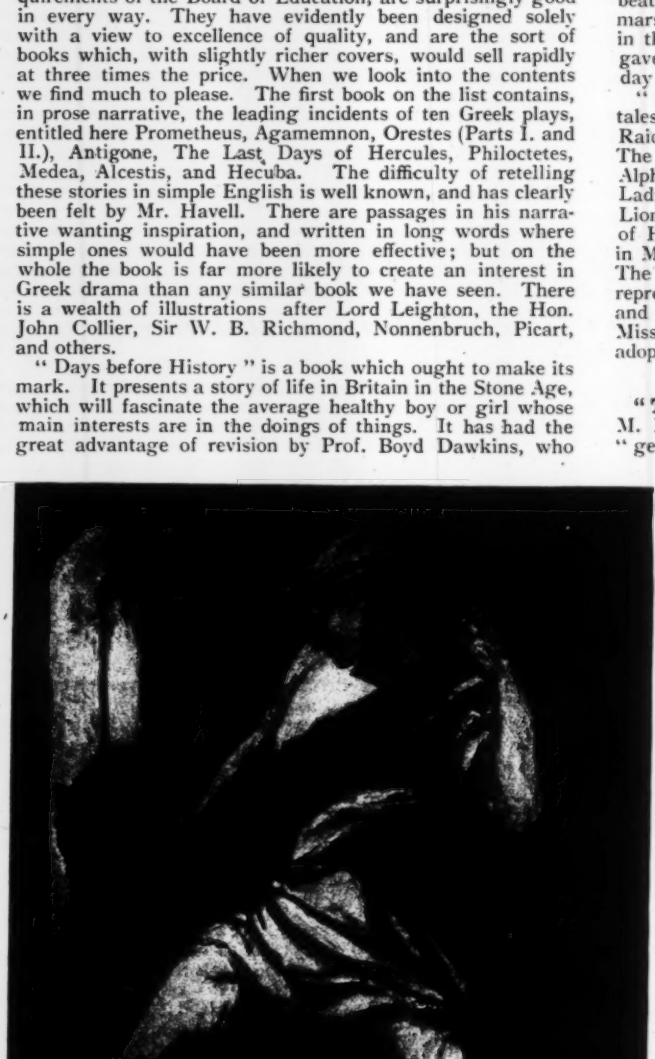
"The Principles of English Verse" (5s.), by Charlton M. Lewis, is, the author tells us, intended chiefly for "general readers." It is certainly not suitable for use as a teaching manual, being rather fanciful than practical. For those specially interested in the subject it will repay reading, as the writer presents his views with a good deal of originality and freshness.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

A FIRST BOOK OF BRITISH HISTORY (2s. 6d.) and **A HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN** (3s. 6d.), by T. F. Tout.

These two books are not progressive in the ordinary sense of the word, that is to say, they do not deal with an earlier and a later period of history, but are, as the author tells us in his preface, based on the "concentric system," so that each book tells the same story, namely, that of our nation from the earliest times to the death of Queen Victoria, the difference being in the method of the telling. Book I., intended for junior pupils, in whom a certain amount of interest in historical subjects has already been aroused by oral teaching and the reading of historical narratives, is written in a simple and direct style, very suitable for the students for whom it is designed, while the second book, for use in the middle forms, contains more detail, and enters somewhat more fully into social and political questions, which are still, however, treated on broad lines, as is inevitable in a work of this scope. Both books are intelligently and freely illustrated, are liberally supplied with tables and maps, and, a most important point, are well indexed. The author has succeeded in presenting a vast amount of information in a condensed and simple form without ever relapsing into the dryness of the mere book of outlines.

Messrs. Longmans issue two charming little books of verse for children. They are tastefully bound in green art linen, with floral designs, and are a delight to hand and eye. Mrs. P. A. Barnett's **Golden Numbers** is a selection of later English verse, intended to give to young readers a taste for noble poetry, and includes specimens of the work of Mr. Kipling, Mr. Newbolt, Mrs. Woods, Mr. Yeats, Canon Beeching, Dr. Bridges, and earlier poets as far back as Shakespeare. The large share of modern poems gives the book a pleasing freshness which should make it a favourite among older boys and girls. Mrs. Roadknight has edited a volume of **Old-Fashioned Rhymes and Poems**, an abridged "Mother-Goose," with the addition of verse by Stevenson, Mrs. Nesbit, Kingsley, Macdonald, Tennyson, Blake, and others. There is a curious disproportion in the prices of the two books. Mrs. Barnett's book of 160 pages costs 1s. 6d., whilst Mrs. Roadknight's, of 96 pages only, costs 1s. 4d.



Beowulf tore off the Monster's Arm.

(Reproduced from "Britain Long Ago," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. G. Harrap and Co.)

"**The White Company**" (1s. 6d.) by Sir Conan Doyle is issued by the same publishers as one of their series of "Supplementary Readers." It is intended for Standards V. and VI., and is very thoroughly annotated, indeed, some of the notes seem almost superfluous for pupils who are sufficiently advanced to grasp and appreciate the story as a whole. It is a little difficult to see why such words as "blithe," "tippet," and "pensive," should be selected for explanation, while "psalter," "menace," and "resources" are passed by without comment. The biographical and topographical notes, as well as those dealing with obsolete words and customs, are conscientiously compiled, but the fifty notes on the first very short chapter contain a mass of information far too great to be assimilated by any ordinary boy or girl as the accompaniment of one or two readings in class. The book contains twelve illustrations, and in common with the other publications of Messrs. Longmans, is quite satisfactory as to binding and printing.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

Mr. C. H. Spence, M.A., has made a useful selection of "Scenes and Passages from the English Historical Plays of Shakespeare," the price of which is tenpence. It is just the sort of booklet that many a teacher will welcome as the best approach to Shakespeare for boys who need dramatic vigour to hold their attention. It also falls into the list of selections from English Literature for Secondary Schools which Messrs. Macmillan are preparing with special regard to the scheme of the Board of Education for the teaching of English.

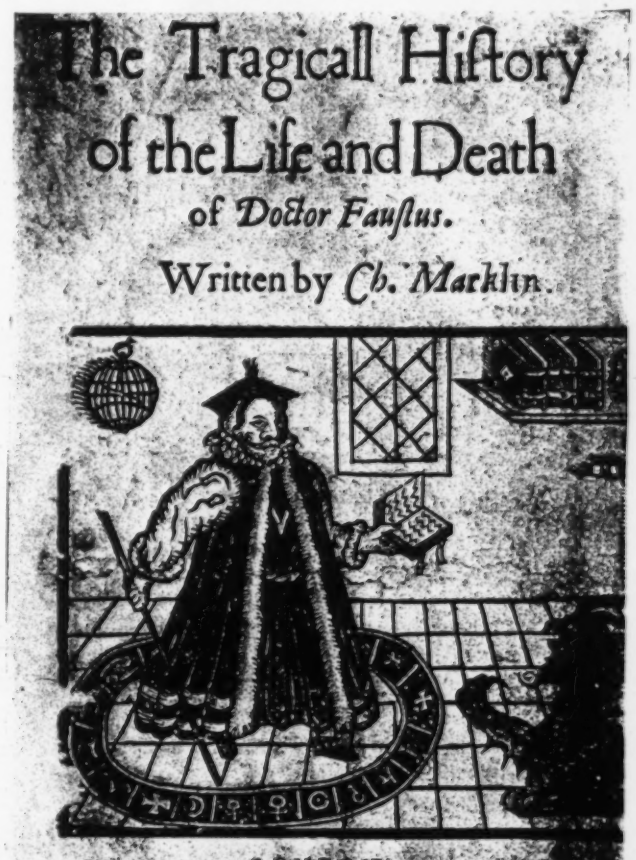
We have received from this firm two parts of their "**English Literature for Secondary Schools.**" The first, consisting of Cantos III. and IV. of "Childe Harold," and intended for the use of pupils of fourteen or fifteen years of age, has an interesting introduction, and is fully and lucidly annotated by Mr. J. H. Fowler, the general editor of the series. The glossarial index at the end of the book is simply and clearly arranged, and the ten questions which are given are suggestive of intelligent methods of study, and will no doubt be found useful by teachers.

The second part, "**Narratives from Macaulay,**" contains what are perhaps the three best known passages of that author's prose works: "The Trial of the Seven Bishops," "The Siege of Londonderry," and "The Massacre of Glencoe." The introduction, notes, and glossary are by Miss Fanny Johnson, who has accomplished her task with credit and intelligence. These two little books with their pretty green covers have an attractive exterior, quite in accordance with their truly delightful contents.

HORACE MARSHALL AND SON.

Illustrative History, Mediæval Period (2s. 6d.), edited by A. Kimpster and G. Home, consists of a collection of vivid and picturesque accounts of stirring historical scenes and events, drawn from many sources, ranging from the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle to Sir W. Scott and Carlyle. The aim of the editors seems to be to give life and colour to scenes and incidents which to many children have only been presented in a dry and uninteresting form, and in this way to emphasise the picturesque side of English History. As a class-reading book it will probably be welcomed by many teachers, but to give an extract from Matthew Paris describing the martyrdom of Hugh of Lincoln without comment or explanation, as if the authenticity of the story were absolutely unchallenged, is a dangerous experiment. The impression made on a fresh young mind by such a story would be vivid and lasting, and would with difficulty be effaced by a later knowledge of its entirely mythical character. Even were the story authentic its very repulsiveness should have excluded it from a reading book for young people. With this exception the book is well compiled. The illustrations are decidedly valuable in helping to give life and meaning to the scenes described, such reproductions as those from the Luttrell Psalter and MSS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries being especially quaint and interesting.

"**A First Book in English Literature**" (2s. 6d.), by C. L. Thomson, treats of the period from Lyndsay to Bacon, and is on the whole a successful attempt to give a general idea of the chief writers of that time and their works. The illustrative passages, which form a considerable portion of the book, are well and carefully chosen, but the style of the historical part of the work leaves something to be desired, and gives the impression of having been hastily composed. Some of the predecessors of Shakespeare are dealt with rather summarily, almost the only information given about Greene, Peele, Nash, and Lodge, being that they all "lived more or less disreputable lives," and that Greene was "the most dissipated of them all." In a work whose limits make it impossible to give any but facts of primary importance in the history of literature, this hasty and wholesale condemnation of men to whose genius we owe much is to be deprecated, especially in a manual for young students who are not likely to have any previous knowledge of the writers mentioned, and who thus run the risk of carrying away a clearer idea of their moral turpitude than of their significance in our literature. The book contains several illustrations.


The Tragicall Hiſtory
of the Life and Death
of Doctor Fauſtus.
Written by Ch. Marklin.
LONDON,
Printed for John Wright, and are to be ſold at his ſhop
without Newgate, at the ſ

(Reproduced from "A First Book in English Literature," by kind permission of Messrs. Horace Marshall and Son.)

In "**Illustrations of English Literature from Defoe to Burns**" (1s. 4d.), compiled by C. L. Thomson, the selected passages are fairly representative, and the biographical notices give a good deal of useful information, though the compiler falls into the very common fault of giving some unimportant personal details instead of using the little available space in trying to give a broad idea of the writer's special literary bent. For instance, it would, we think, be more illuminating to the student to point out the convincing realism of Defoe's style than to mention the fact that he began his career as a hosier. Still the book will, no doubt, meet a certain need, and will be found useful for not very advanced students.

A booklet containing **Chaucer's Nun's Priest's Tale** has also reached us from the same publishers as the above. It is very portable and compact, and contains a sufficiently comprehensive glossary and a few useful notes.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LTD.

SONNENSCHEIN'S FIRST AND SECOND ENGLISH READERS (1s. and 1s. 3d.)

These books are sequels to Parts I. and II. of the same author's "Reading in a Twelvemonth," which has been very cordially received. These books, in general appearance, do not compare at all favourably with sets of English Readers published by other firms, but the reading matter they contain has been chosen in accordance with the following canons, and is bright, if a little too colloquial at times:—

1. The young reader's imagination should be excited, and his sympathies enlisted on the side of right.
2. It is incumbent on educators to hide from children the seamy side of life as long as possible.
3. There must be no "Deus ex machina" to disentangle a complex plot by a miraculous departure from the laws of cause and effect.

MESSRS. SEELEY AND CO., LTD.

NOTES ON EDUCATION FOR MOTHERS AND TEACHERS. By Caroline Southwood Hill. 1s. 6d. net.

Miss Octavia Hill has here printed Notes and Memoranda written by her mother during the early part of the last century. The chapters deal with General Principles, The Will, The Intellect, Certain Faculties, and Some Faults and Habits. The aim of education, according to Miss Hill, is "to develop love to God and man, and love is the means." We read that, "Wise management will in most cases ensure:—

1. Good health, a great source of enjoyment.
2. Obedience, freeing the child from restless wishes, punishment, and struggles of his will with yours.
3. Freedom, the utmost compatible with the child's physical and moral safety."

The Memoranda contain a number of interesting anecdotes relating to the habits of children of the early Victorian age, and, of course, have their value to-day.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN AND CO., LTD.

LIFE AND MANNERS: A VOLUME OF STORIES SUITABLE FOR THE MORAL INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN. By F. J. Gould. 2s. 6d. net.

This volume is issued for the Moral Instruction League, and has on its title-page the motto from Bishop Butler: "Our province is virtue and religion, life and manners, the science of improving the temper and making the heart better. He who should find out one rule to assist us in this work would deserve infinitely better of mankind than all the improvers of other knowledge put together." It contains a number of selected tales suitable for children from ten to fourteen years of age, illustrating such qualities and subjects as Self-Control, Just Judgment, Truthfulness, Kindness, Work, Peace, Character, etc. There is also an able and suggestive introductory account of the aim and methods of moral instruction, which we can confidently recommend to teachers of all classes. The book is one for teachers, but it is full of excellent stories for the children, stories which though not directly didactic, will hold their attention and sink into their minds.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL PRESS.

BURKE. On the proposals for Peace with the Regicide Directory of France. Letter I. Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D. Pp. xxxvi. + 95. 1s. 6d.

The dread moment has come. The students are seated in the examination room. The papers are being distributed. No books allowed! The General Editor of the University Tutorial Series flits out of the room, with a bevy of his little volumes trailing behind him. And to the students he gives his parting benediction in this wise:

"Our notes and texts, our texts and notes,
Are all ye know—and all ye need to know!"

Professor Hearnshaw's editing of the First Letter—"On the Overtures of Peace"—is quite up to the University Tutorial standard. He is explanatory, reasonable, and, within his limits, complete. In his introduction, on the life and opinions of Burke, and the circumstances under which the letters were written, he gives numerous critical opinions, and a "long list of [Burke's] mistaken judgments which make it impossible for us to class Burke's Revolution writings as a whole, or this letter in particular, as among the noblest productions of his genius." The argument of the Letter is fully set forth; the remarks on its author's style are just; and the notes are adequate—very. What more can we say, except that if the student with all this help cannot pass the examination (in this case, London Intermediate Arts), it must be his own fault?

SHAKESPEARE. A Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by A. F. Watt, M.A. Pp. xxxii. + 105. 2s.

When we say that this volume will not materially add to the reputation of the University Tutorial Press, we do not mean that it is bad, but that there are several other editions equally good for the purpose. Therefore, not being unique, it is in a sense superfluous. So, of course, are a good many other educational books. In this one, the introduction is noteworthy for a sympathetic account of Shakespeare's fairies and clowns, and for a long careful discussion of metre. The abundant notes might with advantage have been slightly more philological, if only because derivations and the like are of greater aid to memory than plain dogmatic statements of meaning. Shakespeare's anachronisms, which have always been fair game for scholastic editors, are treated by Mr. Watt with great common sense. Is it, however, quite right to tell the student that "the most famous commentators on the text are Theobald, Capell, and Malone"—and nothing more? Have there been no other, and later, commentators worthy to be mentioned beside that "sapient trouble-tomb," that "meddling sacrilegious varlet," Malone?

Latin and Greek.

MR. BLACKWELL, OXFORD.

THE ROMAN SYSTEM OF PROVINCIAL ADMINISTRATION to the Accession of Constantine the Great. By W. T. Arnold, M.A. New Edition. Revised from the Author's Notes by E. S. Shuckburgh, Litt.D. 6s. net.

"The necessity of a thorough revision was clearly recognised by Arnold himself"—so runs the preface—and with that end in view he had collected a large mass of material. The task of arranging and sifting this was the last piece of work completed by the late Dr. Shuckburgh, and it may be described in no mere hyperbolical phrase as a labour of love. The difference in the number of pages between the two editions is small, 274 against 240, but this by no means represents the pains spent in making the book more emphatically what it already was, the best guide in English to the subject and its literature. In all the instances that we have tested, inaccurate references have been rectified and other errors duly corrected, of which there were several in regard to proper names, *e.g.*, *Pellovia* for *Poetovio*, *Gallacia* for *Galatia*. We observe that *Nismes* is retained (p. 231), though *Nimes* is, of course, the current spelling. This brief notice must not conclude without a word as to the large, clear map, which is a simplified version by Dr. G. B. Grundy of his map of the Roman Empire in Murray's Atlas. It is, however, unfortunately disfigured by misprints, *Parissi* for *Parisii*, and *millaria* for *milliaria* (in the "scale").

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The sixth book of **PLINY'S LETTERS** must always be exceptionally interesting, because of letter sixteen. Addressed to his friend Tacitus, it gives a most interesting account of the great eruption of Vesuvius, which, however, was not deemed sufficiently important by the young prig of eighteen to draw him from his studies. The edition before us (2s. 6d.) has been brought out by Mr. Duff, who has also had the assistance of Mr. W. T. Lendrum. (Surely, by the way, it is high time that somebody forced Mr. Lendrum into bringing out books on his own account. Anything he wrote, especially upon Pindar or Plautus, would be extremely valuable.) This book is nominally intended only for students who are not far advanced in Latin, and consequently the notes contain a good deal of translation and explanation, with a minimum of illustration. Nevertheless, the book should be valuable to many others, who claim to have advanced beyond the stage indicated, and the comparison between the syntax employed by Pliny and that of Cicero, whom he always took as his model in almost everything he did, is not the least important feature. The prefixed introduction is pleasantly written, and it is a relief to find that an editor is not necessarily a blind admirer of the author he interprets, but is alive both to the defects of his style and also of his personal character. We are glad Pliny lived—when he did.

Two other little books also come from the University Press, the ninth book of Virgil's Æneid and the seventh book of Cæsar's Gallic War. In the former the text followed is that of Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, in the latter the text is that of Dr. Shuckburgh. No notes or introduction are included, and altogether we are left rather wondering what useful purpose such volumes as these can be said to serve, when a complete edition can be bought for a small sum.

THE CLARENDON PRESS, OXFORD.

SELECT EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL. Books VII.-XII. Edited by R. T. Bridge, M.A., and E. D. C. Lake, M.A.

The editors, who are masters at Charterhouse, have taken as their text that of Professor Lindsay in the Bibliotheca Oxoniensis. They have wisely broken away from the traditional form of annotation for books of this rank, intended for the higher Forms; they have not provided a substitute for the intelligent use of the Dictionary and the Syntax, nor have they taken the teacher's place by supplying *smart* translations of their own. An excellent feature is the collection of short essays at the beginning on topics frequently touched upon by Martial, and for which many loci classici are to be found in the epigrams. It appears to us beyond question that the classics must be in future presented in some such form as this if they are to hold their place in the curriculum of public schools. We do not think the editors have found a very happy rendering in "to find his wife his better half" for *uxori nubere* (viii. xii.). Would not "I don't want it said that *my wife* married *me*" be more intelligible and nearer the Latin? We also doubt whether the note on *si venit* (ix. li. 7) will be in the least helpful; it contains an unfortunate use of the term "frequentative," which has a well-defined application in Latin grammar, and should be restricted thereto. Altogether an attractive edition.

Professor Churton Collins has contributed an introduction and notes to two translations of Greek plays, which are somewhat in the nature of an experiment. The plays are Euripides' **ALCESTIS** and Sophocles' **ANTIGONE**, trans-

lated respectively into English verse by Dr. Kynaston and Mr. R. Whitelaw, and it is hoped that these translations may become the means of introducing a knowledge of the Greek classical poets into the ordinary curriculum of every decently educated boy and girl, even of the Board School or High School grade. Whether or not this ambition will ever be realised it is impossible to say, but at least it is certain that these are just the kind of books to achieve that result. Of the two volumes (1s. apiece) we prefer the Sophocles, not only because we think that Dr. Kynaston has managed to reproduce more exactly the spirit of the Greek original, but also because Professor Collins is evidently much more at home with Sophocles. Any comparison between the two is, however, not called for here. Both books are as scholarly as we should expect books to be which come from such distinguished hands, and the notes are made very interesting by the numerous references to and comparison with the writings of our own English poets.

We have no wish to turn these volumes to "base uses" for which they were not intended, but we would not be misunderstood if we recommend these, and the other kindred volumes we hope to see follow, in the hands of schoolboys who now use as "cribs" translations which completely massacre the originals. A judicious use of translations such as these has much to recommend it.

In this volume (3s. 6d.), containing North's translation of **Plutarch's Lives of Coriolanus, Cæsar, Brutus, and Antonius**, Mr. R. H. Carr has had a twofold object in view. In the first place he means the book to be an introduction to the complete "Lives of Plutarch" in Sir Thomas North's version, and in the second place he has aimed at providing the student with a critical edition of the sources of Shakespeare's three Roman plays. No editor of North, Mr. Carr points out, has as yet catered directly for the Shakespearian student by supplying lineal references from the prose to the verse text. His own system has been to give references only where Shakespeare appears to have borrowed merely subject matter, and full quotations where he seems to have followed North's actual language. Mr. Carr is to be congratulated upon his book, which is a distinct addition to the mass of what has been written about Shakespeare, and must for ever dispose of any lingering reluctance to believe that Shakespeare deliberately took his subject matter from others, and then transformed it into poetry by the aid of what Prospero calls his "so potent art." The spelling of the text, it may be added, has been modernised throughout, subject to the preservation of all interesting or obsolete forms.

Title-page of a new edition of Catullus.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. A. H. Bullen.)

Translations of **CÆSAR** must always be welcome, if only because Cæsar, amongst the many other talents he possessed, had a power of writing such as very few men have ever had. Moreover, there is this advantage about Cæsar's Latin, that it lends itself to the translator more easily than most. The translation made by the Rev. F. P. Long (3s. 6d.) is altogether worthy of the original. His sentences, his choice of words, and his scholarship are alike admirable, and reproduce as far as possible the qualities of the original Latin. Mr. Long has chosen to give places also their modern equivalent. With this we are not altogether inclined to agree. It is true that in the actual text he quotes the ancient name also, in brackets, but in the many maps which are included, only the modern names are given, and it seems to us that this may occasion a certain waste of time in identification to readers who have to compare these maps with a classical atlas, or keep turning over the text to find the old equivalent. But this, after all, is only a minor blemish. A good introduction is prefixed, putting the reader in possession of all the facts of the situation when the Civil War broke out.

Plutarch is so often undeservedly neglected that we hail with pleasure this edition of **Plutarch's Life of Julius Cæsar,** which Mr. Du Pontet, a master at Winchester, has prepared. His idea is that it should be read in conjunction with some part of Cæsar's Commentaries and Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." With this idea we entirely agree. Boys, and especially small boys, to whom in particular this volume (2s.) is addressed, are only too apt to go stale over their classics when taken in watertight compartments, and this notion of combining a study of the same general subject in three languages concurrently ought to obviate this difficulty to a very appreciable extent. The book in itself does not call for any particular comment. The passages have been selected so as to omit the most difficult, and a few liberties have been taken with the original in the way of shortening very long sentences, and so forth, but the order of the narrative has been maintained. The notes are exceedingly simple and should certainly not "add to the burden of boys who find making out the Greek quite sufficiently hard." Altogether the book is welcome as showing a more liberal method of teaching the classics at our great public schools.

Yet another and even more elementary book on Cæsar is the little selection from the third book of **Cæsar's Civil War** (1s. 6d.) edited by Mr. W. D. Lowe. This is simply a book for beginners. The sentences have been reduced to their most elementary parts, and in many cases the quantities of the syllables have been marked. The notes aim at explaining the construction rather than the meaning of the text, and a series of exercises are given at the end, based upon the Latin.

That Mr. W. Y. Fausset finds favour as an interpreter of Cicero is evident from the fact that this edition (2s. 6d.) of Cicero's **Pro Marcello, Pro Ligario, and Pro Rege Deiotaro,** is the second. Nor is this to be wondered at when the book shows that Mr. Fausset is not only an excellent scholar but that he has spared no pains in consulting every available authority upon his subject. In fact, the references to all manner of commentators are, we think, rather overdone. Not one person in ten thousand of those who will use the book will have the curiosity to turn to the authorities so laboriously cited, and, inasmuch as these authorities are often French or German scholars, they would perhaps not profit much if they did, through ignorance of these tongues. Nor, again, do we think that Mr. Fausset is always wise in his method of writing his notes. To take the trouble to expressly translate "sapientiam pæne divinam" by "almost superhuman wisdom" is surely a work of supererogation which might have been left undone, and there are many other examples of a similar nature, which it is not necessary to quote here. The worst thing about writing such notes as that referred to is that it very often merely exasperates the student, who does not trouble thereafter to refer to his notes as often as he should.

The **Menexenus** is not one of the writings of Plato which is very generally read, and, in fact, it has been urged, though, we think, wrongly, that it is not one of Plato's compositions at all. Mr. J. A. Shawyer in the edition before us (2s.) discusses the whole question as to the meaning and intention of the Menexenus, without being able apparently to arrive at any very definite conclusion. On the one hand is the theory of Stallbaum that the whole is a consistent satire; on the other is the theory of Grote that it was a genuine attempt to rival the orators at their own game. The two theories are well put before the reader by Mr. Shawyer, who further goes on to give a very good and concise summary of the progress of Attic oratory from its first conscious beginnings down to the times of Demosthenes. The whole edition, in fact, is, for its size, very exhaustive and the best that we have as yet come across. The commentary is brief, but nevertheless deals quite adequately with all the main points of grammar, history, and style, and is not lumbered up with unnecessary translations. We hope that Mr. Shawyer will go on to edit some more of Plato's works on the same lines as he has done here.

There is really nothing to be said by way of comment upon the two volumes of **Anglice Reddenda**, the one Latin (2s. 6d.) and the other Greek (3s.) which have been put together by Mr. C. S. Jerram. The volumes are made up of extracts and nothing else, there being no notes attached.

For our own part, we do not see any very great utility in such books as these, but at least they have the merit that they give the reader glimpses of the works of authors whom he may not otherwise come across, and in that way they may perhaps come in usefully upon occasion at examinations. The selections have certainly been made from a wide field.

MACMILLAN AND CO.

The "Frogs" of **Aristophanes** is for many reasons one of the Greek plays most generally read. Its humour is bright and varied; its vocabulary is comparatively simple, and the leading episode is, apart from that admixture of burlesque which naturally has to be discounted, an excellent criticism of the best known Greek tragedians by a contemporary comic poet of the first rank. Editions of this play are accordingly very numerous, and there remains very little for any fresh commentator to say. Nevertheless, Professor Tucker, in this volume (3s. 6d.), has managed to fit in much that is valuable and does not always find a place in editions of this size and scope. In particular, there are some excellent remarks on the main features of the comic style, explaining such points as the Greek comedians' love of puns, their love of parody, and such other things as nowadays would fall under the head of "gag," the Athenian slang, and the use of expletives and terms of abuse and contempt. From the standpoint of pure scholarship also this book is well up to the standard of this excellent series. The notes are written with a good appreciation of what notes should usefully be, and the text has, in one or two places, been altered to what we think is a decided improvement.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

There should be a ready demand for the new series of text-books published by Mr. Murray at half a crown, if the standard reached in the first two specimens is maintained. The edition of Euripides' **Andromache**, edited by Mr. Gilbert Norwood, of the Victoria University of Manchester, is quite a model of what a book intended for the higher forms in schools should be. The notes, though extremely profuse, are not unnecessarily long-winded, and really serve their purpose, unlike many, which absolutely ignore difficult passages, or leave them even more unintelligible than they would have been if not commented upon at all. Mr. Norwood has had the good sense to avoid what he rightly calls the "vicious habit" of referring students to text-books to which they have no easy access, and of "comparing" parallel passages in plays of which they have never heard, referred to by abbreviations which they cannot understand. The introduction is interestingly written, and covers considerable ground, containing hints upon how to begin the study of a Greek Tragedy, an outline of Greek Tragedy, a sketch of Euripides, the history of this particular play, and a few quite adequate remarks upon the prosody. The only fault to be found with the book is that the inclusion of a large vocabulary seems unnecessary, and possibly also prejudicial. The class of student to whom this book is addressed must almost certainly possess a proper lexicon, and in that case he will learn much more by hunting up the meaning he wants in a lexicon, and seeing the other significations of a word, than by merely turning to the vocabulary, where the work has already been done for him.

The companion volume, by Mr. Percy Ure, of University College, Cardiff, is less ambitious, being intended for beginners, and therefore the objections just raised do not apply so fully. Mr. Ure has taken for his subject the sixth book of **Thucydides**, from which he has selected the most interesting passages, describing the first part of the ill-fated Athenian expedition to Sicily. On the subject of notes, Mr. Ure is a theorist as much as Mr. Norwood, and he explains that his notes have been written on the basic assumption that writing composition should not be an end in itself, but should only be practised as a help to the more correct reading of Greek authors, and that the ordinary constructions of the Greek language should be learned from the living sentences of authors rather than from grammar-books. With these opinions (which found expression at last year's [1906] meeting of the Classical Association of England and Wales) we entirely agree, and we think Mr. Ure's edition is well qualified to give effect to them. A brief introduction is included, and a useful map of Syracuse, which should materially help to explain the Athenian operations of the siege.

SWAN SONNENSCHEIN AND CO.

Half a dozen books come from this firm, in a series called the "New Classical Library," under the general editorship of Dr. Emil Reich. Mr. A. V. Symonds has translated the first six books of **Tacitus** very carefully, and also contributes an introduction in which he points out that Tacitus should appeal strongly to the modern Englishman, both because he was the first historian to record the struggles of Britain against Rome, and also because the times in which he wrote were, in many respects, similar to our own, so that the reader can compare the greatest Imperialism of the past with the modern Imperialism.

Mr. H. F. Carlill's edition of Plato's **Theætetus** and **Philebus** is altogether a much more ambitious work. He strikes out a new line for himself in his remarks on the exposition of the argument of the Theætetus as a connected whole, and in his general interpretation of the metaphysics of the Philebus and its connection with the theory of ideas. Briefly, Mr. Carlill's view is that the theory of form is simply the theory of ideas itself in its objective aspect, and that the conclusions of the Theætetus lead directly, and of necessity, up to those of the Philebus, so that the two investigations together make up one coherent system of metaphysics. We are not sure that we agree with all Mr. Carlill's arguments, but whether we do or not, we can at least acknowledge that his essays upon his subjects are both ingenious and well written. The translation, too, is good, and has the merit of following the Greek very closely, while he has not been too proud to borrow from Jowett certain of his most happy renderings of phrases, upon which no one could very well hope to improve. Altogether this particular volume strikes us as being distinctly the best of the series that we have as yet read.

There seems to have been quite a revival of interest lately in **Plutarch** and two books of this series are translations of the "Lives" by Mr. W. R. Frazer. For ourselves, we have always failed to see why Plutarch should have been so sternly tabooed in the average public school, and if he is not to be read in the original, then at least he might be read with very great pleasure and profit in a good translation, such as this prepared by Mr. Frazer. The author has managed to follow the original closely without being slavishly bald, and has added his footnotes judiciously where required.

From Plutarch to **Herodotus** is quite a natural transition, because it was Plutarch, more than anybody else, who did so much towards discrediting Herodotus as a trustworthy historian. Among the many translations of Herodotus, this one seems well fitted to fill the niche which its author claims for it. It steers its path between the stupendous but somewhat archaic work of Rawlinson, the too free translation of Isaac Taylor, and others, which it is hardly necessary to mention here. Mr. Woodrouffe Harris seeks to obtain the effect of a "popular" translation, whilst avoiding the appearance of excessive modernity. He has sought to render his original into readable English without too servile adherence to the letter, while at the same time preserving, as far as possible, the spirit of the Greek, and the result has been successful. Indeed, it takes a very bad translator to make Herodotus unreadable, and Mr. Harris is far from being that. With one part of his introduction we absolutely disagree. "Thucydides," he writes, "is merely a diplomatist, a fine diplomatist indeed, but a diplomatist all the same. Polybius is a chronicler, Plutarch an anecdotist, but Herodotus a historian." These statements are ridiculously sweeping, that on Thucydides in particular being totally unjustifiable.

We have left Dr. Reich's book to the end. He has contributed to the series an **alphabetical encyclopædia**, which supplies, in a handy shape, a short account of the more important events, people, and places of classical times. The list is incomplete, but Dr. Reich explains the omission of some famous names by announcing that an abridged edition of Seyffert's "Dictionary of Classical Antiquities" is to be forthcoming shortly, as a companion volume. Frankly, it is not a great work. Some of the people are well treated, but others again are dismissed in the baldest manner. Indeed, we wish that Dr. Reich had employed his time upon something more ambitious, rather than upon a book which calls for no scholarship whatever, and is not particularly necessary. Taken as a general whole, however, this series ought to become popular, as the price, 3s. 6d. apiece, is not excessive, and several of the volumes are quite first-rate.

THE UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL SERIES.

There are very few, if any, school books which maintain so high a standard, and are so eminently practical, as those issued by the University Tutorial Press. **The Matriculation Latin Construing Book** (2s.) is well up to this standard, and ought to be widely used. It represents an attempt to formulate the rules by which the learner should be guided in ascertaining the construction and meaning of a Latin sentence, and also in reproducing it in natural English. It is therefore an attempt to teach construing in a different method from the haphazard one so often pursued, and it seems to us that the book is very well qualified to carry out these ideals. The learner is led on from the very simplest little sentences up to passages set for translation at sight at the London University Matriculation Examination. In particular, we like the stress laid upon the Latin being translated into idiomatic English, and the way in which this is sought to be inculcated. A vocabulary is included, and altogether the book seems well fitted to give the student that thorough grounding which, after all, is the only basis of true scholarship.

Mathematics, Science, etc.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

NOTES ON QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS. Concise and Explanatory. By H. J. H. Fenton, Sc.D., F.R.S., etc. Pp. 147.

It is pleasant once more to come across "old Fenton," as this book has often been familiarly, even affectionately.

called. First published in 1883, it has now been revised, partly re-written, and, in general, brought fully up to date. New works and new-fangled methods pour out from the educational presses at such a rate, that twenty-four years' life—or shall we not rather say, $24 + x$ years' life?—is one of the best guarantees of goodness. The broad outlines of "Fenton" are so well-known that we need hardly criticise or praise them. All the reactions used not to act every time, but then reactions never do, for no writer on qualitative analysis can take every possible condition into account. In this revision, rules of thumb and too minute directions—"spoon-feeding," Dr. Fenton calls it—have been avoided, as before. The theoretical explanations have been recast in the light of modern research and the ionic theory. Many more tests and alternative methods of separation have been included, together with several more organic compounds and their reactions. New schemes of analysis are given for the classification of oxides, the preliminary examination of organic substances, and the identification of common gases. The last-named addition should prove most useful to those none too rare students who cannot smell accurately, or who, though possessed of good noses, are yet unable to attach names to the odours they recognise. This revised "Fenton" will, we doubt not, outlive many works on the same subject that are not half as old.

A METHOD OF TEACHING CHEMISTRY IN SCHOOLS. By A. M. Hughes, B.Sc., and R. Stern, B.Sc. Pp. 120. 3s. net.

Children who have begun chemistry with the help of this book should be quite ready to go on to a more theoretical course In a preface, which is once or twice amusingly dictatorial, the authors say that they "have endeavoured to work out a new method of teaching chemistry in schools—a method based entirely on the principle of working from the known to the unknown." Though we can hardly agree that the method is quite so new, we can, at all events, appreciate the skill with which it is here worked out. The child is enticed, as it were, from familiar substances to the threshold of chemical theory in a manner well calculated to rouse his curiosity—to preserve that interest in the subject which only too frequently evaporates when picturesque experiments have to make way for the real difficulties of the science. In their text, no less than in their illustrations, the authors show a tactful knowledge of what fixes the child's attention. Teachers who feel that their exposition of chemistry is too much to the point for young minds, or who are at a loss which side of the subject to begin, may be recommended to look at this book, which is in all respects worthy of the press that issues it.

TRIGONOMETRY FOR BEGINNERS. By J. W. Mercer, M.A. 4s. (Cambridge University Press.)

The author has a keen eye for the practical aspects of his subject, and presents it rather as a useful tool than as a branch of abstract mathematics. Nevertheless, the treatment proceeds on sound lines, and the pupil will have little or nothing to unlearn when he passes on to more advanced treatises. Alive to the confusion often produced in a young boy's mind by his being suddenly confronted with all the trigonometrical ratios at once, Mr. Mercer begins with the sine and cosine and introduces the others gradually. If anything, in his desire not to hurry over the preliminary stages, he is rather slow in getting under way. The meaning and use of the trigonometrical ratios are freely illustrated by easy practical problems, which is a better way at the start than juggling with identities. Special features of the book are the space given to the solution of triangles and the use of the haversine formula in this connection.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

THE HEALTH READER. By W. Hoskyns-Abrahall. Pp. 277.

We can cordially recommend Miss Hoskyns-Abrahall's "Health Reader," which contains a large amount of information on the body and its treatment, on habits and on the home, attractively written down to the understandings of children. Less fact, better "drummed in," would probably stand more chance of being remembered in after-life. At the end of the book are a couple of pages of breathing exercises. On the whole, the "Health Reader" is a step in the right direction, is thoroughly practical, and should do a great deal of good in the hands of breezy, level-headed teachers. For exhibitions of polite euphemism, and skating over the thin ice of what is thought improper, commend us to text-books on hygiene.

W. B. CLIVE.

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY. By G. Norman Meachen, M.D. 2s.

That the subject of health is receiving more attention at schools may, we suppose, be inferred from the publication of so many books, dealing for different classes of pupils in physiology and hygiene. In general outline and arrangement this book is similar to the other volumes of the Organised Science Series, issued by the same press. But, in that Dr. Meachen has attempted to disprove the assertion that "books on science are often sadly dull," it is less examinational in tone than usual, and the subject has not been quite so rigorously boiled down. His diagrams are excellent examples of how to attain clearness by leaving out what is beside the point, and his directions for practical work, especially dissection, should be quite sufficient for the student who has to work alone.

GRAPHS. By C. H. French, M.A., and G. Osborn, M.A. (Clive.)

The present edition has been considerably amplified so as to bring it up to the standard of the London University Final Arts Examination. The subject is introduced by means of statistical graphs, but the main object kept in view is the graphical representation of algebraic functions. The important matters of indicating the scale on the diagram itself, of adapting the scale to the requirements of the tabulated values, and of drawing a portion of the graph, when very accurate results are sought, on a larger scale, have been well attended to. The book may be safely recommended to those who wish to have a separate treatise on this subject.

CLIVE'S MATHEMATICAL TABLES. (Clive.)

The tables are those usually required in elementary mathematical and scientific calculations, viz., logarithms, antilogarithms, natural and logarithmic trigonometrical functions, and circular measure. The tabulated functions are given to five significant figures, and while the tables are made as short as possible, various useful devices are resorted to to secure a much higher degree of accuracy than is usually attainable with short tables. Accompanying the tables are full directions for their use, and a good collection of examples for practice, with answers.

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE FOR THE PRELIMINARY CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION. Section B: Physics. By John Satterly, B.Sc. (Clive.)

Students going forward to the Preliminary Examination for the Elementary School Teachers' Certificate will probably find in this book everything that they want expressed in a form well suited to their needs as prospective examinees. While in view of its special purpose the book is largely expository, it by no means neglects the experimental side of the subject. The experiments for the most part require only very simple apparatus and are well contrived and described. There is also an abundant supply of easy numerical exercises for practice in calculation.

GEOMETRY, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL. Section IV. By W. P. Workman, M.A., B.Sc., and A. G. Cracknell, M.A., B.Sc. (Clive.)

MATRICULATION GEOMETRY. By the same authors. (Clive.)

Messrs. Workman and Cracknell's "Geometry" was heartily welcomed in these columns on its first appearance as one of the best and soundest of the newer text-books on the subject. A new section has now been added to the work, dealing with rectangles and polygons, and containing, with considerable modifications and extensions, the subject-matter of Euclid, Book II., Book III. (propositions 35-37), and Book IV. (propositions 10-16). It will be enough to say that the new section fully maintains the high standard of those that preceded it. The four sections are also issued in one volume, with the title, "Matriculation Geometry."

A TEXT-BOOK OF LIGHT. By R. Wallace Stewart, D.Sc. Fifth Impression (Fourth Edition). Revised and Enlarged by John Satterly, B.Sc. 4s. 6d. (Clive.)

The solid merits of this book have led to the present reissue in a revised and extended form. It now contains a very satisfactory treatment of those elements of geometrical optics which do not require the use of advanced mathematics. The chapter on dispersion and spectrum analysis may be particularly noted as a sound piece of work. The method of treatment is, in the main, expository, but there is an ample collection of good problems for practice in calculation and numerous simple experiments intended rather for verification of the statements in the text than as a means of independent discovery are carefully described. The book will no doubt meet with the large measure of success it deserves.

CLIVE'S NEW SHILLING ARITHMETIC. Edited by William Briggs, LL.D., etc. 1s. (Clive.)

While it contains all that is necessary for committing to memory or for reference, this little book makes no pretence to expound the theory and principles of Arithmetic. Leaving these to be developed in oral instruction by the teacher, it provides the pupil with a series of useful and well-graded examples, ranging over the whole field of Arithmetic as usually taught in schools. The examples are arranged for the most part under the headings of the various rules, but there are also numerous sets of miscellaneous examples for general practice. It is a good book of its kind.

MESSRS. COLLINS, SONS AND CO., LTD.

COLLINS' PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC. By J. Pendlebury. In Parts. 2d. and 3d. each. (Collins.)

The little books composing this series cover the whole ground of Scheme B and also of Scheme No. II. of the

"Suggestions for the Consideration of Teachers" issued by the Board of Education. Among the admirable features which they present and which will no doubt lead to their extensive use, one notes the successful effort made to render the subject concrete and interesting, the leading up to and enforcing of "rules" by easy oral examples, the careful gradation, the frequent occurrence of revision tests, and the large, clear type.

D. C. HEATH AND CO.

(*A*) **THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS.** By S. E. Coleman, S.B., A.M. Pp. 439. 3s. 6d.

(*B*) **PHYSICS, THEORETICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.** By Henry C. Cheston, A.M., Ph.D.; J. Stewart Gibson, A.M., Ph.D.; and Charles E. Timmerman, B.S., M.M.E. Pp. 373. 3s. 6d.

We have tried in vain to decide which is the better of these two text-books that have come from the other side of the Atlantic to instruct and plague English school-children. We do not believe, indeed, that a trustworthy decision could be made, short of going through each work with an actual class. The difference between them is so like the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. Both treat of mechanics, heat, light, sound, magnetism, and electricity. Both are plainly written and well arranged. (*A*) has more illustrations (340); (*b*) has some illustrations on light reproduced in colour. (*A*) has fewer problems; (*b*) has more than a class could get through. (*A*) postpones the treatment of Newton's laws of motion, "which introduces a bewildering mass of abstractions"; (*b*) requires somewhat more previous mathematical training. If anything, (*a*) is slightly more descriptive. Both, of course, are intended to go hand in hand with laboratory work. (*A*) is designed for a first course in physics, and (*b*) also, we presume. For such a purpose they seem to us rather advanced, unless the course is begun comparatively late in school life. Of late years, the tendency in England has been to impart a smattering of a multitude of subjects. How much time is given to physics in an American school, we do not know. Of one thing, however, we are certain; and it is, that pupils of the average English school will never have time to work properly through either of these text-books. The teacher will have to pick and choose what portions of the subject he will take, and he will probably prefer to do that from (*a*), for the simple reason that there is more of it. Both books contain indexes, and each provides a short appendix of useful data.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

SCHOOL HYGIENE. By C. Porter, M.D. 3s. 6d.

Dr. Porter's "School Hygiene"—the School Child and the School Buildings—is a work designed for teachers, and for students who propose to take up the profession. Indeed, a perusal of the second part, on school buildings, might lead educational authorities to spend their funds more intelligently and to a better ultimate purpose than they frequently do. Many and many a child's health is permanently injured at school. How important it is that teachers should be able to detect the onset of disease, of infectious disease in particular, need not be laboured here. Dr. Porter's hints to that effect form by no means the least valuable part of his book, in which the physiological bases of hygienic measures are given in some detail and with many illustrations. At the same time, teachers ought to be warned against fussiness. Symptoms are deceitful things. Their bark is often worse than their bite. And to let a child with some small ache think itself ill is as likely as not to make it ill in reality. We do not want faddists and hypochondriacs in our schools, and the manufacture of them, by way of hygiene, must be carefully guarded against.

A SMALLER CHEMICAL ANALYSIS. By G. S. Newth, F.I.C., F.C.S. 2s. (Longmans.)

To a large extent this is an abridgment of the qualitative section of Mr. Newth's more advanced "Manual of Chemical Analysis." It contains besides a useful chapter on simple volumetric processes. The author's name is a sufficient guarantee for competent knowledge and skilful arrangement.

ELEMENTARY EXPERIMENTAL MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY. By William Allanach, B.Sc. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

The author indicates in all cases the inferences which are to be drawn from the excellent experiments which he describes, and devotes a large part of his book to the direct imparting of information on the principles of his subject. These will be objections in the eyes of the thick-and-thin supporters of the "heuristic" method now so much in vogue in science teaching, but many sound arguments could be adduced in support of the course adopted, especially in the case of sciences like Magnetism and Electricity. Mr. Allanach, while not avowedly following the heuristic method, is fully alive to the importance of placing the learner, as far as possible, in the position of an independent observer and discoverer, and his valuable book, intelligently used, should provide a sound mental training and lead to an adequate knowledge of the fairly wide range of topics discussed. The scope of the book, it should be mentioned, is that of the usual "First Course."

A TEXT-BOOK OF PRACTICAL PHYSICS. By William Watson, A.R.C.S., D.Sc., F.R.S. 9s. (Longmans.)

As a work of reference for the laboratory student who has left the beginner's stage well behind him and is now proceeding to higher things, Dr. Watson's book should take very high rank. It may fairly be claimed for it that it contains a lucid account of every experiment which can be performed with advantage in a physical laboratory possessing the ordinary equipment. Great care is taken to indicate the possible sources of error in the use of instruments, and to direct attention to points where watchfulness is required. The excellent figures in the text cannot fail to be of great assistance to teachers in making the apparatus needed to perform many of the experiments. The book ends with a large number of very serviceable tables.

ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA FOR THE USE OF HIGHER GRADE AND SECONDARY SCHOOLS. Part I. By P. Ross, M.A., B.Sc. 3s., or without Answers, 2s. 6d. (Longmans.)

There is a somewhat remarkable dearth of really satisfactory text-books on Algebra developed on modern lines and adapted for school use. Too many of the recent books tend to make a simple fetish of some of the newer methods such as the use of squared paper, while all the time neglecting the theory and underlying principles of the subject. This is not the case with Mr. Ross's book. In its thoroughness of treatment it exhibits on almost every page the influence of Professor Chrystal's masterly treatise, and at the same time displays an intimate acquaintance with the difficulties of young learners. Algebra is here treated as a generalised Arithmetic. The object is not to provide "tips" for solving problems, but to exercise the pupil's reasoning powers. Consequently great stress is laid on theory which, while rigid formal proofs are not excluded, is largely developed on inductive lines. Due prominence is given to considerations of form, and the practical utility of the subject is also kept well in view. The book ends with problems involving quadratic equations, but within its range it gives to all parts of the subject their proper place and emphasis. Graphical methods receive due attention, but are not overdone, the remainder theorem makes, as it should, an early appearance, and the method of indeterminate coefficients is happily applied to the problem of extracting roots. Mr. Ross's book has a good chance of winning for itself, on its merits, an extensive clientèle.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

MURCHE'S SCIENCE READERS. Book VII. By Vincent T. Murché, F.R.G.S. Pp. 299. 1s. 9d.

OBJECT LESSONS IN ELEMENTARY SCIENCE. Stage VII. By the same author. Pp. 322. 2s.

This Science Reader is intended to supplement the Object Lessons in Elementary Science. We are unable to make out whether the teacher or the class is supposed to do the reading. If the class, why are the style, the patronising tone, and the direct questions so reminiscent of the superior person? And if the teacher, why then is the book called a Reader? Apart from that doubt, which we cannot resolve, the "Reader" appears interesting, clear in statement, and simple in illustration. It is likely to confirm the Object Lessons and to familiarise the children early with scientific ways of thought.

The Object Lessons is a new and revised edition of a book which was founded on a scheme of the old London School Board, printed at the suggestion of the Right Hon. A. H. D. Acland, and first published some years ago. It has now been brought up to date, and in various ways improved. Sketches for the blackboard, italicised instructions to teachers, and summaries, have been added, and a greater variety of types has been used. We should have thought the constant change of type rather confusing than otherwise, but perhaps it is not so to children, who have to concentrate their attention on a page or two at the time. The outstanding feature of the book is a talent in choosing common objects—easy to find or cheap to buy—for the purpose of illustrating the lessons experimentally. A really capable teacher would not need the help of this work, but it will be a blessing to the overworked man who is expected to teach two-thirds of the curriculum, if not more, whether he is up in all the subjects, or not.

A SCHOOL GEOMETRY. Parts I. and II. With an Introductory Course of Experimental and Practical Work. By H. S. Hall, M.A., and F. H. Stevens, M.A. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The "School Geometry" of Messrs. Hall and Stevens is now so well known and so widely used that it seems unnecessary to say anything further regarding it than that it is among the best, if not the very best, of the elementary text-books on geometry at present competing for the mastery. The present reissue is prefaced by a thoroughly workmanlike series of lessons on practical and inductive geometry, which may be strongly recommended to those teachers who

think that the pupil should have a text-book in his hands for this part of his geometrical course.

TRIGONOMETRY FOR BEGINNERS. By Rev. J. B. Lock, M.A., and J. M. Child, B.A. 2s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

In modern teaching theoretical geometry is preceded by an experimental course of practical geometry. The authors of the little book under review have hit upon the excellent idea of applying a similar method to the teaching of trigonometry. On the whole, great praise must be given to their essay towards an experimental introduction to the subject. The chief objection which may be urged is that, except in the appendix, they restrict themselves to the trigonometrical ratios of acute angles. This seems an unnecessary limitation, in view of the fact that pupils taking up the study of trigonometry will, in connection with their work with algebraic graphs, have already become familiar with the co-ordinate diagram. It gives rise to misleading statements like that on page 60, "The area of a triangle is measured by half the product of the lengths of two sides and the sine of the included angle, so long as the included angle is *acute*." It is certain to breed a whole host of misconceptions which will have to be removed with pain and difficulty afterwards. With the reservation stated, the book may be recommended as a satisfactory attempt to teach the most practical branch of mathematics in a thoroughly practical way. It may be noted that the popular four-figure tables are discarded in favour of tables with five figures.

THE TEACHING OF ELEMENTARY MECHANICS. Edited by John Perry. 2s. (Macmillan.)

This little book is put together on the model of the companion volume on the teaching of mathematics, which made some stir a few years ago. It contains an address delivered to Section A of the British Association at Johannesburg in 1905 by Professor Perry, the report of the Mathematical Association Committee on the teaching of elementary mechanics, reports of the speeches made during the discussion on Professor Perry's address, short written opinions by various authorities, a reply by Professor Perry, and, finally, extracts from a lecture delivered at the British Association meeting at York by Mr. Ashford, headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, on "The Teaching of Mechanics by Experiment." Teachers of mechanics will be interested and amused, but only slightly edified, by the discordant views expressed on such matters as taking kinetics before statics, the "poundal," the "slug," and "centrifugal force." Almost the only point on which unanimity is reached, and here there is scarcely room at this time of day for divergence of view, is that the subject must be treated not in the old orthodox deductive way, but experimentally, like any other branch of physics. The book, however, makes a wider appeal than to the mere teacher of mechanics. Any discussion initiated by Professor Perry and taken part in by Professor Armstrong is certain to overflow its banks and cover the field of education in general. Unable to see beyond his own specialty, Professor Perry conceives the world as a world of engineers. He views with suspicion the "very mathematical man," and grants the chemist only a grudging place. Other forms of intellectual activity are ignored. The only proper education for boys is the education which will fit them to be engineers. "A good working power in English subjects, in mathematics, and in natural science; these are the only essential things in a liberal education." Not unnaturally finding that boys entering a Technical College have still a good deal to learn, Professors Perry and Armstrong jump to the conclusion that our present system of education is almost too bad for words, and that the vast body of teachers, themselves excepted, are utterly incompetent. Professor Armstrong roundly declares that "nothing short of compulsion will bring about the reforms we need in this country—we simply cannot wait for a natural development of intelligence among the teaching fraternity." Combined with this contempt for the teacher and for educational ideals differing from their own, they cherish a naïve belief in the miraculous intellectual powers of the average boy. Assuming that the average boy begins to reason consciously about the age of ten, Professor Perry supposes that the boy of the future, at the age of fourteen, will know mathematics in a practical way up to and including a good deal of the differential and integral calculus, that he will have fairly clear notions of the various forms of energy and their equivalent values, that he will know about the law of work and about friction, and that he will have experimented on the efficiency of machines and all kinds of motors, including electric motors—in short, that he will be already an admirably-equipped mechanical engineer who, when he enters an engineering college, will give little trouble to his teachers. On this Professor Armstrong says that the prevalent idea that boys do not begin to reason consciously before the age of ten "must have arisen in the mind of some schoolmaster who, finding boys unable to appreciate what he regarded as reasoning, set them down as incapable of any form of reasoning." He believes that "the boy is not ten minutes old before he begins to reason, and that his reasoning powers continue to grow at compound interest rate so long as he is kept from school; then the curve begins to drop, and soon runs asymptotically close to the base line." Views of this extreme kind would hardly be worth mentioning were it not that their holders, through loud-voiced insistence on some aspects of a movement of education towards the practical, which would have taken place independently of them and to which they have contributed little that is of value, have acquired for the time being and in certain quarters a reputation as real educational reformers.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL MECHANICS AND PHYSICS. By A. H. Mackenzie, M.A., B.Sc., A.R.C.Sc. 1s. (Macmillan.)

This little book contains a series of nearly ninety carefully devised experiments, beginning with measurements of length, area, and volume and proceeding in logical sequence through the subjects of mass, weight, and density to hydrostatics, statics, and heat. While instructions in the carrying out of the experiments are given in detail, the students who may use the book are not, as a rule, told what they are expected to see, or what conclusions they should draw. To a certain extent, therefore, the experiments are intended to be, and under the superintendence of a skilful teacher might really be, researches on a small scale. The book is designed and is eminently suited for the use of artisans attached to the mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, and building trades, and to the chemical and textile industries who are attending evening schools. It should also prove exceedingly useful for the Mechanics and Physics course of the recently established day preparatory trade schools.

MODERN COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC. Part I. Elementary Stage. By Geo. H. Douglas, M.A. 1s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

This little book is excellently adapted for use in schools which offer a commercial course. It contains at the same time a great deal that should be taught in every type of school. While naturally not laying special stress on the theoretical aspects of the subject, the writer has been careful to insist throughout on the *rationnelle* of the excellent methods employed. A book of this kind gives no encouragement to the dull mechanical application of imperfectly understood rules; to work through it is distinctly an exercise of the intelligence. All the topics proper to an elementary course in Commercial Arithmetic are adequately discussed and exemplified.

HORACE MARSHALL AND SON.

A HEURISTIC ARITHMETIC. By Clifford Granville, B.A., and C. E. Rice, M.A. (Horace Marshall.)

A mistake often made in heuristic text-books is to blend inextricably together suggestions to teachers and examples or experiments to be worked by pupils. The writers have been careful to avoid this fault, and have thrown their book into three divisions, which may be obtained together or separately, the first consisting of a guide to teachers as to the order and methods of teaching arithmetic, the second confined to carefully graduated examples and designed for the hands of the pupils, and the third containing the answers. The book, which is meant to be used with young children and does not proceed beyond compound multiplication and division, displays all the well-known features of the heuristic method. It also makes a very successful effort to present the subject in the natural order of its development. The book deserves the attention of teachers.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

EXERCISES IN PHYSICS FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS. By J. H. Leonard, B.Sc., and W. H. Salmon, B.A., B.Sc. 1s. (Murray.)

These exercises may be confidently recommended to those science teachers who desire to have a series of examples from which home or class work may be set. The collection, which ranges over all the subjects usually included in an elementary science course, is well arranged and graduated, and should prove specially useful in cases where no regular science text-book is used.

GEOMETRY. By S. O. Andrew, M.A. Revised Edition. 2s., with Answers, 2s. 6d. (Murray.)

As a sign of the reaction already setting in against the undue prominence often given to purely experimental methods, the final chapters of the revised edition of this little book of about 200 pages are almost entirely devoted to deductive proofs. The first seven chapters provide a course of practical geometry and trigonometry which must be described as excellent in matter and in method, although it might be argued that these chapters are suitable rather as a guide for teachers than as a manual for pupils. The deductive part of the book is much less satisfactory than the inductive. In too many instances the proofs given are radically unsound. For example, the proof offered of the angle-sum property of the triangle is Thibaut's specious rotation proof, the inadequacy of which has been established over and over again. Again, in the theory of parallels especially, difficulties are slurred over instead of being

resolutely dealt with. Thus, while three propositions corresponding to Euclid I., 27 and 28, are proved with full detail, it is simply amazing to find that the converse proposition corresponding to Euclid I., 29—the most critical point in the whole of geometry—is dismissed with a bare enunciation and the remark that the proof is left to the student! It is extraordinary that at a time when the researches of Gauss, Bolyai, and Lobatschefsky on the foundations of geometry, not to mention later workers in the same field, have attracted such widespread attention among mathematicians, so many writers of elementary text-books should still seem to think that the theory of parallels, and, by implication, the whole doctrine of Euclidean space, can be established without the use of Euclid's parallel postulate—the so-called eleventh axiom—or an equivalent.

MESSRS. GEORGE PHILIP AND SON, LTD.

A RHYTHMIC APPROACH TO MATHEMATICS. By Edith L. Somervell. With a Preface by Mary Everest Boole. (George Philip and Son.)

The title and the strange device on the cover of this book prepare us for something esoteric in the contents. Mrs. Boole's preface refers to a certain "very ancient secret method for setting free brain-power and amassing knowledge" which, as she alleges, was practised in later days by George Boole, the eminent mathematician, and by other less distinguished persons. A certain Benjamin Betts is mentioned, who, disgusted with his occupation of drawing conventionalised patterns of leaves and flowers and with the dishonest conventions of civilisation in general, left London and retired to a Brazilian forest to study philosophy. Here he devised "a system of geometric co-ordinates, founded on the spiral of Archimedes, by which he tried to picture to himself the course of thought checked by obstacles." Mrs. Boole despairs of being able to render the system of "brain fertilisation" practised by Boole, Betts, and others, intelligible to ordinary adults, but she hopes to be more successful with children, who have not yet formed any mental habits, and with adults "whose stays of artificial habit have burst in some direction owing to mental disease." As a means of putting the mind through the "rhythmic sequence" essential to the method, she has devised a system of "Boole curves"—described and figured by Mrs. Somervell in the body of the book—which are intended to be worked in coloured silk on cards. The curves, chiefly curves of pursuit, emerge as envelopes of different series of silk tangents. This species of embroidery is supposed to introduce "little children to the conception of a connection between organic thought-sequence and the evolution of harmonious form." "The child draws straight lines, which represent to the mind the successive desires and thoughts of animals; which express his own understanding of and sympathy with those desires and thoughts. While he is doing this, a graceful curve, such as he has perhaps never before seen or imagined, grows up under his hands, as if by miracle." To the uninitiated, the method seems of little value as a means of producing abnormal mental power, but it makes a harmless addition to the existing stock of Kindergarten occupations, and may, in some cases, help to awaken the dormant geometric instinct.

SWAN SONNENSCHEIN AND CO., LTD.

THE SCIENCE OF COMMON LIFE. By John B. Coppock, B.Sc., F.I.C., F.C.S. Pp. 273. 3s. 6d. net.

"This book is adapted to the Requirements of the Board of Education's Syllabus on 'The Science of Common Life,' but without its limitations. Generally, the book is a course of Experimental Chemistry and Physics, and as such fits in with the requirements of Domestic Economy and Technical Students." So says the author in his preface; and he does, in fact, approach nearer the chemical and physical than the practical, everyday aspect of common life. Starting with an introductory chapter on the metric system and apparatus, he proceeds by way of air, water, fire, acids, alkalis, salts and carbon, to a consideration of "Some Common Materials used in the Arts and in Domestic Economy," namely, metals and the more familiar organic products. Appended to each chapter is a set of questions, the answers to which are bound up with the book. Believing that summaries are an inducement to cram-work, Mr. Coppock has dispensed with them, and recommends the student to make his own. He has introduced a certain amount of chemical theory—wisely, we think. Pupils old enough to do the experimental work are old enough to try and understand some theory, and even if they forget it immediately afterwards, the effort to grasp a little abstract reasoning will have done them no harm. The seventy-six illustrations are mostly of apparatus. In a book on the science of common life—a book intended, presumably, for students not professedly scientific—we should have preferred to see more home-made apparatus of the makeshift sort, and less of that which comes complete from the manufacturer. Good teachers will probably use Mr. Coppock's work as a serviceable basis for their teaching, rather than as a text-book for each of their pupils.

UNIVERSITY TUTORIAL PRESS, LTD.

JUNIOR EXPERIMENTAL SCIENCE. By W. M. Hooton, M.A., M.Sc., A.I.C. Pp. 260. 2s. 6d.

The author of this Junior Experimental Science has tried to combine text-book and laboratory manual, so that pupils shall neither waste time taking too many notes in class, nor perform their experiments mechanically, without bearing in mind the theoretical reason and explanation of each step. Simple measurements, hydrostatics, mechanics, and heat are included in the physical section, whilst that on chemistry contains all the pupils need to know for, say, the Oxford and Cambridge Junior Local Examinations. Like all the University Tutorial books, it is one to which seniors will sometimes find it useful to refer, so well-arranged and memory-refreshing is the greater part of it. "In quantitative work, attention is constantly directed to the magnitude of the possible experimental error, and to the value of approximate methods of calculation." Directions for the manipulation of apparatus are given somewhat more fully than usual, nor is the invaluable art of simple glass-blowing forgotten, though, of course, these are things which ought to be learnt from example and not from text-books. From his paragraph on the delicate chemical balance, the author has omitted the vibrational method of weighing—the only one possible when the balance is near traffic. We note also that he has not succeeded better than anyone else in defining the exact difference between chemistry and physics. In a physical change, we are told, "there is no change in weight, and the underlying material *(sic)* of the body is not altered. The original body can easily be obtained again." Will the junior physicist be much the wiser for that, we wonder? Why not admit at once that the hard and fast boundary between chemistry and physics has been broken down? With junior students, however, it is difficult to know how far accuracy may be pushed without confusing them. Mr. Hooton has, on the whole, done very well. He has evidently written with a clear idea of what, and how much, he wanted to teach, and his questions at the end of each chapter are thoroughly searching.

ELEMENTARY SCIENCE OF COMMON LIFE. By W. T. Boone, B.A., B.Sc. Pp. 249. 2s. (University Tutorial Press.)

This book has been written specially to meet the requirements of the syllabus for Subject XXVI. of the Board of Education examinations. It should, besides, prove useful to those teachers who wish to make their pupils understand that chemical knowledge need not be, and ought not to be, confined exclusively to the class-room and laboratory. We do not remember reading a text-book in which the ordinary procedures of common life were better and more completely referred to their scientific basis. Few but will find in it some connections, some scientific reasons, which had not occurred to them before. The experiments prescribed are not too complicated, and the deductions therefrom are very clearly stated. We notice with pleasure a short section on meteorology. Now that the weather forecasts in newspapers have become so astonishingly accurate, this is a subject which calls for much more attention than it has usually received. Mr. Boone's inclusion of it is of a piece with the rest of his instructive—and interesting—little work.

WHITTAKER AND CO.

A TEXT-BOOK OF BOTANY. Part. I.—"The Anatomy of Flowering Plants." By M. Yates. Pp. 147. 2s. 6d. net.

A variety of types, careful arrangement, and extreme concision, make this just the book for those students who like to look up their subject half an hour before entering the examination room. It is the botanical equivalent of a set of chemical equations. "It is by no means meant to be a popular work, but is for the use of examination students and those who wish to commence a serious study of Botany." And if the serious study of botany is to be begun on the dry bones of the subject, then we quite agree. We do not wish, however, to criticise the book adversely. It is likely to facilitate greatly the efforts of those poor wretches, the examination students. The author, who has had distinguished help, claims that "all facts have been collected together about the various subjects treated," and the claim is a perfectly true one. Technical terms are explained; their derivations given. There are over four hundred little figures, very clearly drawn for their size, and more than two hundred questions are provided, from papers set by the examiners of South Kensington, Oxford, Cambridge, and the College of Preceptors. For its examinational purpose the book is excellent—a miracle of condensation—but what a purpose to require such bones!

HEAT, LIGHT, AND SOUND. By J. Reginald Ashworth, D.Sc. Pp. 120. 2s. net.

In this introductory course of practical exercises, we recognise the well-known—and well-tried—lines of the physical teaching at Owens College. Several years' practical experience has gone to the making of it. Dr. Ashworth has avoided the common mistake of including more experiments

than the student can possibly hope to carry out correctly, and has not arranged the work for more expensive apparatus than is to be found in the average physical laboratory. A preliminary note contains some hints on the detection of errors, and also a list indicating the experiments which are adapted for a shorter course. A page is given to the regulation of laboratory method—that essential condition of good work which is too often neglected. In an appendix are some "tips," a list of apparatus with prices, and several pages of useful physical tables. The description of the experiments has evidently been written with an eye on the actual working. It is both careful and sufficient. Practical is pre-eminently the epithet for this little book.

French and German.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

THE TEACHING OF MODERN FOREIGN LANGUAGES AND THE TRAINING OF TEACHERS. By Karl Breul, Litt.D., Ph.D. Third Edition. 2s. net.

This is a revised and enlarged edition of a little book that should be in the hands of every conscientious teacher of foreign languages in this country. For one thing, it is charmingly and sympathetically written, and those who are other than professionally interested in this particular problem of education may read it without fear of being swamped in technicalities. Doctor Breul speaks authoritatively on a subject which he has studied carefully, and his book is full of practical information. He is in the vanguard of those who are trying to supplant the old unintelligent methods by a system based on reason and on the requirements of the age. There is a bibliographical appendix, and a section entitled "The Reference Library of a School Teacher of German," both of great practical value. Doctor Breul has wisely limited himself to the practical here, with the result that into this slim and handy volume he has packed an astonishing amount of information.

A GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. By G. H. Clarke, M.A., and C. J. Murray, B.A. 6s. net

Apart from its commercial importance, the German language has become indispensable to us as a nation; for Germany is the storehouse of thought, as France is its exchange. The advanced student of almost any branch of philosophy, science, or art is referred continually in his text-books to the works of German authorities, many of which are not translated. If we are to remain in the vanguard of nations, we shall do well to give much more serious attention to the study of modern languages, at the expense of the time at present devoted to the acquisition of the dead languages. This has been recognised and said again and again, and perhaps in time the men in the groove will realise at what cost our youth is being taught to misunderstand the poets and thinkers of civilisations dead and buried, at a time when our own civilisation is crying aloud for solutions to her living, pressing problems. German is indeed a difficult language, but probably to most Englishmen it will be found easier than French, because, in spite of its somewhat involved grammar, it has yet a fundamentally similar attitude, with regard to the relation of action to expression, to that of our own tongue. Then the student, once he has acquired the power of reading in German—and the grammar must be regarded merely as a supplement to exercise in reading, writing, and speaking—once he has made himself partially independent of "crib" and dictionary, has all the wealth of German literature at his disposition. Goethe and Schiller must be read in the original to be at all appreciated; Faust is absolutely untranslatable, and who reads Faust for the first time (I mean the First Part) marks an epoch in his *Welterfahrung*.

The study of German will be undertaken at a disadvantage unless the student have at hand a grammar of the tongue, at once scientific, lucid, and, as far as possible, complete in one handy volume, and the authors of the grammar here before us are to be congratulated both on the form and the contents of their work, which seems to fulfil all these requirements. The arrangement is logical and very handy for reference, which is the *raison d'être* of a grammar. At the head of each chapter is a summary of its contents, and the German equivalent of the title is in each case given; while the "Index of selected Words and Subjects" at the end of the book will save the student's time, energy, and temper.

The section on Pronunciation (pp. 11-16) seems as clear as anything of the kind can possibly be, although it is evident that the pronunciation of a strange tongue cannot be conveyed to the learner in any other manner than orally, and the correct pronunciation of German by an Englishman—a tolerable pronunciation even—is as rare as the tolerable pronunciation of French. On page 139 the German method of counting time by the clock, so confusing to the foreigner, is demonstrated by means of a clock-face, and a short study of this will enable anyone to comprehend the system. In every way the volume may be recommended to teachers and to those who are learning the language by themselves.

CORNEILLE'S CID. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by H. W. Eve, M.A.

Among the school books lying on our table, there was one with a dark green cover whose appearance seemed pleasantly familiar to us. It recalled the days when we were seeking to acquire a strange tongue, cleaving our way through deserts of dry and insufficiently annotated books. This little green volume was an oasis. It was an abridged version of Merimée's "Colomba," one of the text-books of the Pitt Press Series, whose latest production, Corneille's "Cid," inspired this reminiscence. What we found in that little book was an enthralling story of adventure written by one of the masters of the language we were studying, and liberal and intelligent notes to guide us through its intricacies. That, we think, is just what the student requires at first, whatever his age and capacities may be, and that is what we find with satisfaction in this edition of Corneille's masterpiece.

The play is well chosen. As Mr. H. W. Eve says in his preface, "'Le Cid' is scarcely well known enough in English schools. Its atmosphere of chivalry, and its freshness . . . serve to make it more attractive to young people than most of the classical plays." Of the two great French dramatists, Corneille and Racine, it is the former who will appeal more forcibly to the imaginative, and especially to the imaginative young. His directness, his frank and knightly idealism, and a certain independence of spirit apparent even in his technique, of which the critics of the day fell foul, will be congenial to those who would fret at the trim finish of Racine's courtly verse. Mr. H. W. Eve has given us, in his Introduction, much useful and pertinent information in a very few pages. A brief survey of Corneille's career, an appreciation of his genius, some account of "the Cid in history and legend," followed by a précis of the plot, and other interesting matter, will be read with pleasure and profit by those of an inquiring turn of mind. It is to be regretted that a bibliographical notice is not appended, giving the publishers and the price of accessible editions of Corneille's works, and of biographical and critical notices of the dramatist. The book seems well got up in every respect. The notes at the end of the book will not only serve to instruct the student, but will make his task lighter and will stimulate his interest.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

CONVERSATION IN CLASS (6d.) and **VOCABULAIRES ET DESCRIPTIONS** (1s.). By F. P. de Champtassin.

These volumes take us back, in respect of their method, to the books from which our grandparents learned the French language—not that they are necessarily much the worse for that. It is to be feared, however, that they will be considered to afford food of a very "milky" kind, compared to the strong phonetic and other meat which is being dished up to satisfy the supposed needs of the beginner in modern languages. They contain a good deal of idiomatic, everyday French, arranged side by side with the corresponding English (not always so idiomatic, by the way), and may well be useful in filling a gap in certain courses of French teaching. In the former book, "It is time (punctually)" and "It is time (generally)" are not very intelligible explanations of *il est l'heure* and *il est temps;* the unfortunate punctuation on page 19 will give pupils the idea that *chez* means "at home," an error into which they are liable to fall without any assistance. In the latter book, we have noticed on page 11 "You have an impediment *of* speech"; a "boater" for a "sailor hat" is new to us, while "petticoat bodice" (page 17) is not, we believe, a term known to drapers.

CLARENDON PRESS, OXFORD.

POÉSIES CHOISIES DE ALFRED DE MUSSET. Edited by C. Edmund Delbos. (Oxford Higher French Series.) 2s. net.

This is a pleasing addition to the above series; the selection is judicious and adequate, the type and look of the page attractive, and, on the whole, the notes are accurate and to the point. Perhaps in a future edition room might be found for the few verses beginning, *Il est deux routes dans la vie;* they would be a welcome addition. The following points have struck us as we glanced over the annotations. On page 115 four consecutive lines (ending with *couvée, cieux, ouverte, profondeur*) are noted as not rhyming; we fail to see why four other non-rhyming lines on the same page are not deserving of similar attention; they end with *plages, Dieu, poètes, temps.* On page 120, *die* is rightly given as the old present subjunctive of *dire;* but the addition of "cf. Latin *dicam*" means nothing to one who is not a philologist, while for one who is it is superfluous. A little more careful revision—or a little less haste in the first instance—would have left no place for anything so loosely expressed as "In support of Paul de Musset's assertion, does this refer to the Lido near Venice?" (p. 121).

PREMIÈRES NOTIONS DE VOCABULAIRE ET DE LECTURE. Par J. E. Pichon. Pp. 120. 1s. 6d.

Yet another introductory handbook, based on the "direct method," written entirely in French, and containing the usual subject matter relating to common objects, colours,

clothing, seasons, food and drink, the parts of the body, the family, and so forth. It may be safely recommended to such teachers as are taking up this method for the first time, or desire a change of class-book. We have discovered no remarkably original points in the construction of the text; the illustrations are poor, and we fear that the pictures on pages 36 and 37, of gentlemen apparently in the act of making themselves ridiculous, will induce the irreverent English schoolboy to poke more fun at "Froggy."

FEUILLETONS CHOISIS. Edited by Cloudesley Brereton, M.A. 2s.

This is one of Mr. Leon Delbos's Oxford Modern French Series. Mr. Cloudesley Brereton gives us, in his Introduction, an interesting discourse on the *feuilleton* and its history. The *feuilleton* has attained greater popularity in France than elsewhere, and has long played there an important *rôle* in journalistic literature. The novel in short instalments became one of the most popular features of the daily papers, especially of those read among the poorer classes, who could not afford to buy books.

The first two stories in the volume are not so happily chosen as the others: the first is dramatic, but unconvincing, and one of the scenes in it is brutally realistic; the second lacks point. But *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*, the story of a young widow and of her wooer's stratagem, is clever and really entertaining in its way. A sketch of Victor Hugo's, called "Worms-Mannheim," illustrates the pliability of the French language in the hands of a master.

The notes at the end of the text will be sufficient, if the student is already conversant with French literary expression.

PREMIÈRES NOTIONS DE VOCABULAIRE ET DE LECTURE. Par J. E. Pichon. 1s. 6d.

M. Pichon advocates the direct method of teaching, and illustrates it admirably in this little book. In his preface he defends his cause ably against its opponents, and attacks the old system of teaching with a determination which all who remember the weariness of flesh and spirit they suffered under its rigours cannot fail to applaud. Now that the importance of the study of living tongues is becoming increasingly recognised, at last, in this country, it is indeed time that some method of teaching should be adopted which enlists the pupil's interest, and that the knowledge he acquires should be of a more serviceable nature than has hitherto been the case. What he needs to obtain from the first is the habit of direct association between the object or action and the word in the tongue he is learning that expresses the object or action. The old system only teaches us to translate from English into French. If an English schoolboy saw a pen and wanted to find the French word for it, he would not, as things are at present, look at it, and think, "What is that called in French?" but "What's a pen in French?" which is quite a different process. The same happens when he desires to express an action, and here the results are worse, since the Latin races express action in a manner totally and fundamentally different from ours. The only way to teach a tongue in its relation to thought and action, is for the master to converse, if possible, solely in the language studied; this, we believe, is M. Pichon's contention, and it seems a sound one. That is one point. Another, of greater importance, is that the pupil's gradually acquired vocabulary should be illustrated in every case by object or action. When the object is not capable of being brought into the class-room, illustration by pictures will be necessary. There is the objection of abstract terms, but these, after all, can in many cases be taught in their relation to the concrete (*vide* the Preface to M. Pichon's book, pp. 7 and 8). The schoolboy's baggage of abstract notions is surely not bulky; it may, however, be found necessary to supplement the direct method with translation, though we hardly think M. Pichon would admit even so much: and it should in any case be sparingly used, if the other system be adopted at all. The direct method has been widely used for adults, and, as far as we can learn, with considerable success. With children, the success should be far greater, since their impressionability is incomparably greater, and since they have a grip on the concrete which we have lost; with them, an object is an object no more; they see it as it is more clearly than we do; it is raw material for the wonderful processes of their imagination. To us, it is, at first sight even, blurred by the mass of associated ideas that gather round it, by speculation, calculation—by a mist of irrelevant detail. To return to M. Pichon's little book. It is illustrated, but these illustrations are only tentative. If the method is to be adopted, illustration, especially by means of photography, will be of primary importance, and no pains should be spared to make it beautiful, where that is possible, and always interesting and exact. The illustrations in M. Pichon's book are quite good in their kind, but we may venture to hope that in a future edition he will pay special attention to this branch of a subject with which he deals so capably. The book is well got up. M. Pichon must be congratulated on his treatment of the question, both in his preface and in the practical exposition of the subject.

MESSRS. HARRAP AND CO.

EXTRACTS FOR COMPOSITION IN FRENCH FOR MIDDLE AND SENIOR CLASSES. Edited by J. E. Mansion, B.-es-L. 1s. 6d.

If we admit that translation of the kind from English into French can be of any real use to the learner, these pieces are extremely well chosen. They are amusing extracts, generally of an anecdotal nature, from many of our best writers. But will the student, after toiling through a faulty translation of these extracts, or any similar ones, have acquired anything at all of the French language? Will he have mastered a single difficulty of the French? Will he speak it or think it or write it any the better, to compensate him for the hours of incredible weariness, vexation and *ennui* wasted at the task?

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

LETTRES PERSANES. Par Montesquieu. Adapted and Edited by Eugène Pellissier. 2s. 6d.

With Professor Pellissier's name we are accustomed to associate sound and scholarly work, and this volume gives us no reason to change our opinion of his editorial skill. He has been careful to note all differences between the language of Montesquieu and that of the present day, and has summarised the peculiarities in a few pages at the end of his notes. The usual appendices by the General Editors—Words and Phrases for *viva voce* Drill, Sentences on Syntax and Idioms, Passages for Translation into French, and Subjects for Free Composition—are all well handled. The introduction of etymological matter into the notes in a book of this kind is, in our view, a great mistake, as it is necessarily fragmentary, and must give rise to unscientific notions in the minds of the pupils. What will a schoolboy, who knows only his Cicero and Virgil, make of such forms as *manicam* and *manicum* (p. 119)? The etymology given for *gêner* on the same page is not in accordance with the facts; it is not derived immediately from *géhenne*.

Histoire de la Mère Michel, by Emile de la Bédollière (1s.), edited by Eugène Pellissier, and Mme. de Bawr's **Michel Perrin** (1s.), edited by F. Lutton Carter, M.A., belong to Siepmann's new Primary French Series, and consist of a short biographical or historical introduction, the text, notes, a vocabulary, questionnaire, and exercises on syntax and idioms. As far as we have tested them, they seem to rank with the Elementary and Advanced Series in point of clearness and adequacy of treatment. There are a few cases, however, in which the editors fall below the generally high standard, and there are several sentences in the exercises from translation that have not quite a true English ring. Prof. Pellissier's explanation of *elle ne fit qu'un pas* by "she only took one step," does not bring out the meaning of the phrase; it is "she took only one step," "she made only one step of it" (the position of *only* is important). *Tête-de-loup* is glossed by "Turk's head broom"; would not "mop" be more familiar to the pupil? In Mr. Carter's book the following oddity has struck us: "He can still read without spectacles, although (!) he is a little deaf."

A PUBLIC SCHOOL FRENCH PRIMER. By Otto Siepmann and Eugène Pellissier. Pp. xxxi. + 340. 3s. 6d.

The claims of a grammar of this type to rank in front of its rivals must depend upon its superiority to them in presenting the facts of accidence and syntax. This is done with tolerable clearness and accuracy, but there is room for improvement. We note with pleasure that the authors lay stress on the necessity of translation and composition, and their method of basing the learning of grammar upon reading lessons, which are placed at the beginning of the book, and exercises for translation into French at the end, should ensure a thorough grounding in the elements. The introductory matter deals with phonetics, which are treated on the whole soundly and sensibly; a serious blunder occurs on page xxiii, where the sounds *tj* and *ti* are treated as identical, and *question* and *sympathie* thus placed in the same category. It would have been well to add an instance of the imperfect and conditional tenses in illustration of the sound of *è*; on page xxv the first *e* of *eûmes* should be in thick type. It is gratifying to find that the terms "conjunctive" and "disjunctive" as applied to personal pronouns have been discarded, but we would recommend the authors to substitute "strong" and "weak" for their "emphatic" and "unemphatic" as being both philologically appropriate and generally intelligible. We are curious to know how they would justify the classifying of *trouver bon* (*mauvais*) as instances of adjectives used as adverbs; they are precisely analogous to English "find it good (bad)," the only difference being that in the latter we have an otiose "it" anticipating the real object of the verb. We must protest for the nth time against the casual introduction of etymological notes, such as those which accompany the prepositions; hitherto we have found no satisfactory answer to such a question as: What do forms like *casam* and *malum gratum* suggest to those who have no knowledge of "popular Latin," and are therefore entirely ignorant of the conditions out of which the Romance

languages arose? On page 171 is given a list of conjunctions "requiring the indicative or conditional." Are we to infer from this that scholars like Mr. Siepmann and Prof. Pellissier regard the conditional as a *mood?* But perhaps the heading is an accident, as no instances of the conditional appear in the examples. This for the most part well-digested manual has a full vocabulary, and an index, which is not so adequate, there being, for instance, no entry *conditional*, while the tenses and moods are mostly referenced under the heading "Use of Tenses and Moods," which is, perhaps, the last place one would seek them in.

The second part of the **New French Course for Schools**, based on the principle of the Direct Method, by C. C. Perry and Albrecht Reum (pp. 458, 3s. 6d.), is intended more especially for boys and girls of about twelve to fifteen years of age. Each "lesson" consists essentially of a French text, a section of grammar, *questionnaire*, *dictée*, and *devoir*, the writing, as well as the speaking, of French forming very properly an important part of the work. After the "leçons" we have "petites lectures" (a dozen pages), songs with music, and grammatical exercises, the whole concluding with a vocabulary. The system appears for the most part to be sound and practical. In the course of a rapid examination of the book, the following points seem to call for criticism. The duplication of the grammatical rules, which are given first in French and repeated in English, is of doubtful utility, and why the English statements alone are introduced with an N.B. is not obvious. On page 54 the *o's* in *votre* and *vôtre* are said to differ in quantity, but no mention is made of the difference in quality between them; such a remark as this looks very like a relic of the non-scientific era of French teaching, when vowels were crudely classified into longs and shorts. The questionnaires are so constructed as to contain much information upon idioms and even biographical matters, but in several instances this feature is so overdone as to make the pages a bewildering mass of italics and brackets. We should be interested to know what phonetic idea the note (on p. 177) Prononcez *jough*, would convey to the ordinary schoolboy. A few words of the vocabulary are furnished with phonetic transcripts, not, as far as we can see, however, on any system. We note that the *ct* of *suspect* are erroneously given as mute, while the pronunciation of *respect*, in which they are mute, is not indicated at all. These are real blemishes in a book that is otherwise prepared with care and judgment.

DIE AHNEN. Part I.—Ingo von Gustav Freytag. Adapted and Edited by Otto Siepmann. 3s. 6d.

This is a well got up and most carefully arranged edition of Freytag's classic. There is an Introduction biographical, bibliographical, and historical. We fancy the text is slightly abridged, and this could be done without disfiguring the book, which in its original form inclines to be long-winded and exasperatingly wordy at times. The notes and appendices are quite exceptionally well prepared.

GERMAN COMMERCIAL PRACTICE CONNECTED WITH THE EXPORT AND IMPORT TRADE. Part II. By Graham and Oliver. 4s. 6d.

SPANISH COMMERCIAL PRACTICE CONNECTED WITH THE EXPORT AND IMPORT TRADE. Part II. By Graham and Oliver. (Hooper and Graham Series.) 4s. 6d.

Here are two books that have the appearance of treating their subject in an efficient and interesting manner. The facsimile reproductions of commercial documents will be serviceable to the student. In a study that necessarily entails a certain amount of drudgery, the use of "letters and documents having been used in actual foreign trade transactions" will help to make the learner's way less arid, apart from other advantages it may possess. In the Spanish Commercial Practice there are maps of Europe and of the world, with indication of the distribution of population, race and language, which will be found instructive. At the end of either book is given a list of abbreviations used in correspondence, and each letter is liberally annotated.

MODERN LANGUAGE PRESS, LTD.

REES' PICTORIAL LANGUAGE SERIES. The Pictorial Italian Course. Edited by G. A. del Medico. 2s.

This book might be of great service to those who intend to make a short stay in Italy and wish to pick up a slight knowledge of the language. The conversations relate to the subjects displayed in the illustrations. It is a pity the illustrations are so crude; photography is used once or twice, and we regret that it is not used throughout.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

WORD PICTURES IN RHYME (Causeries rimées). By S. Christine Boyd. Pp. 82. 1s. 6d.

This is a book which we cannot recommend. As its title indicates, it is based on conversations in rhyme, which must inevitably give beginners wrong notions as to the structure of French verse. The phonetic part is written by an expert, Mlle. G. Paul, who is, however, obviously not in touch with the needs of English children; optional sounds are given within brackets, as *i(l)*, and difficult points, such as vocalisation and devocalisation, are treated; on one page no less than three different pronunciations are given of *monsieur*. There are many misprints, and the punctuation is often loose: for instance, *lechat* (page 8), *adjektif* (page 34); the comma is misplaced on page 61, line 11; *la tableau* (page 75). On page xv we read, "b, d, f, h [etc.] stand for the same letters as generally sounded at the beginning of a word"! There are various hints to teachers sprinkled over the pages, and there is a teacher's supplement. Perhaps, after all, the book is meant to be a teacher's book only; in that case, the pupil is to be congratulated.

MESSRS. WHITTAKER AND CO.

TAMANGO, JOSÉ MARIA LE BRIGAND. Edited by Professor A. Barrère. 1s. 6d. net.

Prosper Mérimée has the genius of story-telling: he is trenchant, clear, convincing. Moreover, his writings are admirably adapted to the use of students of the French tongue; his vocabulary is extensive, his style is limpid, and from the first word of his stories we are drawn on irresistibly to the last. And with him the French language, that delicate and difficult instrument, is in competent hands. M Albert Barrère has chosen well, in giving us these two stories by the great French writer. The first, "Tamango," is a tale of the slave-trade, and we breathe throughout the atmosphere of adventure: the villainous Ledoux is a creation. Reading this story of Mérimée's, we are irresistibly reminded of our great contemporary novelist, Mr. Joseph Conrad, although Mérimée's attainment of the same effect is reached by an entirely different road. We have not room to quote here in illustration of this resemblance, but those who know the tale will recall the first interview of Ledoux with Tamango. The other story, "José Maria le Brigand," is an admirable sketch. M. Barrère has provided advanced students with literature of high quality in a convenient and attractive form. There is a short biographical notice in English, and a most serviceable vocabulary. A feature of the book that will be found of great use by teachers, is the collection of phrases for retranslation given at the end of the book, arranged according to the pages on which the original is to be found. If, after reading the page, the student be exercised in retranslation, at first with the French text before him (since slight variations are given in the English phrases), afterwards from memory, he will greatly increase his fluency in speaking and his intimate knowledge of the language.

FIRST FRENCH BOOK ACCORDING TO THE "DIRECT METHOD." By D. Mackay, M.A., and F. J. Curtis, Ph.D., B.A. 1s. net.

We spoke at some length of the direct method in reviewing M. Pichon's book, and much that we said then applies here. The book has many pleasing features: the illustrations are better in some ways than M. Pichon's, but on the other hand the system employed seems to need a clearer definition than is given in the preface. Perhaps the authors have attempted to combine too many advantages, and in doing so have rather neglected the construction of their work. The authors say that they have made use of phonetics "in order to secure an accurate pronunciation," which is much the same as using a pianola in order to acquire a feeling for music. Phonetics are the very negation of the direct method, being translation of an unnecessary and noxious description. Fortunately here they are relegated to a section by themselves, and need not disturb either teacher or pupil. It is of the utmost importance that the teacher of French should have a good pronunciation, and if this is the case the phonetics will be superfluous; if it is not the case, we do not think they will help matters sufficiently to make up for the waste of time and the weariness of spirit incident to their acquirement. Pleasant features in the book are the nursery rhymes and the twelve songs with music.

History and Geography.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

THE OXFORD GEOGRAPHIES. Vol. I.—The Preliminary Geography. By A. J. Herbertson, M.A., Ph.D.

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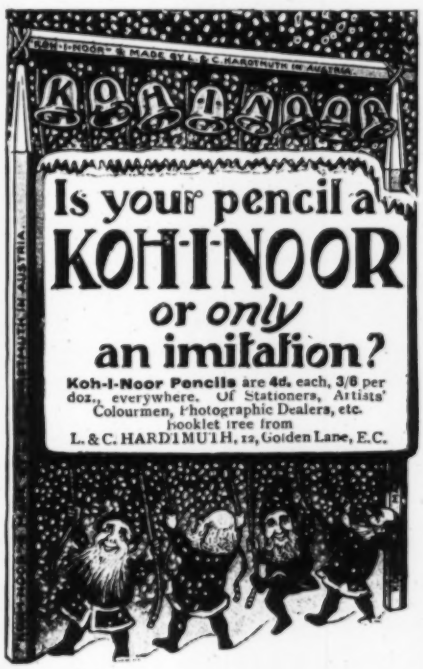
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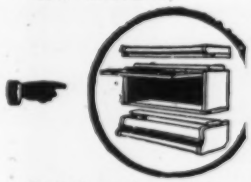

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